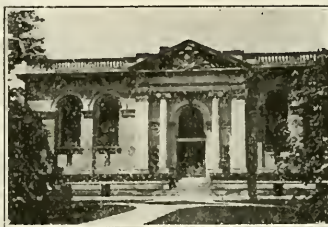


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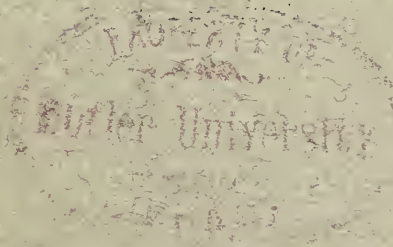


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Butler Alumnae Quarterly

FOUNDER'S DAY
NUMBER

April, 1921
Vol. X, No. 1

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INDIANAPOLIS

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Opportunity to Enjoy
DELIGHTFUL SUMMER OF
TRAVEL

[illegible]

Abstract

MR. HOOVER, 58 E. Wash. St. CHICAGO

Ho, Ye Butlerites!

Let us Nominate

THOMAS CARR HOWE

for MAYOR

At the Primary Election, May the 3rd

Butler Alumna Quarterly

VOL. X

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1921

No. 1

Founder's Day Address

By DR. THOMAS F. MORAN, of Purdue University

National Poise and Sober Second Thoughts

Mr. President, Members of the Faculty, and Students of Butler College: I would like to say first of all that I am very proud to stand before you this morning. I was very glad to accept the kind invitation which came from Butler College because we feel that Butler and Purdue have a great many things in common although their kinds of education differ somewhat in detail. I have noticed as the years go by that the bonds of friendship between these two colleges are strengthening, as I think they should do, and I have noticed it with a great deal of pleasure because I do not see any reason why all of the colleges and universities of this State, and of this country for that matter, should not be found shoulder to shoulder, fighting aggressively and sympathetically for the great things of education, for what helps one of us helps all of us, and after all we are all tending towards the same goal and striving to accomplish the same purpose—perhaps by methods which are somewhat dissimilar. So, on the basis of our academic relations and of our athletic relations, I have noticed that Butler and Purdue are friendly rivals and kindly enemies. We hope the bonds of friendship will grow stronger as the years go by.

A few years ago I was giving some lectures in the northern part of the State in company with one of the professors from another institution in Indiana. As we walked about the city one evening

he told me something of his trials and tribulations (he was Professor of English) in teaching English to his Freshmen. He said among other things that it was his custom to have themes written and handed in at periodical intervals. Sometimes the subjects were assigned, and sometimes dug out by the student. One Freshman chose "Dante" for his subject. He began: "Dante was a poet. He was a great poet. He bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus. He stood with one foot in the Middle Ages and with the other waved a salute to the rising sun of modern literature."

While I am glad to bring the greetings from a sister institution of learning, I will refrain from any such gymnastics as Dante's salute to the rising sun. If I should attempt it in this limited space I am afraid it would be fatal not only to my personal welfare but to my professorial dignity.

There are many things we could talk about on Founders' Day, and is it not well that the memory of the founders should be kept green among us? Many of the founders of these Middle West colleges builded better than they knew. They laid the simple foundations of education and laws of right living which through all the years have been adapted to the needs of the day.

I have chosen to speak for a short time on the subject of "National Poise and Sober Second Thoughts." It seemed to me that while in this atmosphere of unrest, this hurly-burly condition of the world today, it might be well to consider a thoughtful and deliberate subject of this kind. It is a fine thing to have poise. It indicates self-control and a nice balance of mental mechanism. It is a guaranty against hasty, impulsive action, and is also an antidote for mental stampede. It is a good quality on the athletic field, in legislative halls, and in the business world, and it leads to that confidence which is the forerunner of success. I think we will all agree with the old prophet Isaiah when he said: "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." The sober second thought rather than the fleeting impulse of the moment.

Now national poise is very much the same thing because a nation is simply a group of individuals acting in corporate capacity. It is well for nations as well as individuals to cultivate that fine poise

and balance which leads to the best results. Poise is partly natural, partly acquired. It comes with age, education and experience. Only in very rare cases of high mental endowment, such as Alexander Hamilton, does mental poise come in early life or with a comparatively small amount of education. But experience nowadays comes more rapidly than ever before. We say we are a young nation, and that is true according to the calendar, but the calendar is not always the best unit of measure. The history of Great Britain goes back for more than five hundred years. France goes farther back than that, and France is antedated by Greece and Rome, and they in turn by the Oriental countries. China goes back nobody knows how far. Chaldea and Egypt have a civilization that was old seventy-five hundred years ago. We are a babe compared with the old nations of the world, and yet we have had an experience which gives us considerable age if we measure life by deeds, not years. A year in ancient Chaldea would mean nothing compared with a modern year, and it is true that a year of the twentieth century is worth a whole cycle of Cathay. In the early days of the Christian era things moved very slowly, but in this hurly-burly twentieth century things move rapidly and a great deal of experience is packed within the space of a very few years. So the average man has lived more and experienced more than Methuselah, the son of Enoch who walked with God. Someone told Mark Twain once upon a time that Methuselah was nine hundred and sixty-nine years old when he died, and Twain's comment was, "What of it? There was nothing doing." That is not true of the age in which we live, because so much that is vital is being done in our day, and although we have lived but a short span of years we have experienced and witnessed the most significant part of the world's civilization. And after all, are we as young as we sometimes think we are? It is only one hundred and thirty-seven years since we won our own independence from Great Britain and started out upon our own career, but we have other ways of measuring time besides that. We have just celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers. Seven years ago we celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of

the first successful English colony on our shores. Twenty-eight years ago we celebrated the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, and in 1965 I suppose we shall celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the first colony in North America, and in 2000 our successors in this favored land will observe with appropriate ceremonies the one thousandth of Leif Ericsson and his Vikings who came from the North to New England.

But our institutions antedate both Columbus and Leif Ericsson. Chaucer, Shakespeare and John Milton are our literary ancestors. When Stephen Langton wrote the Magna Charta he laid the foundation for American as well as British institutions. We are just as much interested as our British cousins in the battle of Hastings, and the Grecian and Roman wars of Tacitus are the beginning of our history as well as of the British, and although from one point of view we are a comparatively young nation, from a truer point of view our history and our institutions go back at least fifteen hundred years.

Now this being the case, would it not be well, on occasions of this kind where thoughtful people are gathered together, to take account of stock and ask ourselves whether or not we have grown up and whether or not our actions really do accord with our growth. Our growth and evolution have been so rapid that we are like an overgrown youth, and I suppose at times we have exhibited ourselves in an awkward and unseemly manner before the eyes of men. But now we are a nation of one hundred millions. We have made material conquest of this continent. It was no small task, but the Indian and the buffalo have vanished from the scene, and I think the time has come when we might ask if we have not grown to manhood—is this young giant of the western world a babe in swaddling clothes any longer? And if we have grown to manhood is it not well to put away childish things and take on that dignity and poise and sense of responsibility which belong to man's estate?

In the early history of a nation's growth we do not expect poise and well-considered propositions. When James Otis, in 1761, like a flame of fire, made his attack on the Supreme Court of Massachu-

setts he lacked poise; and Patrick Henry lacked poise when he made his famous utterance before the Provincial Convention—"Give me liberty or give me death!" Tom Paine lacked poise when he declared that an honest man is more than all the crowned heads that ever lived. These men lacked poise, but they did have that power which is of so much value in crystallizing sentiment along right lines. But mere sentiment without wise guidance does not amount to much, and the sentiment of Otis, Henry and Paine would not amount to much without the good sense of John Adams and the master sense of proportions of John Hancock. Samuel Adams was not an orator, but he stated facts. Benjamin Franklin in his testimony before the British House of Commons was not spectacular, but he was tremendously impressive, and Richard Henry Lee was most impressive when he stood before the Continental Congress and moved that "these united colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent States." There is a fine poise and dignity in the closing words of the Declaration of Independence where you will remember reference is made to "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." Such men as John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson coined the fine sentiments of enthusiasm into lasting and abiding progress.

A turning point in the history of the United States was the Era of Good Feeling. This was a misnomer in that it was not an era of good feeling at all. One of the most democratic characters of that period was John Randolph, who was big both physically and mentally. His sarcasm cut like acid and his whiplash rhetoric made him feared more than any public man of that time. For thirty years he devoted his attention to the two Adamses—John and John Quincy, and also to Henry Clay, especially after he was made Secretary of State in Adams' cabinet. Every public man was more or less subject to his merciless flagellations, but John Randolph, although a picturesque figure, was not constructive, he lacked balance, and he did not bring to the problems of the time that sober second thought that was necessary to guide our young nation along the lines of rather uncertain progress. It remained for John C. Calhoun, the thinker, to bring the subject of State's

Rights to its logical conclusion, and the doctrine of James Monroe brought to our Government a measure of peace and good will in the domain of politics.

The time of Andrew Jackson was one of great stress and strain. Nullification was the great question and there was much debate among the people. Congress passed a law in 1828 known as the "tariff of abominations," and some people felt it should not go into effect. Andrew Jackson was present at a banquet on April 13, 1832. Jefferson and many other nullifiers were present, but they hoped to prevent any reference to this matter. In this they were not successful, and to my mind Andrew Jackson, when he stood at that banquet table and, in an atmosphere surcharged with the spirit of nullification, pronounced the famous toast, "The Federal Union; it must always be preserved," was paving the way for the great work of Lincoln a generation later. If he had done nothing else during his long career his existence would have been abundantly justified.

But eloquent words do not of necessity convince people, and it remained for Daniel Webster, with his fine poise and tremendous scope of mind to give the people a reason for the faith that was within them. He showed them, for instance, that nullification and secession were not compatible with national progress, that the Supreme Court of any State had a right to declare a law of Congress unconstitutional, and that the Constitution was not a compact which could be dissolved at the will of the parties thereto, and in the great debate of 1830 it was Daniel Webster who stood for national poise and sober second thought.

Another turning point in our history was in the old days of Abolition. In those days Benjamin Lundy and his co-workers were trying to arouse the people against slavery as an institution. John Greenleaf Whittier embarked in the same cause and from 1832 to 1860 his harp of liberty was never hung up. Elijah P. Lovejoy met his death at Alton, Illinois, while defending his printing press from the attack of a pro-slavery mob. William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, but those near him could hear his quiet words, "I will not recede.

I will not capitulate. I will not budge a single inch." Wendell Phillips exerted the same effect, and on one occasion he was about to address a Boston audience on the slavery problem. His wife was with him, and with a woman's intuition she detected the hostile character of the audience. She said, "Wendell, this is no time to shilly shally," and Wendell did not shilly shally, but delivered then and there one of the most powerful blows ever delivered to human slavery. It is well known that Wendell Phillips never was at his best on the platform, but on this occasion he rose to sublime heights.

But the Civil War was not won and slavery was not abolished by the poetry of Whittier nor by the eloquence of Wendell Phillips. Something else was necessary in order to coin this fine sentiment into wise action—something more than Abolition could possibly accomplish. That consummation remained for the great silent, thoughtful man who now belongs to the ages. Abraham Lincoln could bide his time. He always appreciated the responsibility which rested upon his shoulders, and he said at one time to John Hay, "No man should say anything at this time for which he would be held responsible through all time and eternity." He was so big, so magnanimous, that there was no vindictiveness in his soul. Many and many a time he said, "Slavery is not a sin of the individual, but a sin of the whole nation," and when people came to congratulate him on the evening of election day in 1864 he said, among other things, "As long as I have been in this office I have never knowingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom." There is no more impressive example of dignity and fine poise in history than Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural address. Like a kind and indulgent father pleading with an obstinate and wayward child, he counseled against precipitate action. The closing words of that inaugural address I think will not soon be forgotten. They come upon the midnight clear almost like an echo from the Sermon on the Mount, and in accents sweet and mild they remind one of the benediction at the close of an impressive religious service:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretch-

ing from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

It has sometimes seemed to me also that we have not been seen at our best in our political campaigns. We sometimes permit emotionalism to take the place of sober second thought. The height of this folly probably was attained in the campaign of 1840, which Carl Schurz called a "public frolic," and which Lord Charnwood more recently condemns as "tomfoolery." It was at this time that campaign songs came into vogue, and log cabins, hard cider, and such expressions as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." People came together to be amused, not instructed. As a contemporary said, "They came not to think and deliberate, but to laugh and shout and sing." The campaign of 1848, in a somewhat different way, illustrated the same thing. General Zachary Taylor was nominated for President on the Whig ticket. He never had been connected with politics, in fact, he had never voted. He had no well-settled views on great problems of the time. James Russell Lowell, in his Biglow Papers, describes him,

"Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm just a canderdate, in short."

And then we lost our poise again in the campaign of 1912, and in 1920, instead of taking a judicious, deliberate and comprehensive survey of the whole situation such as the gravity of our national problems demanded as never before, we too often indulged in the sneer and the jibe and the hissing hymn of hate. It might be argued, of course, that in these emotional campaigns the results were desirable, that the better man was elected, and that after all the proof of the pudding is in the eating. This has been true in some cases, but not in others. In 1844 it was most decidedly untrue, when Polk, a most commonplace man, defeated at the polls one of

the most brilliant men of our entire history. And even though results do come out right, it would almost always be well for us to substitute for the mere catch-word or slogan deliberate and sober second thought. "Fifty-four-forty or fight," "The full dinner pail," "He kept us out of war," exerted an influence far beyond their merits in their respective campaigns, and "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" did practically decide the campaign of 1884, but found no place in the minds of men who base their convictions upon sober second thought. Thinking with a great many people is simply rearranging their prejudices, and in a case like that of course a slogan of this alliterative character would make a strong appeal. But the torchlight, the red bandana, the grandfather's hat and various other things are interesting as symbols of campaigns, but they could hardly be determining factors in a great and solemn referendum of an enlightened people.

I suppose we should expect some emotionalism. Theodore Roosevelt once said that there was a lunatic fringe around the edges of every reform movement. I judge that is true, but emotionalism can be carried too far.

Then, too, it has often occurred to me that we have not been exactly fair in our criticism of our public men. With all of our vaunted demand for fair play we have not prevented the campaign speaker from vilifying some of the noblest men before the public in the United States. I have sometimes thought that if a visitor from Mars should see and hear the things we do he might come to the conclusion that it was our custom to elect our chief magistrate from a list of our most unscrupulous rascals. He would conclude that such men as Thomas Jefferson, Grover Cleveland and George Washington, Woodrow Wilson, Abraham Lincoln, were crooks of a super sort whose portraits would be found in every well-regulated rogues' gallery. Think for a moment—at the time of the Constitutional Convention in 1787, Hancock and Madison were called big boys, Benjamin Morris was a defaulter, Franklin was a toper, and Washington was a born fool. Abraham Lincoln was the "slave hound of Illinois," and the "Illinois ape," his policies were derided and his administration a lamentable failure. He was an awk-

ward clod-hopper, his grammar was frightful and his rhetoric outrageous. And even George Washington, though he had fought in the old French War with distinction, though he had won the independence of the thirteen colonies, though he had presided over the sessions of the Constitutional Convention with great dignity, though he had served as President with remarkable success for two terms and had delivered his famous farewell address, which fell like a benediction upon the American people, after he had served the country without money and without price his whole life long—after all this, at the end of his perfect day the “Aurora,” a partisan newspaper, announced that the retirement of this corruptionist should be made a period of rejoicing, and that March 4, 1797, should be looked upon as a day of jubilee throughout the United States. “Cast not thy pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend thee.”

I have spoken of waves of emotionalism in our public life, and I think in order to be fair we ought to stop for a moment and notice some examples of a very different quality. Some of these have already been referred to, but let me give you two or three that come to my mind at this time. The first President of the United States was always looked upon as the personification of dignity and poise and sound judgment; but at the time of the Constitutional Convention he added courage to poise when he argued in favor of a stronger form of Government and said to the wavering ones, “If we recommend something which we ourselves do not approve, how can we justify our own words. Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can rally, and the event is in the hands of God.” There was a fine poise and courage in the words of Commodore Dewey in Manila Bay when he said, “You may fire, Gridley, when ready.” And was there not fine poise in the reply of the American naval officer when he brought his fleet into European waters in 1917, when asked “When will you be ready for action?” “We are ready now, sir.” Sir Francis Drake, that hardy old sea dog of Devon, in 1580, said, “I will finish my game of bowls and then whip the Spanish at my leisure,” and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the

midst of a storm at sea, reminded the frightened sailors that heaven was as near on sea as on land.

Many other examples of this same fine poise could be gleaned from the pages of our history, and in an exposition of this kind it is not well to dwell upon one side only.

But why glorify poise in the history of the past unless we apply it to our present problems? There never was a time when there was more need of it than at the present moment, and in these days of confusion when the world is in chaos we should be on our guard against impulsive and hasty action. We are asked, for instance, to legislate upon labor problems involving the welfare of ten thousand men, when we have not data upon which to base conclusions; we have been asked to pass an emergency tax measure when there should be a broad and comprehensive survey *de novo* of the entire situation, of the law and of our post-war condition. We have been asked to extend unusual credits to certain classes of people when sound economics and good banking would indicate a different course. We have been asked to revive war industries in time of peace, against all canons of good economics and good sense. Is it not well to consider these things? And then we were asked a short time ago to create a House of Representatives of 483 members in order that the others might save their face. It so turned out that the people were more interested in saving dollars than faces and the calamity was averted, largely because of the good sense and leadership of one of the Indiana delegates in the lower House of Congress. You know there are still some people who believe in the legislative panacea. There are still people who believe that all of our problems, no matter how difficult, may be solved by legislative enactment and by a joint resolution. I have sometimes wondered why these legislative advocates do not try reversing Boyles' law by a joint resolution, and certainly if they were to repeal the law of gravitation a great many good people would be saved from a sudden and violent death. Governor Hodge, of Kansas, made a collection of these freak laws proposed in legislatures in the Middle West. One in particular clings in my memory. It was legislation based perhaps on "safety first" and read as follows: "When

two trains on intersecting tracks come within sight of each other they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall go forward until the other has gone out of sight."

The whole history of the human race has borne out the idea that in matters of legislation it is futile to fly in the face of public opinion, that human nature cannot be suddenly and radically changed, and that it is always unwise to disturb by political action the normal workings of certain fundamental and economic courses. However, it does not seem to me that ill-advised and hasty legislation is really the worst part of the present situation. The most dangerous factor it would seem to me lies in the development of a class consciousness, the very thing we are seeking to avoid. We talked about this country as a haven for the oppressed, but during the war we found the haven theory was working to our detriment. We broadened the scope of affairs and launched a campaign of Americanization, the teaching of the English language and establishing it; but the degree of illiteracy which was found in the cantonments throughout the country was not very alarming. Americanization simply means the cultivation of a national consciousness. The lobbyists at Washington are attempting to cultivate class consciousness. They are pressing the interests of certain classes, in many cases against the general welfare of the whole people. These lobbyists are perfectly honest, their methods are quite legitimate, and the classes which they represent are in their way estimable, but the fact still remains that it is a dangerous thing to exalt the interests of any class above the general welfare of the whole people. The whole is greater than any of its parts, and if the United States of America is going to be defensible at home and abroad we must subordinate selfish interests of class to the general good of the whole people.

In conclusion, then, it seems to me that in these days of strain and strife we need to give ourselves pause. In this new Babel when our tongues are confused it is well to stop and think a minute and to hear aright. In this period, this age of wild words, there ought to be found at least fifty men who can keep their heads level and both feet on the ground. In this time of national strife and inter-

national friction there ought to be a select few who are willing to harken unto Isaiah when he says, "Come now, let us reason together." Some people are taking a very gloomy view of the situation. I have not felt alarmed. Undoubtedly the psychology of the present moment is deplorable, but it will get better. The world has been sick and is now on the road to recovery, and the convalescent is always irritable and hard to live with. But petulance and impatience will not help very much. We Americans are a nervous race; we like to see rapid results; we like to see the chips fly. But in this matter it is well to possess our souls with patience, for success lies rather in the striving after than the attainment of the goal.

"The goal may ever shine afar,
The will to win it makes us free."

I believe also that true patriotism will be found in sober second thought rather than in the fleeting impulse of the moment. A great many people are putting an unpatriotic interpretation upon the slogan "America first." To interpret this catch-word in a narrow, provincial, selfish manner is to violate all our American ideals. We must have a vision, for "where there is no vision the people perish." We cannot afford to be selfish. A great deal depends upon the near future. We cannot afford, like the Levite, to pass by on the other side. Rather let us build our house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. Now is the accepted time. Henry Van Dyke says:

"The glory of the present is to make the future free.
We love our land for what she is
And what she is to be."

And now finally, it may be asked, why discuss a subject of this kind upon Founder's Day of an educational institution? The answer, to my mind, is obvious, for our institutions of higher learning are going to have an important part in leading us out of the wilderness of the present situation. There is a new era dawning

for these colleges and universities. We have new duties and new responsibilities. We must face both. We must realize the vision of our founders. We must take the torch of learning in a firm grasp and carry it along those roads which lead to substantial and enduring progress, and in my opinion this can be done best and most effectively when we agree with Isaiah when he says, "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength."

Founder's Day Dinner

DEAN JAMES W. PUTNAM: In this busy, workaday world it is a good thing to pause occasionally in our everyday tasks and think a little concerning those moral and intellectual values that are not mentioned in the market quotations—the products that schools, colleges and churches are attempting to turn out. It is well for us to think about the men who have devoted their lives, means, and energies to the promotion of this sort of thing. That is what we have been doing today at Butler College. Once a year we stop to take stock, as it were, to see what the founders of that institution had in mind and to what extent their purposes and intents and principles are being achieved.

This morning those of you who were favored enough to be present heard a most excellent address by Professor Moran dealing with that sort of values. We realize of course that although Butler College is close to us and touches our lives more closely than any of the other streams, so to speak, which are flowing into American life at the present time for its betterment, yet it is only one; that the movement for the uplift of mankind is not only nation-wide but world-wide, and Professor Moran showed us this morning that there is need for that sort of thing now and probably greater need than at any time in the past.

We have met tonight, as is our custom, to do honor still further to the founders of this institution and its supporters. I said a

moment ago that we realized that we are only a part of this great movement. Some three hundred years ago when Boston town was a country village nestling around the foot of Beacon Hill, the leading spirits of that colony got together and founded an institution for higher learning just across the River Charles. That institution has continued to function from that day to this and it did so well that Boston came to be famous for this university long before she became famous for baked beans and brown bread. But Harvard was not sufficient; as the city grew, the population became greater and that desire for culture and learning became more widespread. Other institutions developed, and not the least of them is one down in the Back Bay district from which the first speaker of the evening comes—Boston University. It stands hard by Copley Square. I say “by” Copley Square instead of “on” Copley Square, because to an outlander it appears that nothing is on the square in Boston. But I want to assure you that the speaker who comes from Boston is on the square. Dr. Walter S. Athearn, the Director of Religious Education and Social Service of Boston University is our first speaker this evening.

DR. WALTER S. ATHEARN: Mr. Toastmaster and Friends—It affords me great pleasure to be the guest of Butler College tonight and to join with the Faculty, Trustees and friends in paying tribute to the founders of this great institution. I feel there is no more fitting tribute which can be paid to the founders of a Christian institution than to clarify in our own minds the purposes of Christian education and then to dedicate ourselves anew to the realization of that purpose.

There is a very true sense in which we may say that education is the introduction of control into experience. Any experience from which one gains control is an educative experience, and any experience from which one does not learn how to behave himself better is a non-educative experience. It is said that some are so foolish that they will learn only by experience, and most of us are so foolish that from a large part of our experience we do not learn, and from those few acts of ours from which we gain control we

get what little education we possess. I should like therefore to define education as the introduction of control into experience. And having thus defined education the schoolmaster is not concerned longer with the definition; he is interested in the process—how shall we introduce control into experience? We were once told that control must come into experience by practice, and one of our old mottoes was that “Practice makes perfect.” That being so we learned to write by the method of practice. We had our old-time copy books, and the founders of this institution certainly learned to write by the use of the old-time copy book. At the top of the page there was a steel-engraved copy. The student wrote down the page. His first line was a fairly accurate reprint of the copy at the top of the page; the second line was a copy of his own first line and showed some of its imperfections; the third line showed still more imperfections of his own second line, and as he wrote down the page it became poorer and poorer and if you will examine the old copy books you will find the poorest writing at the bottom of the page. We discovered that practice did not make perfect, and when we made that discovery and that much writing did not of necessity make a good writer any more than much reading of necessity makes a good reader, then we changed our method of teaching penmanship, and while we still kept the old-fashioned copy books the perfect copy was printed on a narrow slip attached to the center of the page so it might be moved down the page. The student wrote his first line copying the perfect line, then moved the copy down and instead of following his own imperfect copy he still had the perfect copy before him. If you will examine one of those copy books you will find that the poorest writing is at the top of the page. It is not practice that brings perfection, but practice under criticism, practice under guidance, practice under the stimulation and pull of a great ideal. That is why we are exhorted by our ministers almost every Sunday that we neglect not the assembling of ourselves together, that we neglect not our daily devotions, that we neglect not those things that keep our perfect copy, so that we may improve each day in the writing of our copy.

And we were told that control would not come by rehearsal, but would be brought about by the manner in which the individual expended whatever surplus energy he had. Those were days when we heard much about natural selection and the survival of the fittest. And we were told that the development of any organism depended upon the way in which that organism would expend its surplus energy, and that education depended upon the use of the surplus energy. There was a rather definite educational theory going out from the doctrine of surplus energy as a basis for education. The animal that directed its surplus energy into a favorable environment would develop and grow and would be said to survive because it was selected by Nature for survival; but the animal that expended its surplus energy in an unfavorable environment would not survive, it would be said to have been selected for death. A very profound proposition is that doctrine of natural selection. Those things that live do not die, and those things that die do not live. A cabbage-head that has enough surplus energy to survive the frost is said to have been selected by Nature for survival.

Now I take it that we are all evolutionists in our day; we all believe in a certain kind of development and growth, and few of us in this day would undertake to account for survival or for the development of our higher intellectual achievements on the basis of accidental attachment to our environment. We are coming to see that you are not going to fully account for the development of the organism if you base it entirely upon the theory of accidental attachment to a shifting environment. We are coming to see that mind and matter evolve together and that mind determines the direction of the evolution. We are coming to see that there are at least three ways of looking at the universe. We may look at our universe as energy, as force, and we may define our universe in terms of mechanics. For many years it was considered a mechanical universe, a universe held under bondage. Then Darwin and his colleagues cut biology loose from mechanics and we came to look at the world in the form of life—animal life and vegetable life—we undertook to explain everything in terms of biology, just as earlier we tried to explain the whole universe in terms of me-

chanics. Just as in earlier days mechanics held biology in bondage, just so today biology is holding conscience and personality in bondage. So we may look at our universe in terms of energy; we may look at it in terms of biology, and we may look at it in terms of personality, and we may interpret our whole universe in terms of personality. Christianity is that view of life that sees life and all the universe in terms of personality. In those days when we looked at life in terms of biology, before this period into which we are just coming, when personality is cutting itself loose from biology as biology cut itself loose from mechanics in that earlier day, the methods we use in our public schools even now were established. We were told that every organism from its inception until its maturity passed through all the stages through which the race had passed from the beginning until the present stage of the history of that race. Before birth the human being was supposed to have passed through all the lower animal stages. A human being was born a little animal and he must be treated as a little animal. After a while he would develop into a little savage, and then you must let him be treated as a savage. Then he would pass into the Greek stage, then give him Greek games, Greek literature, Greek religion, until he has evolved out of the Greek stage into the Roman stage, when the curriculum should be changed and he should have Roman games and literature; then he will develop into the Germanic stage, when he should have German games and music and religion. Next comes the Queen Elizabeth stage, followed by the Puritan stage, in each of which the curriculum should be changed accordingly, and when he gets through he is supposed to evolve a soul, sprout a soul, about the same time he sprouts a mustache, and from the same source.

When I was passing through the "gang" stage the boys in our village street undertook to teach me the noble art of chewing tobacco. What man has not passed through that experience. My father was a physician. He had not told me how many dogs an ounce of nicotine would kill; I knew nothing about the effect of nicotine upon the heart, upon the brain, or upon the various organs of the body. I had not seen these hideous charts put out by the

temperance societies showing the effect of nicotine upon the human body. Had I seen those I am sure I would be using tobacco today. But I had heard my father say many a time to my mother that as far back as he could trace the history of the Athearn family he could not find any record of a member of that family who had ever used either liquor or tobacco, and how proud he would be if his boy could grow up and maintain the Athearn reputation. And as a little boy I used sometimes to say to myself, he can count on me, I will be a true Athearn." And so that day when the boys had me down in the dust of the street and were rubbing the plug of tobacco across my teeth, I closed my jaws and said, "They can just kill me, but I will not open up." Now, my friends, why did I not open up? Was my mouth kept closed that day because of heredity, because of any biological influence surging through my frame? Was my mouth kept shut that day because of eugenics? Was it through the process of eugenics—the control of environment? No. But as they rubbed that tobacco back and forth across my teeth I could in my mind's eye see my father looking down at me, and over his shoulder I could see my grandfather, and over his shoulder my great-grandfather, I could see a whole row of Athearns from myself clear back to Adam, looking to see whether I would maintain the Athearn reputation. Somehow there had been an ideal put into the boy, the mental ideals of the family had somehow become the ideals stamped on the conscience of the boy and he had been able to control his conduct in terms of that ideal.

The progress of the race will not come from eugenics, although the educator will use eugenics. It will not come from the control of environment, though the educator will be interested in the study and control of environment. But the progress in the future, as in the past will come from the influence of the preachers and teachers of the race. These teachers will hold forth ideals and will rehearse the boys and girls in those ideals until the race has achieved a new life in its behavior and control. "And I, if I be lifted up, will *pull* men unto myself." It is the transforming power of the ideal expressed in personality, in the life and power of the race, and the introduction of control into experience must be in the form of the pulling power of an ideal.

When a fly bites a cow the cow kicks. It is not an immoral act for the cow to kick; it is undesirable, but it is not immoral for a cow to kick. There was an irritation of the sensory nerve and that irritation was carried into the central nerve cell causing an expansion of those cells; the energy went out to the motor nerves and the cow kicked just as an alarm clock goes off—it had to kick. Now if that cow when it was a little calf had had the power to learn how good cows behave, if there could have been put into its mind, by picture or story, an ideal as to how good cows behave under all circumstances, and if that little calf could have grown up holding in its consciousness that ideal, then under the stimulation of the bite of the fly it was tempted to kick it would inhibit the desire to kick and square its conduct with its ideals and turn around and reflect kindness upon the fly. But if that cow had been able to do that it would have been a Christian. It is because the cow cannot do that and boys and girls can that we must have a form of education not based upon biology or the nervous system, but based upon the capacity for control in terms of the ideal—the pulling power of a great ideal. And whenever the individual has the power to hold the ideal of behavior in his mind for any considerable period of time and then square every act of every day in harmony with that ideal, that individual has character. You know how he will behave under any circumstances. If he is in Rome he will not do as the Romans do, he will do as Romans ought to do. Give him that ideal, and he may go to the uttermost parts of the earth and he will always behave in harmony with that ideal. He will be in the world, but not of the world. The introduction of control into experience in terms of ideals of conduct.

What, then, is Christian education? What is religious education? I have defined education as the introduction of control into experience. I now want to define religious education as the introduction of control into experience in terms of great religious ideals. That religious ideal may be the ideals of Buddha. Teach the individual the ideals of Buddha, teach him to control every act of every day in terms of the life of Buddha, and you have given him a Buddhist education. Or it may be Mohammed. Teach him to control every

act of every day in terms of the life and teachings of Mohammed, and you have given him a Mohammedan religious education. Religious education is the introduction of control into experience in terms of great religious ideals.

What then is Christian education? Christian education is the introduction of control into experience in terms of Jesus Christ. It must teach the boys and girls, the men and women, to control themselves every day in harmony with the ideals and teachings of Jesus Christ, and unless we can so impregnate the race of people with the ideals of Jesus Christ that they will model every act in harmony with those ideals, we have not given them a Christian education. To control their conduct in terms of the standards of Jesus Christ.

Democracy I have defined as control in terms of the common mind. Democracy affects the common level of behavior which we believe to be good for all the people. But the question arises, where shall the level of that mind be? Christianity is the level of the universal mind of Jesus Christ, and if we maintain democracy we must maintain Christianity as the standardizing agency in the behavior of mankind.

Christian education, therefore, is the introduction of control into experience in terms of Jesus Christ. The State has developed a piece of machinery in the form of our public school system, running from the kindergarten into the grades, the high school and the State universities. Through that piece of machinery the State can hand on from generation to generation the intellectual and social and industrial achievements of the State; but we have not yet found a piece of machinery that will enable us to hand on from generation to generation the spiritual and moral achievements of the race. We have in this country separated the Church from the State. We do not teach religion in our public schools and therefore we must build by the side of our system of public schools a system of religious schools that shall extend from the cradle roll through the beginners' department, the primary, the junior and intermediate and young people, the seniors and to the adults. We must parallel that with a series of well-graded weekday schools of religion

through all the elementary grades. Then we must set our Christian college on top of that. I say on top of the Sunday school the university. The Christian colleges in our day have rested upon the high schools and for the most part they regard themselves as a part of the State system of education, doing essentially the same piece of work; but until we are able to rest our church colleges upon our Sunday schools and our weekday schools of religion, organize them to be a part of a series of schools beginning with the cradle roll and running on to the great graduate schools, we shall not have done a constructive piece of work. And the body of matter put into the curriculum of the public school from the earliest grade to the university must have that in it which will affect the common knowledge, the common attitudes of mind and the common ideals and make for the homogeneity of our people, make for social solidarity which is absolutely essential if we are to have a socially solid citizenship. Unless we can somehow shoot that body of the curriculum through with spiritual interpretations we shall not be able to guarantee that the conduct of our citizens in the future will be from the highest motives. Our thinking must be done on the basis of common knowledge, common attitudes and common ideals, and if the public schools and universities give that body of common knowledge to our people the Church must see to it that that whole body of knowledge is motivated, is illumined with the teachings of the Christian religion. To do that we must build a connective system of schools. Therefore the church college must be as greatly concerned in the development of the Sunday school in its locality as the State university is interested in the development of the high schools upon which the State universities rest. We must have our instructors going out from colleges standardizing the developmental work of the Sunday schools, offering a certain number of credits for entrance into our colleges. Our church colleges are concerned with the training of teachers for the public schools, and the State can well do that. The church colleges may well do that also, but it is the prime responsibility of the church college to train the religious teachers of the Church. We must hold the church college, therefore, responsible for doing a thing

which cannot be done in the State school, and that is the teaching of religion. There must go out from this school to reinforce the churches, efficient, trained laymen. Today when two pupils return, one from the State university and the other from the church college, the local community cannot tell them apart; they are both of very little account to the local church. They have not been given training so they may go home and be efficient lay workers. We have a right to ask that there shall go out from a school designed to teach religion a certain kind of discipline and training that enables the output from that institution to carry the teachings of Christianity before our communities, and it is for that purpose that these institutions are established.

I have defined education as the introduction of control into experience. I have defined religious education as the introduction of control into experience in terms of great religious ideals, and in closing I want to define Christian education as the introduction of control into experience in terms of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. It is for that purpose that Christian colleges are founded in our land. That is the argument and justification of a separate series of schools paralleling the schools maintained by the State. The Christian colleges all through the years have been offering religious instruction to men and women of this country, but they have not been doing it in a way that will guarantee that democracy in this country and around the world will be possible, which will make the teachings of Jesus Christ and his law the basis of control, which will guarantee a universal brotherhood. We have autocracy on the one hand and Bolshevism on the other, and a brotherhood based on the law of Jesus Christ is to be the medium between the two. And it is because in any democracy it is necessary to have a certain kind of compulsion that compels people to behave in terms of certain standards that we must have an institution like the Church of God, which prevents anarchy on the one side and monarchy on the other.

It is all involved in the single text: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself." The Christian college must confess Jesus Christ every day in every classroom.

DR. THOMAS F. MORAN OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY: Ladies and Gentlemen—I have some little reluctance in speaking the second time before a Butler College crowd today, because I have a heart. But I notice there are some here who did not see fit to subject themselves to my ministrations at the ten o'clock hour this morning, consequently I am not going to stay my hand.

An incident occurred during the war which has been a constant reminder ever since. I was engaged to speak at War Conferences and other places and we were down in the Gulf States holding conferences at the capitals there. We held one meeting where the mayor of the town presided, and he took his duties very seriously. He took it to be a great occasion, and I suppose it was in some respects, but not all. He apparently had prepared his speech with great care, and while he had a manuscript he had committed it to memory. He was getting along swimmingly. He had Demosthenes and Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster backed off the boards. But presently a calamity occurred—his speech flew out the window and he was left stranded high and dry. He floundered around for awhile, and finally in his distress he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not have it in mind to bore you on this occasion with a long and tiresome speech," and then turning to the guests on the platform he continued, "I think there are those on this platform who can do that much better than I." And I think perhaps he had the right dope on that, because taps did not sound until eleven-thirty that night.

It seems to me a good thing for those of us connected with educational institutions to get together occasionally and compare notes. I have been glad to notice the fine feeling of camaraderie and fellowship which is growing stronger with the passing years among the educational institutions of Indiana and of the Middle West in general. It seems to me a tendency which ought to be encouraged. The presiding officer referred to the athletic contests, and it seems to me that more and more these contests are conducted upon the basis of loyalty—that is, whichever side wins there is a victory for both. There is victory for one, there is the spirit of good fellowship, and there is loyalty to the respective institutions, and I have been

thinking as I sat here of how the relations between Butler and Purdue have changed from time to time during the last twenty-five or thirty years. There used to be a tradition at Purdue that the Thanksgiving football game was played in the mud and the game was won by the team composed of the best mud-hens. For a long time victory perched on the banner of Butler, and then for a time Purdue had its inning. Now last year at Butler you apparently turned over a new leaf, or more properly speaking, a new "Page" (applause), and that being the case probably the long lane will have another turning. But no matter on which side the victory may come, I am sure the contest will be fought on an absolutely sportsmanlike basis.

I am also reminded that the late war has brought about a feeling of good fellowship among the college men all over this country. They met in the cantonments; they met on the other side; they went across together, they went over the top together, they touched elbows in the trenches and they learned more about other institutions than they ever knew before, so the bonds of friendship have grown stronger since 1917, and when the history of the college men's participation in the world war is written it will be found that the brightest pages of that history have to do with the work of college men. The war on the other side was not ninety days old, in 1914, before the college man was on the job, and college yells and college songs were heard among the soldiers of France and Canada before our country took any part in the war. The college man caught the gleam early and he was on the job and there he stayed until the contest was finished. We had a splendid relay team at Purdue in 1914-1916. They won the two-mile relay at the great games for three years in succession. But in 1918 we had no entrances—the boys had forsaken the cinder path for the rougher road which leads over the top. Three came back covered with glory, and the fourth we left behind. That story is common to all the colleges and universities of this country, and now we are engaged all over the country in putting up monuments and memorials to these brave boys. We lost fifty-four, and we also bear in mind the four thousand others who offered their all just as loyally as those who fell in the great contest.

I happened to be at Camp Zachary Taylor one day during the war and I think I heard the yell of every Indiana college during that day of ten hours. A troop train was about to start for the Atlantic coast—the boys were going over. First we heard the Indiana boys singing “On the Banks of the Wabash,” and then the Kentucky boys sang “My Old Kentucky Home,” and the sound rolled back against the hills that many of them never saw again. Whenever I think of incidents like that I am more and more convinced that the war meant more than the obvious externals of the contest.

And even after the contest the colleges have very important duties to perform. There are responsibilities of peace as well as responsibilities of war, and our institutions may have a great part in this work of reconstruction. We hear a great deal about reconstruction, and whether we are wise to abolish the merchant marine, and all that sort of thing; but we will have a greater part in the reconstruction of our education. We are striving at Purdue, as you are at Butler and as they are in other institutions, to do our job better, to set up standards of education based upon those principles which really make worth-while men and women. We hear a good deal said in these days about education and the curriculum. A man said a few days ago, “I suppose the course of study at Purdue is nothing like it was before the war.” I replied, “Yes, ninety per cent the same. Language is the same, mathematical work is the same; there is some difference in history, economics, and sociology, but for the most part our work is the same.” A good many people seem to think that it is necessary for us to have an entirely different curriculum in order to meet the demands of this day. To my mind what we want is not so much an enlarged curriculum as a more thorough job of work with the curriculum we already have. (Applause.) I am opposed to so-called “soft” pedagogy. There was a time when the teacher was supposed to make his work so popular that students would want to take it up. It seems to me that is confusing instruction with entertainment. I have never found it so in my experience. I think Emerson was right when he said there is no royal road to learning. There is no

royal road to any worthy accomplishment. We cannot master algebra or conquer chemistry by absorption; it is impossible to study history poetry, and we cannot get physical training by roaring ourselves hoarse on the bleachers. It is a very much better plan to get out and get into the game than to have the companionship of an old pipe on the bleachers. There is a vast deal more in physical culture than that, and if we want an educational efficiency we will have to pay the price. Nature has no bargain counters—the only cheap things in this world are found on the shelves of the five-and-ten-cent store.

People have peculiar ideas in regard to making a democracy. They seem to think it partakes of divine law, which would be entirely wrong. They think it comes with the rubbing of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. No greater mistake has been made. Democracy is just what you and I choose to make it. It is composed of you and me, and it cannot rise higher than the general level of those who compose it. John Mills said "The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals who compose it," and that is our job—to turn out these individuals. You read the industrial history of the United States from the Civil War on, and you will find out that facts are stranger than fiction. It is marvelous the things that have been accomplished. But we must not forget that the nation that learns how to make things and forgets how to make men and women will lose out in the race for civilization of the world. That is our job—to turn out men and women to lead in the formation of a future democracy.

A good deal of the trouble in this world is caused by misunderstanding. We had with us at Purdue Mr. Fred Melville, a distinguished newspaper man of London, a good fellow, a native of great Britain, and he said he thought one cause of misunderstanding between this country and Great Britain was because we could not understand each other's jokes. He was in this country for a considerable time during the war, and when he went back he sent to an American paper this joke: He said Nat Goodwin was once in London and went into a tobacconist's shop and saw there a certain list of prizes for the return of the little bands around cigars

of a certain brand. If you returned fifty you got a certain prize, another prize for one hundred, and so on, and for five thousand the prize was a grand piano. Goodwin looked at the cigar rather skeptically, smelled it, lit one, and then turning to the shopkeeper said, "My friend, if I were to smoke five thousand of these cigars I would not want a grand piano, but a harp." The shopkeeper looked rather perplexed, but said nothing in particular, and after a little Goodwin went out. About a week later he went into the shop again, and the man in charge said, "Mr. Goodwin, that was a deucedly clever thing you said the other day, you know. I did not see it at all, but it flashed over me the other night that of course, traveling around as you do, you could not be bothered with a grand piano."

And so a great deal of trouble in this old world is caused by these little misunderstandings in our everyday life.

I want to congratulate you on the magnificent growth of your institution in past years. It bodes well for the future. I did not know until I came here tonight that there were so many brave men and fair women, sons and daughters of Butler College. I want to congratulate you, and to hope that the time will soon come when all colleges will join hands in the common cause of education, especially in this part of the country bounded by Lake Michigan and the Ohio River. The cause is one. What helps one helps all, and what helps all helps the thing in which we are most interested—the United States of America.

DEAN J. W. PUTNAM: It is always well for us to get together from time to time, not only because we enjoy it, but because, as has been repeated here this evening, there is a motive behind our getting together, and that motive is entirely worthy and laudable. Professor Moran indicated that the problems of the colleges are increasing. No college that is worth while but has been taxed to its capacity this year and the prospects are that they will be so taxed next year. For the benefit of former Butler students I may say this much about the year so far. The first semester we had in round numbers ninety students more than the first semester of

last year. We have not finished our registration, but the indications are that we will run about one hundred ahead of the second semester of last year. Ten years ago for the first time we passed the two hundred mark for one term, and today we have about six hundred and seventy-six. I am aware that numbers do not tell the whole story. In fact, they seldom do, and there lies back of that growth years of hard work. In the present situation there also lies the promise of years of harder work to come. It is an increasing problem for Butler, as it is for other colleges, to take care of the students who come year after year. I am not going into a discussion of plans and methods to solve this problem, but I want you to realize that the problem is there.

I want to say on behalf of the Faculty—and I think we have a most devoted Faculty—that they have been faithful and earnest and loyal in dealing with these problems. As for the students, we have this year a student body that has fundamentally a profound loyalty to this institution. Some of the older heads, and some a long way from Freshmen days, may not always appreciate the method of showing this loyalty, but it is there nevertheless. Before 1914, yes, before 1917, I suppose if you had asked the average observer of undergraduate life about the American college student you would have been told that he was a care-free, happy-go-lucky individual who did not take anything seriously—that there was not much to him. But that is not true now. It was not true then. Professor Moran referred to what happened even before America went into the war, and we all know what happened after. It is true that one of the best chapters in the history of the war will be that dealing with American college men and their work in the war. There is not an educational institution in this country that is not proud of the record made by its men, and we are justly proud of the record made by the men from Butler. No possession of Butler College is more precious than that tablet on the wall and the pictures of its twelve men who did not return from battle—the figures indicating the number of men who wore the uniform, and the twelve gold stars on the banner. We look back to the days of the Civil War and it is a story to us—we do not know anything

about it except what we have been told. But we have lived through a war that gives a new significance to that great struggle. Both of them were fought for great principles, both were loyally supported by men who had high ideals; but our Civil War was less in magnitude than this late war. We have long looked with veneration upon the men who offered their all for the Union in '61 to '65, but war means an entirely different thing to us today than it did a half dozen years ago. Then most of us knew war only through textbooks, but now we know it as a reality that has touched our lives. Some of the boys who went from the colleges have come back; some have passed out of college; and some finished their college days when they enlisted, because they never came back. These are a part of the heritage of our institution.

Today we have new problems to face, and I believe, in spite of all that may seemingly contradict it, that the most profound problems of American life, social, political, industrial or religious, are to be solved, if they are solved aright, by the leadership of college men, and it is our hope and expectation that the Butler College boys will be the men who twenty years from now will be helping to solve these problems by putting their influence on the right side. If that prove to be true, we will not feel that our efforts have been in vain.

Our program has been short—it is still an early hour—and I am sure you will be glad to linger about this room and in the corridors and visit with your friends. This ends our program.

The Lewiston Hills

Once more I see the well remembered hills!
To them the years have brought no trace of change.
They rise above the winding river's rills
And roll away in hazy range on range,
In shade and light and many blending hues,—
Now brown that fades to fawn, then fires to pink;
From pink to violet, lucid greens and blues
That in the haze now swim, now sink.

Forget the hills? From Prospect Bluff today
I saw sunset: below me tinged with rose
The glowing river like a bright sash lay;
Distinct against the western sky arose
Dark bluffs made double in the river's breast;
And from the hills the swallows swiftly made
Their homeward way toward rugged "Swallows' Nest"
And sought with whirl and whirl its sheltering shade.

Then all the hills were softly veiled in haze
Through which the opal lights of sunset played,
Till faded from the sky the sun's last rays
And darkness gently crept o'er hill and glade.
I'll not forget the hills for I have seen,
I well have felt, the witching, changing light,
The shadow-shifted lines, the shrouding sheen,
That lend to these brown hills mysterious might.

EVELYN BUTLER.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Legislation for Butler College

Whatever the General Assembly of Indiana may go down into history as accomplishing in its past session, it passed a bill certainly meriting the gratitude of Butler College.

Senate Bill Number 274 was passed in the closing hours of the session, there being but one vote against it. It was introduced by Senator William E. English, a former student of the College, and supported by his colleagues from Marion county. The bill was signed by Governor McCray and is now a law.

Because of peculiar conditions existing in the original corporation of Butler College, the Rockefeller Foundation, the largest educational philanthropical institution in the world, refused to consider pecuniary assistance for Butler in its coming financial drive. Senate Bill Number 274 provides for the acceptance of assistance from the Rockefeller Fund and from other sources now evident, by the organization of holding companies. Groups of nine or more persons may associate themselves in a holding company or corporation, under this law, for the purpose of receiving bequests for educational purposes. A holding body will be immediately organized within the present board of directors of Butler to hold all donations and endowments for the College.

While no predictions can be made as to whether Butler will receive aid from the Rockefeller Foundation, the administration of the Foundation is known to be sympathetic with Butler needs and plans. Mr. Atherton will confer with the Foundation officials in New York in April.

Another piece of legislation that the financial secretary's office put through was Senate Bill Number 249, providing for exemption from taxation of annuities derived from endowments and donations for private colleges in Indiana. The passage of this bill was again furthered by Senator English, while in the House Representative James L. Kingsbury befriended it.

National financial conditions are delaying the \$2,000,000 Butler endowment fund drive, which will be launched as soon as money is a little more active. It is thought that the campaign may begin next fall, but no definite announcement is made at the present. Little doubt is expressed that when the campaign is launched the money will be raised in record time.

Scientific Research for the Undergraduate

The Sciencetech Club of Indianapolis recently addressed a communication to the Colleges of the State with respect to scientific training in the schools of Indiana. This letter to encourage scientific and technical research "desires that the student undertake during the fourth undergraduate year of study the solution of a scientific problem which will afford the means of developing in him initiative, resourcefulness, power of logical deduction, and the ability to think for himself. The objective need not be research in the sense of a new contribution, but should be original to the student with respect to his previous knowledge thereof and should consist of his individual efforts in the solution of such a problem and not alone of a compilation or review of existing literature on the subject."

The letter addressed to the Science departments of Butler College called for the following expression:

“To the Dean of Butler College:

“We, the science faculty of Butler College, recommend that the suggestion of the Sciencetech Club to require each student whose major is in science to complete a problem of experimental investigation before graduation be not adopted. Our recommendation is based on the following reasons:

“1. The Sciencetech Club recognizes that the undergraduate is not qualified to do real research work. The Club suggests that the problem set for the student be a repetition of some suitable experiment. This is all the undergraduate student is qualified to do. We believe that the best results can be secured by conducting the work of the classroom in such a way that the facts presented are the results of years of profound research on the part of many investigators, and by making, so far as is possible, all the student's laboratory work from his freshman to his senior year a real scientific investigation, starting first with the simpler principles and gradually working into more complex problems. If the student's laboratory work is so arranged that as he progresses year by year he becomes less dependent on his instructor and more reliant on himself; if he can be taught to think instead of groping aimlessly in the dark hoping that by some magic manipulation he will have the correct result when he has waded through the maze of instructions, then he has little to fear when he enters the industrial plant. He has at the same time acquired a valuable attitude toward experimental investigation and a variety of experiences which will serve him well in his later work.

“2. There are already crowded into the undergraduate course so many things that the student can get only a smattering of any of them. If time must be taken from the senior year for a special problem, then the dilution is carried still further. We believe that the undergraduate student can better spend his time in laying a substantial foundation in his chosen field, and in getting acquainted with branches of science allied to his particular subject. It is a well-known fact that but a very small per cent of students just out

of college with their Bachelor of Science degree can read with any degree of intelligence the real research magazines of the country. Few students who major in science have time to learn the mathematics prerequisite to a reasonable comprehension of scientific principles. The undergraduate college has a large task if it puts into the hands of the student tools with which to begin his work.

“Those industrial firms which, for economical reasons, find it more profitable to employ the student before he has had time to do graduate work must not expect to find him an efficient research worker. If such students are employed then the industrial establishment must have trained research men who can supervise the work of the student and train him to use the tools with which the college has provided him. We believe that in the long run this will be more satisfactory to the industrial establishment. The student may know less of what is expected of him at the start, and take a longer time to settle down to real productive work, but the one who has a good foundation in his branch of science, who has had sufficient supplementary work to enable him to read the literature of the day with intelligence, and who has had a variety of experience gained by handling numerous problems in the laboratory will soon surpass his fellow worker who starts his task with some knowledge of it but who is deficient along broader lines.

“3. The school cannot duplicate the industrial plant. Any attempt to train the student for a special line of work must be made under circumstances that are artificial and likely to be disappointing. The school can teach the general principles underlying the sciences. It may be able to cultivate in the student the scientific, the investigational attitude toward his work. If he has these, and proper supervision, he will make a valuable asset to his employer. This is our task. Until we find some way of accomplishing it in a larger measure, we must leave narrow specialization to the graduate school and to the industrial establishment which finds it more profitable to seek its employes among those who have not done graduate work.

“4. However, if in the judgment of the science faculty any major student is qualified and desires to pursue some line of special investigation, he will be encouraged and assisted to do so.

"By way of summary may we point out that it is our contention that:

"1. The work of the classroom should be presented, and the laboratory work directed, in the atmosphere of investigation.

"2. It is better to lay a substantial foundation, to give the student tools with which to begin his work.

"3. Narrow specialization is the task of the graduate school and the industrial establishment; ours is the development of the broader foundation and the cultivation of the investigational attitude in all work.

Respectfully submitted,

"H. L. BRUNER,

"G. H. SHADINGER,

"A. E. WOODRUFF,

"R. C. FRIESNER,

"Representing the departments of Zoology, Chemistry, Physics and Botany."

Winter Athletics

Do you know out in Irvington there is a winter-garden—eight hundred seats (next year room for fifteen hundred)? The past season saw the most popular indoor sport developed to a high point of perfection. The new era saw the launching of an intra-mural league with practically every able-bodied man in school getting into competition. The graded gym classes had daily battles, while Fraternity night was very popular. The intra-mural trophy presented by Charles B. Dyer was won by the Delts after keen competition afforded by the other five groups.

Butler was represented in intercollegiate competition by a squad of twenty men. Thirty-one games were played throughout the State; the best teams in the Middle West were met in clean-cut competition. Our record for the season was twenty-four won, seven lost. The I. C. A. L. championship came to Butler with seven wins and a single defeat. The city title was also annexed when the

Indiana Dents were swamped 29 to 10, at Tomlinson Hall. A solid foundation was built in a single year by a group of practically all Freshmen. Captain R. H. Jones was a Junior and still has another year of competition.

Two memorable trips were enjoyed by the squad. During the Christmas holidays the University of Chicago and Purdue University were hosts to the Christians, while between semesters a jaunt to Cincinnati and down the river to Louisville and Evansville was taken—five straight wins on the road, bringing home the bacon. The keenest competition was afforded by the senior teams of Wabash and Earlham, State Normal ranking next to Butler in the I. C. A. L. standing.

The personnel of the squad included Captain R. H. Jones, at either center or back guard; Ed. Diederich, "Wally" Middlesworth, Clifford Patton, Rae Strains, guards; P. Jones, A. Dykins, Al. Rosenstihl, centers; P. E. Brown, O. J. Hooker, John Leslie, H. Goett, P. McClure, forwards.

Orville J. Hooker of Anderson was unanimously elected to lead the Blue and White next year. He was considered without an equal in the State in shooting baskets, obtaining twelve field goals against Wabash and eight against Purdue. Since the State of Indiana boasts of the highest class basket ball in the country, the people of the city of Indianapolis rejoice in the record of the Butler team, and their whole-hearted support of Butler is bound to keep the Blue and White on the top.

Spring Athletic Schedule

April 8, Friday, American Association club at League Park.

April 9, Saturday, track meet, Independent A. C., Irwin Field.

April 11-12, Monday and Tuesday, Purdue, baseball, at Lafayette.

April 16, Saturday, Franklin, baseball, Irwin Field.

April 22, Friday, mass track meet, Irwin Field.

April 23, Saturday, State Normal, tennis, 1:30; baseball, 3:00, Irwin Field.

April 25, Monday, Hanover, baseball, at Hanover.

April 27, Wednesday, Wabash, baseball, at Crawfordsville.

April 29, Friday, track meet N. A. G. U., Irwin Field.

April 30, Saturday, Purdue, baseball, Irwin Field.

May 2, Monday, State Normal, tennis and baseball, Terre Haute.

May 3, Tuesday, Rose Poly, baseball, Terre Haute.

May 7, Saturday, track meet at Franklin.

May 14, Saturday, Waseda University, baseball team from Tokyo. Japan, at Irwin Field.

May 18, Wednesday, baseball at Franklin.

May 21, Saturday, I. C. A. L. championships. Tennis, 9 a. m.; track, 1:45 p. m., Irwin Field.

May 27, Friday, Wabash, baseball, Irwin Field.

May 26-28, Conference tennis meet at Chicago.

May 28, Saturday, State track meet at South Bend.

June 1, Wednesday, Alumni varsity baseball game; "B" Association banquet.

June 4, Saturday, Conference track meet at Chicago.

NOTE—Home baseball games begin at 3:00 p. m.

BIG HOME-COMING DAY

Big Home-Coming Day May 14th

*The people of Indianapolis will entertain the
Japanese on Irwin Field*

Butler College will play team of Waseda University of
Tokyo, Japan

Spring Athletic Assignments

Louis Wood, General Student Manager, is to promote student interests in regard to the spring athletic teams to handle mass meetings and student rallies, to look after the bleacher seating arrangement and to care for the visiting teams.

D. Ranstead will handle the tickets and look after the advertising and schedule.

Paul V. Brown is chairman of Japanese Day, May 14th, when Indianapolis will entertain the Waseda University baseball team from Tokyo, Japan.

Walter Shirley is chairman of I. C. A. L. Day, May 21st. Butler will entertain the champion track, field and tennis athletes from all the minor colleges of Indiana on Irwin Field.

Butler Coach sets high standard in basket ball awards. Seven men received the block letter—four others received reserve award, while three who became ineligible in middle of season were left in cold.

The sweater awards made in chapel. Professor E. N. Johnson, chairman of the Faculty Athletic Committee, made the speech of recommendation. R. F. Davidson, President of the "B" Men's Association, gave the presentation address. Practically the entire squad except Captain R. H. Jones are first-year men. The former Maroon coach recommended to the Athletic Board that a high standard be maintained as it means everything to have the varsity letter respected and worth striving for. No more wholesale awards!

Due to injuries and part-season competition some mighty good men received only the reserve sweater award, but since they have other seasons of competition, they will be headliners in the near future.

Much credit goes to the "All Americans" or "Ever Readys," who got into the lineup on a second's notice and carried on the victorious drive of the Pagemen. No five-man team could survive such a wonderful schedule. Fifteen men upheld Blue and White honors this winter. A solid foundation has been built. Every man is expected back next year to make the fur fly when the bulldog growls.

Butler Baseball Squad Cut to Twenty Men

With the mid-term examinations over all the candidates have been given the once-over. Some of the men that were very green and are being sent to the intra-mural baseball league. The lucky ones who have been given uniforms are:

Catchers—H. H. Hungate, T. Short, A. Smith.

Pitchers—P. E. Brown, G. Staton, J. Shockley, S. B. VanArsdale.

First Basemen—J. P. Jones, W. Middlesworth.

Infielders—H. Alexander, G. Blessing, Ed. Diederich, C. Mercer.

Outfielders—H. Goett, R. H. Jones, Wm. Kiser, J. Leslie.

Utility—L. Barkley, C. Blanford, F. Hopper, McIlwaine, J. Walters, P. McClure.

Faculty Notes

The Faculty Club has been active throughout the college year. Since the members have now become too numerous to meet comfortably in one another's homes, the monthly meetings during the past autumn and winter have been held in the Bona Thompson Library. The first gathering of the season was made the occasion of a formal reception to the new members of the Faculty. After a pleasant hour spent in becoming mutually acquainted, those present listened to brief accounts of the travels of several Faculty members during the previous summer vacation. Music and light refreshments contributed to a delightful evening.

The program of the regular club meetings consists of the reading of a scholarly paper by a member of the club, followed by general discussion. Those who have contributed this season are:

Dr. W. C. Morro, "The Book of Job."

Dr. H. L. Bruner, "Biological Principles and Social Progress."

Mr. Jordan Cavan, "Recent Enormous Increases in High School and College Enrollments and the Need of Extraordinary Measures to Accommodate Still Further Increases."

Dr. J. W. Putnam, "The Historical Background of Douglas's Doctrine of Popular Sovereignty."

The annual dinner of the Faculty Club was held on April 2nd in the Domestic Science building. It has become customary to make this event one in which all professorial dignity is cast aside. Unless the official censor expressly forbids, a detailed narrative of faculty (mis) deeds at this function will be found in this column in the next issue.

Summer School. Dean Putnam is making extensive preparation for an enlarged summer session for the months of July and August. From every point of view—the opportunity for service to teachers employed during the college year, the benefit to girls and boys and to the community through the increased power of these teachers, and the general spread of information relative to Butler College which should be one significant result of the presence of two or three hundred teachers on the college campus—the Board of Directors of the college are to be commended in their policy of generously supporting the summer school project.

Association Meetings. At the annual meeting of the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges, which was held in Chicago March 17, 18, 19, Butler College was represented by Dean Putnam and Dr. W. L. Richardson. The latter is a member of the association's commission to reconsider high school curricula and college entrance requirements.

Dr. E. Jordan attended the meeting of the Philosophical Association of the Middle West held in Chicago during the spring vacation.

Undergraduate Research. In another place in this issue will be found the reply of the college faculty unanimously agreed upon as to the suggestion of the Sciencetech Club of Indianapolis that senior students in Butler College should be permitted to offer research work in the natural and physical sciences as partial fulfillment of the requirements for the A. B. degree. It may well be questioned

whether the rank and file of undergraduate students are sufficiently advanced in their respective fields of learning to do genuine research work—to make any real contribution to the sum total of knowledge. There will surely be no question as to the inadvisability of permitting any narrowing of curricula, any overspecialization or any too early specialization. The ultimate goals of college training must not be lost to sight in the glamour of immediate though lucrative aims. Nevertheless, there is point to the remarks of one faculty member who, while in accord with the general tenor of the reply referred to, rejoiced that an opening had been left for at least initiating the student to research technique in his final undergraduate year.

The world more than ever before needs research workers. At present many graduates of our colleges who may be potential investigators in their chosen fields leave college halls with no kindling of the spark for research, have henceforward no opportunity for independent investigation and, unaware of their unrevealed powers, never enter the graduate schools of our universities. Research is to them an unexplored province. Some way should be made to permit the few students of genius in their final college year to find out beyond peradventure whether or not they might ultimately attack large problems with any possibility of developing acceptable solutions. Only a few decades ago for the populace to pass the grammar grades was considered the desideratum. Later the goal was set at the completion of four years in the high school. Today, more and more are seeking a college education. As a nation we cannot afford to accept a standard, no matter how high, which consists of a dead level of mediocrity. We must discover to the genius his powers while he is still an undergraduate. Otherwise, those powers might never be revealed. Plans to this end already in operation at Harvard University, Reed College and other institutions with forward-looking policies should be studied, modified to suit local needs, and set under way. Not only in those sciences upon which rests industrial enterprise and expansion, but in the social sciences and in the arts as well, this country and the whole world needs leaders and all the enlightenment which might possibly be secured.

Thomas C. Howe in Politics

BY A BUTLER ALUMNUS

When President Howe retired as the official head of Butler College, his intimate friends knew well that he would not long continue in our midst without serving his fellows. Much to his surprise, Mr. Howe finds himself an active candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor of Indianapolis. The simple truth is that he did not seek this task, but the task found him and Mr. Howe was never known as a man who would undertake to escape such obligations, public or private, as might come to him.

In Mr. Howe we have a splendid example of the college man finding himself where more college men should be—in the maelstrom of municipal politics. He knows so much that he is sure he does not know everything, as all thoroughgoing college men do. While he has brought to his new work a willingness to seek counsel and to consult with those more experienced in politics than himself, he also brings his determination to carry his portion of the responsibility, to do his duty as he sees it, unafraid. He is making a good candidate and will make a better mayor.

Indianapolis first and Butler College second, are to be congratulated more than is Mr. Howe himself, who has before him four years of busy life, with every day bringing a multitude of new tasks. Butler Alumni have their portion of the responsibility to see to it that Mr. Howe is nominated in the primaries, May 3rd.

The Civil War Tablet

Mention has been made in the last two issues of the *QUARTERLY* of the desire of the Alumni Association to place in the Chapel a bronze tablet memorial to those young men who left the old University to fight for the preservation of their—and of our—Union, thirteen of whom laid down their lives for the great cause.

Several hundred letters have been sent out to alumni asking for a small contribution for this purpose. These letters, it seemed, would appeal to every patriotic alumnus. To date very few replies have been received.

An alumnus who knew the meaning of the Civil War writes: "I gladly send my mite for a College Memorial Tablet for the thirteen patriots who left College and died in defense of their country during the Civil War, and thank you for giving me the opportunity so to do. We would have cut a sorry figure in the recent war, if this country had been divided in 1861."

It is hoped the alumni will reconsider and send at once whatever amount is convenient. The inscription written by President Butler is very beautiful, and the tablet will be an honored possession of the College.

The plan is to have the presentation service on May 30, or, perhaps, as that date falls upon Monday, on Sunday afternoon, May 29, in the Chapel. The daily press will indicate the definite occasion. All alumni are urged to be present.

Some Distinguished Visitors

Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dean of the School of Religion of Yale University, spoke in Chapel on March 8, after which he was the guest of the Sandwich Club at luncheon, where to the club and a few friends he talked with his usual charm. On March 10 Mrs. George Pierce Baker, Dean of Radcliffe College, spoke in Chapel of the institution which she represents. Following her visit to the College she was entertained at luncheon by Miss Graydon, other guests being former students of Radcliffe College. Of the thirteen graduate students who have gone from Indianapolis to Radcliffe for advanced work, eight have been alumnae of Butler College. Dr. Richard B. Moore, formerly professor of chemistry in Butler College, now chief chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines, and living in Washington, D. C., recently spent a few hours in

Indianapolis. Old associates gave a dinner in his honor at the Hotel Lincoln. Of his work Dr. Moore said:

“Just at present the bureau of mines is interested in helium. Helium, you know, is extracted from natural gas, and will neither burn nor explode. This makes it especially suitable for dirigibles and all kinds of balloons. Before it came into use, a single bullet might cause a dirigible costing millions of dollars, to crash to the earth in flames, but you can no more burn helium than you can ignite the air by sticking a match out the window. The advantage of this gas is obvious.

“Helium is secured from a particular variety of natural gas found in Oklahoma and in the vicinity of Ft. Worth, Texas. Immense plants have been built at the latter place by the government. The helium is taken from the natural gas, and this removal really improves its burning and heating qualities because helium will neither burn nor explode. The gas, after this extraction, is then piped to the neighboring cities for use. In order to separate the helium from the natural gas it is necessary to use a refrigeration process which liquefies everything present except the helium.

“We hope to make the use of helium general for dirigibles, and are working for that end. I first mentioned its possibilities in April, 1917, before a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Kansas City. The suggestion was taken up, and Colonel Charles Chandler, in charge of the balloon division of the air service, immediately showed an interest, and it is largely through his efforts that we have been able to do so much.

“The matter was also brought to the notice of the navy, and Commanders A. K. Atkins, H. T. Dyer and G. O. Carter worked with us. The war ended, of course, before much was done, and we are now working on a plan to store the gas for future use. If the plants in Texas are kept running and the gas is stored away, America will have a monopoly on its production, because so far as we know now, it can be procured nowhere else.”

Commencement Week

The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached in the Chapel at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 12. The alumni reunion and supper will be held on the campus Wednesday, June 15. The Commencement exercises will take place the morning of Thursday, June 16. It is hoped the alumni will turn out in unusually large numbers, with a spirit largely loyal. The Alma Mater holds out a very warm welcome.

The class of '71 will pass its fiftieth milestone, and it is hoped will celebrate the occasion. The living members are: James M. Culbertson, Indianapolis; Benjamin F. Kinnick, Greenwood; Oscar F. Lane, Bainbridge; Edwin T. Lane, Oklahoma City; James W. Lowber, Austin, Texas; James M. Monroe; Robert H. Myers, Indianapolis; John Quincy Thomas, Rushville; Samuel E. Young.

The class of 1896 will reach its twenty-fifth year since graduation. Its living members are: Mrs. Retta Barnhall Morgan, Indianapolis; John Scot Butler, Mexico; Arthur B. Carpenter, Wabash; Edward W. Clark, Indianapolis; Robert W. Clymer, Okmulgee; Charles W. Culbertson, Brazil; Charles Test Dalton, Indianapolis; John Q. Davis, Indianapolis; Mrs. Mary Fletcher Charlton, Proctorsville, Vermont; Franklin Drake Hobson; Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, Indianapolis; Earl T. Ludlow, Colorado; Mrs. Katharine Moore Kingsbury, Indianapolis; William E. Payne; William E. Phillips; Mrs. Etta Thompson Sprague, Muncie; Mrs. Agnes Thormyer Morrison; George Gould Wright, Milwaukee; Charles Richard Yoke, Indianapolis.

College Organizations and Their Presidents

Biology Club	Helen McDonald
Butler Association	George Goodnight
Butler Band	Fred Jaehne
Butler Debating Club	Russell L. Richardson
Butler Quartet	Ross Stacy
Chemistry Club	Norman B. Tichenor
Dramatic Club	Wendell Brown
Glee Club	Irma Tevis
Inter-Fraternity Council	Alexander Cavins
Latin Club	Frances Weaver
Philokurian Society	James Shockley
Sandwich Club	Ralph L. Austin
Student Volunteer Band	Lyman Hoover
Women's Pan-Hellenic	Virginia Brackett
Writer's Club	Leslie Sanders
Y. M. C. A.	Irwin J. Kerrick
Y. W. C. A.	Mary Sue McDonald

Fraternities

Alpha Kappa Alpha	Henrietta Herod
Delta Delta Delta	Rosalie Deardorff
Delta Pi Omega	Marie Kuhler
Delta Tau Delta	Paul Draper
Kappa Alpha Theta	Virginia Moorhead
Kappa Kappa Gamma	Marjorie Trask
Kappa Sigma Phi	John Myers
Kappa Phi Omicron Alpha	Layman Schell
Lambda Chi Omega	Arthur Madison
Phi Delta Phi	Kathleen Dugdale
Phi Delta Theta	Wayne Harriman
Sigma Chi	Melvin Masters
Tau Kappa Alpha	DeForest O'Dell
Zeta Tau Alpha	Gladys McKelvey

Personal Mention

Kenneth A. Barr, '16, spent three weeks at home in Indianapolis in March. He is still living in New Mexico.

Dr. James G. Randall, '03, has, since September, been Assistant Professor of American History in the University of Illinois.

Ernest M. Hunt, ex'14, lives at Kokomo, Indiana, where he is factory representative of the Kokomo Rubber Company.

B. F. Dailey, '87, Mrs. Dailey and Miss Edith Daily, '19, spent several weeks in Florida in February and March.

Benjamin F. Kinnick, '71, residing at Greenwood, Indiana, has been very ill for three months and is still in a dangerous condition.

Clarence E. Prichard, '12, is teaching Chemistry and Physics in the high school of Waukegan, Illinois.

Mrs. Belle Hopkins Updegraffe, '79, is making her home since the death of her husband in 1919, in Hiram, Ohio.

Because of the difficulty of finding houses in Irvington, Professor Gino Ratti, head of the Romance department, has bought on Spencer Avenue, and Dr. Guy H. Shadinger, head of Chemistry department, has purchased the residence of Dr. H. E. Barnard on University Avenue.

James E. Montgomery, ex-, has been elected president of the Bank of Southwestern Oregon, at Marshfield, Oregon, where he now resides. He is vice-president of the Coos Bay Water Company, and treasurer of the Marshfield Mill and Timber Company.

Robert A. Bull, '97, president of the Alumni Association, has returned to his home in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, after several months spent in Arizona. A serious attack of pneumonia while in Chicago in December necessitated Mr. Bull's recovery in a friendlier climate, which he and Mrs. Bull sought. The QUARTERLY hopes the recovery has been complete.

The Faculty Women's Club has been giving a series of monthly teas in the Domestic Science building for the students of the College, thus offering opportunity for better acquaintance between the women of the faculty, the wives of the faculty, and the student body.

To Mrs. Annie Bence Hobbs, a former student of the College, now living in Pasadena, California, the QUARTERLY extends its deep sympathy in the death of her only daughter, Miss Julia Hobbs, on February 19. In the release a rarely beautiful spirit passed from earth to heaven. In the summer of 1920, her son, Robert W. Hobbs, '99, now living in New York City, lost his wife.

A great need of the College has been met, the opening of a proper cafeteria on the campus for the students whose work necessitates their remaining at the College until late in the afternoon. A large room has been added to the Domestic Science building, furnished prettily with bright draperies, plants and hanging baskets, and small tables. It is presided over by Miss Siever, who gives to it the desirable air.

Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, is author of two books upon President Harding. A volume, "Rededicating America," was issued during the campaign. The title of the second volume, "Our Common Country; Good Will in America," is soon to be issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Mr. Schortemeier is secretary of the Indiana Republican State committee, and has opened a law office in the Lemcke Building, Indianapolis. He was formerly associated with Senator Harding in committee work in Washington.

Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown, '97, has completed arrangements and itinerary for her foreign trip this summer with a party of Indianapolis and Indiana persons. The battlefields of France and Belgium will be visited.

Special features of the trip will be a motor trip through the country where Shakespeare lived; a motor trip from London to Windsor and Hampton Court; excursions to the Flanders battlefields and to Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood and Rheims; a trip by steamer on Lake Geneva and on the Bay of Naples and visits to Pompeii, Amalfi, Sorrento and Capri.

The party will sail from New York, or some other Atlantic port June 18 and will spend two weeks in England. July 8 they will go to Ostend and will visit the principal cities of Belgium and its historic spots. The itinerary calls for the week of July 14 in Paris and the following week and the early part of August in Switzerland. The return trip will start from Naples and be made through the Straits of Gibraltar, landing in New York about September 1.

Jasper Turney Moses, '03, who has been Publicity Director of the Federal Council in New York since November, 1918, left in February to become manager of the Union Evangelical Press at Mexico City. This recently-established enterprise co-ordinates the publication work of nine of the Protestant boards working in Mexico. It is a return to a former field of labor for Mr. Moses, as he was previously a missionary in that country. His address in Mexico City is P. O. Box 115 bis. At the February meeting of the Administrative Committee, when Mr. Moses' resignation was presented, it was voted "that the committee record its gratitude for the helpful and faithful service of Mr. Moses to the Federal Council, and record its appreciation of the generous and devoted spirit in which his work has been carried on." The QUARTERLY extends its congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Moses in all his ways.

From the Secretary of the class of 1890, Vida Tibbott Cottman, Madison, Indiana:

"John Nichols is now at Mooseheart, Illinois, as physician in charge of a hospital and a staff of nurses and employes. Mooseheart is a home for the dependent children of deceased members of the Loyal Order of Moose, located thirty-seven miles west of Chicago. During the summer two classmates, Henry T. Mann and Tace Meeker Stearns, paid him short visits.

"J. F. Findley writes from Longmont, Colorado, where he has been engaged in the ministry for sixteen years. He says he is sorry to have to tell that he is still a bachelor, but while there is life there is hope.

"Frank H. Marshall is in Enid, Oklahoma, a professor in Phillips University, a school thirteen years old with 1,135 students. There

are some hundred theological students, who are his especial charge. He says he has seen only four of his classmates since 1890, but is planning to come to the reunion in 1925.

“Otis Green of Kansas City writes, ‘I often think of Laz (Noble) and the pleasant hours spent in the home of Miss Noble, of dear old Dr. Benton, Dr. Hay, Professor Garvin, and all the rest of the faculty with whom we came in contact. Marsh Davis has visited me and we keep in touch since we decided that the Johnson girls just suited us. That great big bundle of good humor, A. C. Smither, took tea with us one day and what a treat it was to talk over old times. Really we felt ten years younger afterward and I suspect that if we could all meet together, the whole thirty years would disappear. I hope that 1925 will find us all present with the old-time college spirit very much in evidence.’

“Frank D. Muse writes from Opportunity, Washington, ‘It’s good to think of the class as all alive yet. Personally, I came near being the first to drop off. Early in the year I was taken with what has been called ‘sleeping sickness.’ Mr. Muse has almost recovered from the disease and its bad effects. He is engaged in preaching, and is interested vitally in a school which he has helped into existence at that place. He has a son six feet three inches tall, who is following in his father’s footsteps in his interest in athletics, being center in the high school basket ball team, and in all sports.’”

Founder’s Day passed off quietly and pleasantly. The day observed this year was February 11, owing to the fact that the correct date (February 7) fell on the inter-semester vacation when many of the College folk were out of town. Dean J. W. Putnam presided at morning and evening sessions. The programs of the occasion are given elsewhere. In the evening Dean Putnam presented the greetings of Professor Carl Means, ’14, sent from Chicago for the celebration, and read the message delivered at the table from Paul Draper, ’21, in New York, “Kindly offer my congratulations and best wishes for our banquet. All hail the dear old royal blue. Hail, Butler!” The Riley room was attractive as in former years with its decorations of spring flowers, its music furnished by the

College Quartet, composed of Clare Ingalls, Rex Hopper, Glen Keach, Ross Stacy, and by the Orloff Trio. Two hundred fifty-six were present, among whom were: Dr. Thomas F. Moran, Dr. Walter S. Athearn, Dean and Mrs. Putnam, Dr. and Mrs. Philputt, William G. Irwin, Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, Dr. Henry Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz, Mr. and Mrs. Lora Hoss, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Davidson, Judge and Mrs. James L. Clark, Demarchus C. Brown, T. W. Grafton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Tharp, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kennington, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Robison, Mrs. C. E. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Perry H. Clifford, Mrs. Carlos Recker, Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Miss Ellen Graydon, Miss Jane Graydon, Mrs. Richard George, Mrs. James Graham, Mrs. Herbert Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, Professor Cavan, Professor and Mrs. Ratti, Myron Hughel, Professor and Miss Wallace Payne, Dr. and Mrs. Jensen, Philip Harvey. Theodore Harvey, Miss Emily Helming, Miss Esther Shover, Dr. Shadinger, Miss Urith Dailey, Charles Dailey, Miss Mary Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Cavens, Alex. Cavens, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown, Miss Gerlach, Wallace Lewis, Professor Wesenberg, Mr. and Mrs. John Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Bogert, Irwin Bertermann, Miss Bertermann, Miss Deardorff, Hubert Moore, Leroy Hanby, Miss Bloor, Miss Emily Fletcher, Miss Katharine Graydon, Dr., Mrs., Miss Stewart, B. W. Cole, Miss Katherine Mead, Misses Beth and India Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Campbell and Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Brown, Dr. Kistler, George Kistler, Judge and Mrs. Vincent G. Clifford, Dr. and Mrs. Morro, Professor Bretz, Miss Siever, Miss Bidwell, Miss Welling, Miss Lutz, Miss Millikan, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, Professor Gelston, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Caldwell, Miss Jaehne, Hiram Seward, Miss Vestal, Mrs. McDonald, Professor Johnson, Miss Curryer, Mr. and Mrs. Reasoner, Dr. and Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Winders, Dr. and Mrs. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mrs. J. P. Ragsdale, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Shank, Miss Dorothy Wilson, Mr. Hoover, Lyman Hoover, Miss Sarah Birk, Miss Virginia Young, Mrs. Lowthian, Mlle. Cousin, Miss Martha Updegraffe, Miss Valentine, Miss Cotton,

Mr. Kinchen, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Payne, Mr. and Mrs. John Spiegel, Mr. and Mrs. George Russell, Miss Mary Pavey, Miss Margaret Griffith, Miss Nina Keppel, Miss Josephine Lewis, Miss Katherine Belzer, Mrs. H. O. Page, Mrs. Justus Paul, Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, Miss Rhoda Selleck, Mrs. Charles Harris, Mrs. Hutchcraft, Mr. and Mrs. Chalifour, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Parker, Mrs. Ruth Allee, Mrs. A. W. Brayton, Misses Brayton, Miss Ruth Allerdice, Mrs. and Miss Segur, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Miller, Herschel Miller, Kenneth Fry, Miss Mary Elizabeth Howard, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Miss Agnes Fort, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. John Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Stilz, Miss Virginia Kingsbury, Miss Marie Fitzgerald, Miss Mary Roy Thomson, Russell Dean, Glen Staton, George Loy, Robert Hall, Russell Dawson, William Kiser, Howard Swearingen.

Marriages

HUNT-SUMPTION.—On June 30, 1920, were married in Kokomo, Indiana, Mr. Ernest M. Hunt, ex-'14, and Miss Julia Sumption. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are living in Kokomo.

SCHMALZRIED-BRUNER.—On December 25, 1920, were married Mr. H. L. Schmalzried and Miss Muriel Bruner, '15. Mr. and Mrs. Schmalzried are living in Mercedes, Texas.

LYNCH-STONE.—On February 5, at Christ Church, Indianapolis, were married Dr. Paul V. Lynch and Miss Irma Stone, '16. Dr. and Mrs. Lynch are living in Evansville, Indiana.

BANKER-MARR.—On February 23, at Columbus, Indiana, were married Mr. John Keith Banker and Miss Mildred Elizabeth Marr, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Banker are living in Columbus.

Births

PEARSON.—On February 8, in the Belgian Congo, to Mr. Pearson and Mrs. Evelyn Utter Pearson, '17, a son—Paul.

GRAHAM.—On March 17, in Irvington, to Mr. Errett M. Graham, '98, and Mrs. Graham, a daughter—Martha Ellen.

HARRIS.—On March 26, to Dr. Wilmer C. Harris, head of History department, and Mrs. Harris, a daughter—Elizabeth.

NETHERCUT.—On April 4, in Indianapolis, to Mr. William Netherecut and Mrs. Ruth Habbe Netherecut, '17, a son and daughter—Philip and Lois.

Deaths

ANDERSON.—Monta Anderson, '10, died at her home in Indianapolis on January 29, 1921. To her mother and her family the QUARTERLY sends its sincere sympathy.

Miss Anderson was born in Kokomo, Indiana. Her father was a nephew and namesake of Jeremy Anderson, a former benefactor of Butler College. She graduated from the Indiana State Normal at Terre Haute in 1901; from Butler College in 1910. She taught school in Brookville, Kokomo, Waveland, Brazil and Hazel Green, Kentucky, the latter a mountain boarding school under the supervision of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. In the latter place she taught for four years, until her illness in 1915, from which she did not recover. The character of her teaching was revealed in the affection her pupils held her, for her long illness was brightened by the many letters they wrote her.

Her fortitude, her unselfish labor, her intellectual appreciation and accomplishment, her refinement of nature, her spiritual attainment made of Miss Anderson a rare character. Her effort to the last to touch the things of life which make for intelligence and

independence was very fine. She was loyal to Butler College. Though cut off from its activities she never lost her interest, sending through members of her family congratulations over some victory, best wishes for Founder's Day or Commencement season. She remembered not to forget—a remembrance held in appreciation.

Two letters we place here, one from her sister, Miss Irene Hunt, '10, and the other from Mr. James T. McGarvey, principal of the Hazel Green Academy:

Miss Hunt: "Monta's life was directed always by definite aspiration. She had no time for aimless living. In early girlhood and on through the State Normal and Butler College days she followed the gleam of a higher, finer education than her first opportunities seemed to warrant. She was not content with passing one goal, nor was education to her merely an asset insuring increased financial return. To be sure, her State Normal and Butler College diplomas did mean professional advancement; yet increased knowledge and wider opportunities meant always a fuller return to the world, a finer appreciation of the achievements of others, and a growing love of beauty in human and external nature.

"To one, at least, of the younger members of the family Monta was long a guide and inspiration. My own desire for a college education could never have been fulfilled had it not been for the kind, unselfish aid of the older members of the family. Mother planned for and believed in us; Monta gave the example of her own perseverance; various others helped practically and faithfully to carry out family plans. The sense of family solidarity was strong in Monta.

"Her long devotion to her chosen work of teaching began in Franklin county, first in small-town schools. Later she taught in the county seat, Brookville, and for two years in Kokomo. These two years (1898-1900) were happy years because of the pleasant and, in many cases, lasting friendships formed then. After an interval at the State Normal, at the end of which she received the long-worked-for diploma, she taught in the high school at Waveland, Indiana. Here again she made many friends who have proven themselves as loyal to her as she always was to them. Many of

them have remembered to write to her or even to come to see her long after her illness forced her to let much of life pass her by. After one year at Butler College in 1904-1905, she taught four years at Brazil, Indiana, returning in 1909-1910 to Butler for a final strenuous year before graduation. From Butler College she went to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions Academy at Hazel Green, Kentucky. Some people at the time wondered why, after obtaining the desired A. B., she should go to a financially poorer position than she had hitherto held. She took deep pleasure in the conviction that she could do more good with her better equipment than she had been able to do without it, and she wanted to work where personality could touch personality more closely than it does in the average public school.

"From the time Monta's health broke to the end of the struggle was a period of six and a half years. She never allowed her native mental powers to lapse from disuse, nor did she drop out of life to as great an extent as might have been expected. She was incapable of losing interest in events merely because she was not actively in them. Indeed, I think she thought more deeply and sanely about many things than she ever had done because she was not confused by hasty living, as so many of us are. Certainly she was patient and brave and faced death calmly, without fear regarding her spirit's future."

Mr. McGarvey: "We who teach in Hazel Green Academy find our work strenuous and confining and fascinating. Every teacher who comes to us with the real missionary spirit accomplishes a great deal of good and becomes fascinated with her exacting task. Miss Anderson was well prepared to teach by reason of her intellectual training and she was also prepared to exert an influence for good because of her generous heart and her soul culture. She had a large amount of determination for one of her stature and ways of gentility. Her influence upon her students was inspirational. In a persuasive way she prevailed upon her students to believe that it was worth while to do things completely and as nearly as possible perfectly. And sometimes she persuaded them to believe that artistic ways were worthy of their attention and respect.

“By example as well as by precept she taught the higher things of life and exerted a wholesome influence that commanded respect for all things religious. She is remembered by her former students with profound respect and numerous ones of them feel indebted to her for new visions that will continue to lead them on.”

BLOUNT.—Mrs. Hannah C. Blount, widow of Rev. B. M. Blount, died at the age of ninety years, in Indianapolis, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Josephine Warman, on January 31.

Mrs. Blount had lived in Irvington forty-two years and was closely identified with Butler College, not only through the fact that her husband had graduated from the institution with the class of 1859, and her children had all been students, but also through her own personal interest which made her a loyal and appreciative attendant so long as her strength allowed. Her reading, her interest in people and affairs, her cheer, her sympathy, her fortitude in sorrow, her piety, made her an unusual character. The passing of Mrs. Blount removes from Irvington almost the last of those pioneers which the College has held in esteem and affection.

To Mrs. Erastus S. Conner, Mrs. Josephine Warman, Mr. H. S. Blount and Mr. M. E. Blount, the surviving children, the QUARTERLY extends its sympathy.

CLIFFORD.—Vincent Gregg Clifford, '79, died at his home in Indianapolis on March 11.

Long a resident of Indianapolis, Mr. Clifford was closely identified with Butler College, as graduate and as father of two students of the College, Austin, of the class of '18, now a student of the Harvard Law School, and Catherine, now a teacher. He was, at the time of his death, first vice-president of the Alumni Association. He had the genuine alumni spirit manifested in many ways, not the least being his frequent attendance upon alumni gatherings, athletic, social, academic. He was last seen at the Founder's Day dinner.

Mr. Clifford was born at Glenwood, Indiana, May 14, 1857. He received his early education in the country schools near his home. He was graduated from Shortridge High School, Butler College in 1879, and the American Central Law School. He was admitted

to the bar in 1883 and practiced law in Indianapolis from that date until December, 1914, when he became judge of the superior court.

Appreciation of the true worth of the quiet, unostentatious friend was given editorially by the press of the city. Of him *The Indianapolis News* said:

"Vinecent G. Clifford, late judge of the superior court, was an old resident of Indianapolis—and a respected and honored one. As a practicing attorney he was faithful to his clients and true to his obligations as an officer of the court. His integrity was beyond question. When he was elevated to the bench, the community felt that it was fortunate in being able to command the services of such a man as judge. Nor was the community disappointed. For Judge Clifford measured fully up to the responsibilities of the position. Personally he was a man of friendly nature—and so he had many friends, as he deserved to have. He was true in every relation of life, a hard worker and a conscientious citizen. He was without pretense or egotism, but was modest and of a rather retiring disposition. He fairly earned all that came to him in the way of success and honor—earned it by faithful service and loyalty to duty."

At a memorial meeting of the Indianapolis Bar Association the following expression was adopted:

"Judge Clifford was naturally of reserved disposition and quiet demeanor but he had a high order of courage both physical and moral, and a wrong aroused both in him. He countenanced no evil or wrong and was quick to combat both in a quiet but firm and determined way. He was considerate of the opinions of others but steady in his own convictions. He was imbued with a high purpose of life and its responsibilities.

"He was more than a good resident; he was a good citizen, because he took an active interest in public affairs. He was always ready to assist with practical suggestions and good judgment in public matters. All recognized his practical common sense.

"He was always helpfully interested in things that pertained to his profession and believed in and actively assisted in maintaining high standards for lawyers and judges.

“As a lawyer he was industrious, faithful and efficient and devoted to his work. As a judge he was honest, high minded, able and desirous of doing justice. Whether or not one agreed with Judge Clifford in his judicial opinions, we always felt that the opinions were honest and that they were careful and well meant efforts to do justice.

“Judge Clifford discharged every obligation and duty of life, whether domestic, professional or public, with courage, fidelity and integrity. At the time of his passing he was engaged on one of the most difficult cases which has arisen in the state for many years.

“He died while serving his state and his community in a fine administration of justice. After all, the judiciary is the sheet anchor of our rights and liberties. Never did Judge Clifford shrink from the performance of his full duty as he knew it, with an honest, intelligent mind and a courageous and kind heart. So long as men of his type are chosen as our public servants we need have no fear for the future of the state.

“In his death the public has lost the services of an able jurist, a patriot and an honest and upright citizen; the courts and lawyers a kind, helpful friend and an honored member. Happy the state that has no public servants but such as he.”

HOWE.—Mrs. Elizabeth Carr Howe, widow of Rev. Robert L. Howe, died in Washington, D. C., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Cummings, on January 26, and was buried in Indianapolis from the home of her son, Thomas Carr Howe, on the 29th. To her children, T. C. Howe, Will D. Howe and Carrie Howe Cummings, the QUARTERLY extends its sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

A neighbor and friend said: “Irvington lost one of its staunch landmarks when Mrs. Elizabeth Howe passed into the Eternal. Hers has been a very familiar figure in these parts for nearly forty years. She was not a woman of many words. She lived her convictions, rather than talk about them. You knew the kind of thing she would stand for and you never failed to find her there. Her home and her family were the center of her activities. She typified in her dignity of bearing all that motherhood should mean.”

McKEE.—Rev. John McKee, '84, died on May 22, 1920, at Liberty, Indiana. John McKee was born in Martin County, Indiana, on November 17, 1857. At the age of sixteen he went to school at Bedford, Indiana, remaining there two years. In 1875 he entered Bethany College, but because of delicate health he left there and went to Iowa, where he took his first pastorate at Cedar Falls. In September, 1882, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Watson. They went immediately to Irvington, where in 1884 Mr. McKee graduated from Butler College. In the autumn of that same year Mr. McKee entered the Yale Divinity School, from which he graduated in May, 1887. Several years later he studied in the University of Chicago, specializing in Hebrew. From 1900 two pleasant years were spent in teaching Hebrew at Butler College.

Mr. McKee's pastorates were successively at Connellsville, Pennsylvania; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; St. Paul, Minnesota; Storm Lake, Iowa, from which place he went to Liberty, Indiana.

On May 22, 1920, Mr. McKee was suddenly called from earth into the Great Beyond. He had been in failing health the last year, but his sudden departure was a great shock to his family and friends. Rev. S. M. Decker, one of his former students, preached his funeral sermon, and on the 25th at 4 p. m., as the sun dropped down the western slope, he was laid to rest in the beautiful Liberty cemetery. Of him Mr. Decker said, "He was not an ordinary man, nor was his mind cast in the mould of the masses. He was in advance of the mass of men so that some misunderstood him. . . . I have always thought his place in life was in some college directing the choicest minds to the best things of life, there to stay through the years."

Of him the Rev. George Campbell said: "He was one of the rich, scholarly souls. . . . Interested in the wholeness of life, he was refreshing to meet. . . . His face was ever toward the rising sun. . . . His faith in tomorrow was ever firmer than his faith in yesterday. . . . Change to him meant progress, until his death he was of the morning. . . . His was a pioneer soul that kept faith in those who remained at home. . . . John McKee was worthy of great honor. His ministry was not what one would

call popular. His oratory was not such as attracts great crowds, but his messages had in them a rare quality which to the discerning was most illuminating and satisfying. . . . It was good to meet him at conventions. . . . The world had not rewarded him by giving him noted pulpits to fill, but God had rewarded him by giving him a heart to feel and a mind to understand. . . . He was a man who gave you more confidence in the genuineness of our race. . . . His soul was an aperture through which one got glimpses of the eternal. . . . A gentle, simple, strong, scholarly soul has left us. We do ourselves honor to remember him."

PARSONS.—Dr. Charles H. Parsons, a former student, died at his home in Rushville, Indiana, on March 5.

Dr. Parsons was educated in the common schools of Rush County, Butler College and Bellevue Hospital college, New York City. His professional work lay in his home town of Rushville. He took an active interest in public affairs, being councilman-at-large for four years, during which term he sought at all times the betterment of the town. He was an ardent member of the Christian Church, long being a Sunday school teacher of the Men's Bible class and holding other official positions. His spirit of interest in and loyalty to Butler College was manifested in various ways, and always appreciated by those who had known him.

The QUARTERLY is pleased to give the following appreciation:

"Simple and impressive funeral services were held in the Christian Church of Rushville on Tuesday, March 8, for Dr. Charles H. Parsons. They were conducted by Rev. L. E. Brown, pastor of the church, and Rev. Clyde Black of the Methodist Church. The large auditorium was filled with friends who had vainly hoped for his recovery and had watched with sympathetic interest the progress of his disease. With sad faces and reverent tread they gathered at the church to bear silent witness to the love they bore him.

"The choir sang the hymn, 'Purer in Heart,' which was followed by Scripture readings and a tender, fervent prayer by Rev. Black. Then the good pastor rose and with evident emotion said, 'The Beloved Physician'"—and after a brief pause proceeded with an

address unique in character, in which he paid a high tribute to the medical profession, but especially to the far-reaching possibilities of the influence of the Christian physician as he goes about his life work, and as was so beautifully exemplified in the life of Dr. Parsons.

“Dr. Parsons’ gentleness, fine courtesy and firmness for the right won him the deep regard of the entire community. In manner he was cheerful, thoughtful of others, quiet and unassuming, despising shams and hypocrisy of all kinds. The morning of the day before he was stricken he sat at the piano and played the hymn of which he was fond, ‘The Old Rugged Cross.’

“ ‘His trophies he has now laid down and received in exchange his crown.’ And so it has been in the case of our friend.”

To Mrs. Parsons the QUARTERLY extends its sincere sympathy.

PETERSON.—Margaret Frances, daughter of Raymond F. Peterson, '21, and Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, '16, died in Indianapolis, on April 10, at the age of two and one-half years.

SHORTRIDGE.—Walter H. Shortridge, a former student of the College, died after a long illness in Irvington on March 1.

TALBERT.—Marjorie, infant daughter of John and Mary Stilz Talbert, '12, died in Cleveland, Ohio, on February 15.

VAN CLEAVE.—A man to be loved and remembered was L. L. Van Cleave. His was the gift of fine appearance and friendly ways, and his the mark of high ideals and devotion to duty. As a minister he gave much and asked for little. Putting his might into the fight for prohibition, his body broke in the prime of life. Through long years of afflictions he was the embodiment of good cheer. He grieved not for himself. A visit to him was a benediction.

From this tragic ending of a noble life the mind runs back across the years and sees the joyous, finely-featured “Van” lending the charm of his personality to the glad and golden days of college life.

B. F. DAILEY, '87.

WOOLLEN.—William Watson Woollen died at his home in Indianapolis March 26, at the age of eighty-two years.

Mr. Woollen graduated from the law department of the Northwestern Christian University (now Butler College) in 1859, was admitted to the bar in 1861, and has since uninterruptedly made his home in Indianapolis. As lawyer and naturalist, as investigator and writer, as neighbor and friend, he has called forth the respect and affection of many citizens. He was loyal to Butler College, an unfailing reader of the *QUARTERLY*.

Of Mr. Woollen *The Indianapolis News* has said, editorially :

“William Watson Woollen, who died on Saturday, was an exceedingly interesting man—interesting because he was enthusiastically interested in many things. It may truly be said that

‘No man hath walked along our roads with steps
So active, so inquiring eye or tongue.’

“Outdoor nature was not to him simply an escape from the drudgery of the office—it was a positive delight, and the delight, not merely of the expert, but of the lover. Mr. Woollen wrote much and well of birds and trees, and some of his work is of a permanent and scientific value. He was an authority on Indiana affairs, a student of the life of the early days, and of them he wrote most pleasantly. Yet he was also devoted to the law, of which he had a wide and accurate knowledge, as the books of which he was the author sufficiently show. Mr. Woollen was interested in his kind, and so was a good citizen, a kindly neighbor and a loyal friend. He liked people and respected human nature, which is something that cannot be said of all nature students, or of all lawyers. Considerate of others, urbane and friendly, Mr. Woollen was also a man of strong character and deep convictions. He had not outlived his friendships, and so leaves many friends behind him who felt a sense of real loss when they heard of his death.”

Our Correspondence

O. O. WHITE, '06, State Normal School, LaCrosse, Wisconsin: "Every spring sounds its call 'back to Butler'—a clarion note that vibrates the tenor of my one desire, but, alas, more than a decade has found me unable to attend. However, I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for Butler, and for that English class where one was free to air his philosophy of literary interpretation. It was a procedure that helped me to grow, for which I have been very grateful."

Come when you can, Mr. White; Butler does not forget you.

JOSEPHUS PEASLEY, '79, Des Moines, Iowa: "Were I to offer constructive criticism for benefit of the ALUMNAL QUARTERLY as well as its subscribers, it would be to make this suggestion: When you mention visits of former students of the College, by all means mention also their present address. Scattered as we are from ocean to ocean, and moving or traveling as we do, we often pass by the very homes of our college friends without knowledge of their whereabouts. In the present QUARTERLY (January) you have indicated one, that of Edmund G. Laughlin. Keep this before you as a sample of announcing or mentioning former students, and you will find no alumnus can afford to do without the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY."

The QUARTERLY appreciates this suggestion and will endeavor to follow it. As the visiting alumni slip in and out, often coming when College is not in session, the editor is not always able to do as requested by Mr. Peasley, see them and obtain their present address. She wishes more readers of the QUARTERLY were interested enough to make suggestions for the improvement of the magazine, especially in the following regards: to increase the subscription list so that the price may be reduced; to reply to letters sent to them—the utter neglect, in most cases, to such letters is very discouraging; to send in items of news.

ROBERT E. RINEHART, New York City: "I am sorry I cannot add greatly to the record the Butler alumni made in the war. It

is a great regret to me that I did not see active service. The best that circumstances permitted me to do was to work in the Bureau of Public Information. It was my business to go over all the A. E. F. film taken in France, and to select from it interesting features to place before the people of the United States. In this matter a great deal of America's part in the war passed before my eyes.

"You may or may not know that I spent but half a year at Butler. Later I came down to Princeton University, where I graduated. Of course, this later and longer college association has monopolized a large portion of my college loyalty. On the other hand, I look back with a great deal of pleasant memory to the several months I spent at Butler. A number of the men I knew there I still retain as close friends—at least, they seem close to me. In many respects the earliest friends are the best. Still more clearly I recall my professors at Butler, Dr. Butler, Professor Thrasher, Professor Brown, Professor Howe.

"Whenever I come to Indianapolis it is always a pleasure to look out at the campus. I have been promising myself on one of these visits to go out and see the once familiar place. I wish every success to the alumni of Butler College."

Notice

Send your alumni dues of three dollars to Stanley Sellick, treasurer of the Alumni Association, Butler College, Indianapolis. The QUARTERLY cannot live without it.



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MEMORIAL DAY
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INDIANAPOLIS

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**BUTLER ALUMNAL
QUARTERLY**

INDIANAPOLIS

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No. 2

Foreword

This extra edition of the BUTLER ALUMNA QUARTERLY is issued for remembrance of those students of the North Western Christian University (now Butler College) who left the college halls to answer their country's call and who, in her hour of sore need, counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

Seen through the vista of sixty years their outline is indistinct in the memory of even the remaining few who knew them; while to those who make up the rank and file of the College today they are unknown names—unknown, save for the supreme fact of their Service and their Sacrifice.

On Sunday afternoon, May the twenty-ninth, in the College chapel, a memorial service was held when the Alumni Association presented to the institution a bronze tablet, nobly inscribed and bearing the names of the soldier-students who had fallen in the Civil War. The program of the occasion is herewith preserved, to which is added what of knowledge could be gathered as an anthology of permanent and precious value. The facts are few and meager, but such as they are they are offered the Alma Mater.

If the readers of THE QUARTERLY are able to supply additional information concerning any young man named, or his picture, it will be gratefully received by the alumni secretary. Notwithstanding the fact that there has been followed every known avenue of approach to the names of those who had fallen on the field of honor and of making the muster-roll complete, some names with deep regret have been discovered since the list was cast in bronze. They are those of—

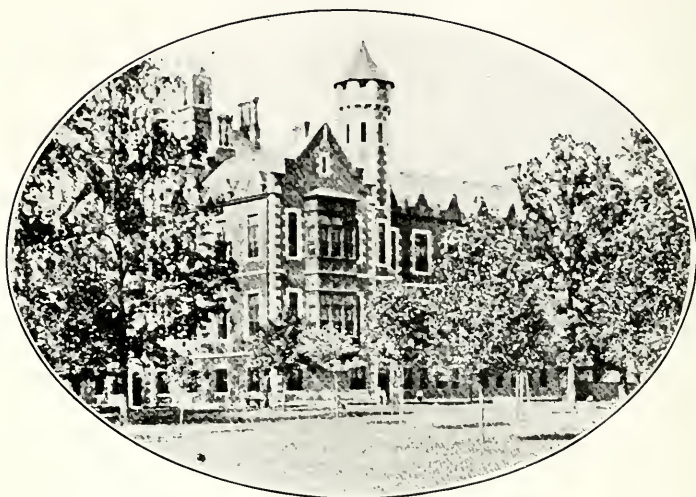
Thurston C. Challen, 69th Ohio Volunteers.

Albert Judson Danforth, Jr., 124th Indiana Volunteers. Killed in action on date not reported.

George J. Frenyear, 51st Indiana Volunteers. Died August 1, 1863.

Rufus Harper, 79th Indiana Volunteers. Killed at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

George P. Vance, United States Navy. Killed at Paducah, Kentucky, July 10, 1864.



UNDE PROFECTI SUNT

The Memorial Service

Held in the College Chapel
Sunday Afternoon, May 29, 1921

DR. A. B. PHILPUTT: Our Father, we thank Thee for our country. We cannot count what it has cost in human sacrifice and suffering. We cannot appreciate all that has been given to us by those who have gone before, that we may have a country of which we should ever be proud. We begin to appreciate it, we visualize it, we take pleasure in it, and at moments of high feeling, in such an hour as this beautiful, tender hour, we realize it, somewhat, and may this sweet sad spirit bless us all, curbing our pride and selfishness, and revealing to us the glory of dying for one's country.

We thank Thee for these men who went out from the halls of this College, years and years ago, who went at their country's call, and today, as we think of them in the long, long days gone by, may we find ourselves united with the great spirit that moved them, in our desire to make this a better land, better for our living in it.

And today, as memory goes back to those who carried the burdens in those years, and yet lived, may it be sweet to think that they can thus honor their comrades, who have so long slept beneath the sod, and whose glory is as of the Glory of God.

We thank Thee that our country still believes in liberty, in justice and eternal life.

We thank Thee that millions of men—young men, in whose faces was reflected the morning light, gave themselves cheerily for their country, in these more recent years, grandsons of worthy sires. We thank Thee for them, for they, too, have borne the brunt of the battle, and have exhibited that rare and glorious spirit of giving up, if need be, all for country, as some have given the last full measure of devotion.

And so, today, we pray Thy blessing upon these comrades who yet remain in our community, and upon all who yet live, every-

where, who joined in the great conflict of the Civil War. And help us, we pray Thee, to make a nation, and as these names come before us, and the memories of the sorrows of that day, may we feel ashamed to live and enjoy such a country, and such a time, without, ourselves, building our lives, somehow, into the fabric of the nation that is yet to be, a nation fuller of glorious ideals, more gloriously realized, even, than now; a nation that shall put away selfishness and greed, and vain ambitions, and see its glory in the help and sympathy and example that it may render to less fortunate people.

And we pray, O Lord, that men may learn war no more, that the sword may be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks; that we may realize the day that was foretold, and yet seemingly is so far away, when it shall not be our pride to do victorious battle, but to live in peace with all men—honorable and glorious peace, when no man shall hurt or strive to slay another.

Upon the exercises of this hour, and the honored men who shall take part in appreciation of their comrades and friends of the years past, upon the gathered assembly, sympathetically touched by reason of recent experiences, with a fuller meaning of that far-away experience, upon them all, O God, we pray Thy blessing and invoke Thy continued mercy and benediction upon us, that we may find ourselves, as a nation, growing in the things that are honorable and true, until the Kingdom of God shall come on earth, when the New Jerusalem shall be seen descending upon us.

We ask it in the name of Christ, the Captain of our salvation. Amen.

DEAN JAMES W. PUTNAM, ACTING PRESIDENT: We have met this afternoon to pay a tribute of honor to the men who three-score years ago dedicated their lives to the preservation of the Union. We have met to unveil a tablet of enduring bronze to the memory of those who sealed that dedication with their own life's blood.

It is fitting that those who went forth together from the halls of learning to the grim tasks of war should participate in this unveiling. It is also fitting that the alumni and friends of the College, by these simple rites, should attest their love and high esteem for

those who counted not the cost but gave their all that the blessings of liberty might be preserved to future generations.

Butler College may not boast great endowments and magnificent buildings, but her pride is in the host of rare souls who have gone forth from her halls imbued with noble purposes and high ideals. Wherever duty calls, her sons and daughters make a ready response. It was so in the dark days of the great conflict in which these men wrought so well. It was true in the recent war. Let us hope it may continue true till the end of time, for national safety lies only in a strong, intelligent and patriotic citizenship.

On behalf of the College it is my privilege to greet you all and welcome you to this memorial service. But I deem it a great honor today to welcome back to this institution these survivors of the youthful patriots who so long ago marched away to the defense of their nation's honor and integrity. With ranks depleted by the ravages of war, disease and time, they are the honored remnant of a noble band. Gentlemen, I welcome you.

MAJOR W. W. DAUGHERTY, '61:

ROLL OF STUDENTS OF THE NORTH WESTERN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY WHO ENLISTED IN THE
CIVIL WAR

William A. Abbott, 79th Indiana Volunteers.
James W. Adams, 7th Indiana Volunteers.
George W. Alexander, 22d Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
E. R. Ames, 7th United States Infantry and 11th Infantry.
Marion T. Anderson, 51st Indiana Volunteers.
George W. Armentrout, United States Navy.
James W. Armstrong, 17th Indiana Volunteers.
Amzi Atwater, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
John P. Avery, 11th Indiana Volunteers.
John L. Barnett, 8th Cavalry.
John C. Beaty, 11th Indiana Volunteers.
David S. Beaty, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Jerry Barker, 70th Indiana Volunteers.

Milton Bell, 86th Indiana Volunteers.
J. C. Branham, 7th Indiana Volunteers.
Edward L. Brevoort, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Chauncey Butler, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Scot Butler, 33d Indiana Volunteers.
Michael R. Buttz, 151st Illinois Volunteers.
Frank Cappel, 116th Indiana Volunteers.
Vinson Carter, 12th Indiana Volunteers.
Frank C. Cassell, 116th Indiana Volunteers.
J. Montgomery Cassell, 128th Indiana Volunteers.
H. C. Cassell, 72d Indiana Volunteers.
James R. Challen, 69th Ohio Volunteers.
Thurston C. Challen, 69th Ohio Volunteers.
W. W. Chesire, 151st Indiana Volunteers.
Barton W. Cole, 136th and 146th Indiana Volunteers.
J. W. Cotton, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Silas B. Crain, 10th Indiana Volunteers.
George B. Covington, 17th Indiana Volunteers.
Charles H. Cox, 70th Indiana Volunteers.
John A. Crose, 27th Indiana Volunteers.
Alfred Curtis, 19th United States Infantry.
Albert Judson Danforth, Jr., 124th Indiana Volunteers.
William W. Daugherty, 27th Indiana Volunteers.
Henry C. Davis.
James E. Downey, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
John L. Doyal, 7th Indiana Volunteers.
John F. Dumont, 119th Indiana Volunteers (7th Cavalry).
Samuel A. Dunbar, 8th Indiana Volunteers.
Addison M. Dunn, 57th Indiana Volunteers.
John S. Duncan, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Charles Dennis, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
William A. Dixon, Ohio Volunteers.
Lon H. Eddy, 132d Indiana Volunteers.
Henry L. Ellsworth, 150th Indiana Volunteers.
John W. Elstun, 123d Indiana Volunteers.
Marion Elstun, 37th Indiana Volunteers.

John H. Engle, 100th Indiana Volunteers.

William H. Evans, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

John S. Fleming, 17th Indiana Volunteers.

Howard M. Foltz, United States Navy.

James Foudray, 132 Indiana Volunteers.

Chapin C. Foster, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

G. J. Frenyear, 51st Indiana Volunteers.

George W. Galvin, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

George W. Gist, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Joseph R. T. Gordon, 9th Indiana Volunteers.

W. H. H. Graham, 6th Cavalry.

Andrew Graydon, 70th Indiana Volunteers, Meigs' Battery, U. S. V. and 11th Infantry.

James W. Graydon, 70th Indiana Volunteers and United States Navy.

Russ Guffin, 52d Indiana Volunteers.

John V. Green, 11th Indiana Volunteers.

John V. Hadley, 7th Indiana Volunteers.

Perry Hall, 79th Indiana Volunteers.

John W. Harden, 10th Indiana Volunteers.

Rufus Harper, 79th Indiana Volunteers.

Marshall P. Hayden, 54th Indiana Volunteers.

Alvin I. Hobbs, 69th Indiana Volunteers.

Cortez F. Holliday, 128th Indiana Volunteers.

John H. Holliday, 137th Indiana Volunteers.

Wilbur F. Holliday, 33d Indiana Volunteers.

A. G. Hubbard, 135th Indiana Volunteers.

Charles Hunt, 107th Indiana Volunteers.

Walter Hunt, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Martin Igoe, 35th Indiana Volunteers.

Jesse Jenkins, 33d Indiana Volunteers.

W. R. Jewell, 7th Indiana Volunteers and 72d Indiana Volunteers.

Horace Jones, United States Navy.

Squire Isham Keith, 22d Indiana Volunteers.

Justin M. Kellogg, 143d Indiana Volunteers.

J. L. Ketcham, 70th Indiana Volunteers.

W. A. Ketcham, 13th Indiana Volunteers.

George J. Langsdale, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Robert Langsdale, 70th Indiana Volunteers.

Thomas R. Lawhead, 77th Indiana Volunteers (4th Cavalry).

John H. Lewis, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Henry C. Long, 128th Indiana Volunteers and 51st Indiana Volunteers.

W. S. Major, 117th Indiana Volunteers.

Alvin D. May, 33d Indiana Volunteers.

George A. May, 28th Indiana Volunteers (1st Cavalry).

James H. Mauzy, 68th Indiana Volunteers.

Stephen Metcalf, 75th Indiana Volunteers.

Willis R. Miner, 41st Indiana Volunteers (2d Cavalry).

Charles G. Morris, 20th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.

James W. Morris, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

John I. Morris, 20th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.

Lewis T. Morris, 19th United States Infantry.

Thomas O. Morris, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Edward McChesney, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Casper W. McLaughlin, 26th Indiana Battery, Light Artillery and 17th Indiana Volunteers.

James L. Neff, 124th Indiana Volunteers.

Frank R. New, 7th Indiana Volunteers and 11th Indiana Volunteers.

R. P. Parker, 7th Indiana Volunteers and 4th United States Colored Troops.

James H. Patterson, 132d Indiana Volunteers and 19th United States Infantry.

Terrell Pattison, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Augustus E. Pattison, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

W. N. Pickerill, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Charles Phipps, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Joseph B. Phipps, 107th Indiana Volunteers.

William C. Phipps, 11th Indiana Volunteers.

C. W. Poston, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Eli F. Ritter, 16th Indiana Volunteers and 79th Indiana Volunteers.

Irvin Robbins, 7th Indiana Volunteers and 123d Indiana Volunteers.

John H. Roberts, 58th Indiana Volunteers.

Leon Rosengarten, 104th Indiana Volunteers.

W. E. Ruble, 57th Indiana Volunteers.

James H. Ruddell, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

S. J. Smock, 70th Indiana Volunteers.

George Southard, 11th Indiana Volunteers.

Macey Southard, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Butler K. Smith, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

George W. Spahr, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Platt J. Squier, 44th Indiana Volunteers.

R. C. Story, 132d Indiana Volunteers and 26th Indiana Volunteers.

John T. Strong, 44th United States Colored Infantry.

George W. Sulgrove, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

James H. Snoddy, 11th Indiana Volunteers.

R. A. Taylor, 25th Indiana Volunteers.

Jesse W. Tilford, 77th Indiana Volunteers (4th Cavalry).

John H. Tilford, 79th Indiana Volunteers.

Samuel E. Tilford, 26th Indiana Volunteers.

D. L. Thomas, 68th Indiana Volunteers.

Samuel Tomlinson, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Jerome G. Todd, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Henry W. Tutewiler, 17th Indiana Volunteers.

W. P. Vaile, 137th Indiana Volunteers.

George P. Vance, 132d Indiana Volunteers and United States Navy.

Samuel C. Vance, 132d Indiana Volunteers and 27th Massachusetts Volunteers and 70th Indiana Volunteers.

Jacob Varner, 7th Indiana Volunteers.

Flavius J. Van Voorhees, 86th Indiana Volunteers.

George E. Wallace, 13th Indiana Volunteers and 79th Indiana Volunteers.

George N. Wells, 70th Indiana Volunteers.

Augustus C. Weaver, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

James H. Whitten, 23d Indiana Volunteers and 11th United States Infantry.

John W. Whitten, 11th United States Infantry.

Josephus Whistler, 39th Indiana Volunteers.

W. H. Whitsell, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Thomas B. Wilkerson, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Daniel B. Williams, 27th Indiana Volunteers.

David B. Williams, 17th Indiana Battery, Light Infantry.

Thomas K. Wilson, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Louis C. Wilson, 45th Indiana Volunteers (3d Cavalry).

Benjamin C. Wright, 132d Indiana Volunteers.

Harvey B. Wilson, 11th and 72d Indiana Volunteers.

D. O. Yount, 69th Indiana Volunteers.

CONFEDERATE

Preston A. Davidson, Stonewall Brigade, C. S. Army.

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, ex-'63: I esteem it a great privilege to speak today about those students of the North Western Christian University who made the supreme sacrifice during the Civil War. It has been fifty-six years since the last of these passed on. Few of their contemporaries and associates live to remember them, and the impressions and memories have been dimmed in the passage of the years. They were students during the period from 1855, when the institution began, until 1864, the last full year of the war, and probably varied in age from seventeen to twenty-five. I have classed them alphabetically.

The first was George B. Covington. He was the son of Samuel F. Covington of Rising Sun, who lived here for two or three years in the late fifties and George was a student in 1858-59 for one year, when the family moved to Newport, Kentucky. He was born March 28, 1845, and on the outbreak of the war was denied enlistment on account of his age. When the 17th Indiana passed through Cincinnati, July 4, 1861, Col. Hascall, probably a friend of his father, accepted him as a volunteer aid, for how long I do not know, but in

August, 1862, he was regularly enlisted in Co. D of the regiment and appointed Q. M. Sergeant. He participated in the experience of that gallant organization in Kentucky and Tennessee, having been a prisoner for a short time in the fall of 1862. When the regiment reenlisted for a second term Covington was promoted to be Adjutant on March 2, 1864. On May 24, soon after the opening of General Sherman's Atlanta campaign, the young officer was wounded in a skirmish near Dallas, Georgia, by a rebel sharpshooter, and died on June 1 on the train en route for home. He was buried with great respect at Rising Sun where in late years the Sons of Veterans Camp No. 69 was named for him.

I remember him as a striking-looking boy, handsome indeed, with a very alert mind and unusual self-possession for his age. I was not associated with him in any classes but presume that he was efficient. He certainly was well-behaved and gentlemanly in intercourse. What his character was may be judged from his patriotism and his message to his parents sent through Col. Wilder before his death: "Tell them I died a Christian soldier." Certainly he was a gallant youth.

Albert Judson Danforth, Jr., was brought up in Indianapolis and attended the University in 1863. He was mustered into service in Co. C, 124th Indiana Regiment of Infantry, January 16, 1864, and was killed on a date not reported, but said to be just before the close of the war. He was probably less than eighteen at that time. His remains rest in Crown Hill Cemetery.

John L. Doyal was one of the kindest and most pleasing young men I have ever known. He and his older brother, Samuel H. Doyal, for many years a judge at Frankfort, Indiana, entered the University in 1858, from White Lick, Boone County. John Doyal came to the school to prepare himself for the ministry of the Christian Church, and made diligent use of his time. He was thorough in whatever he did and won the friendship of all who came in contact with him by his manliness and attractive qualities. He enlisted in Co. B Seventh Indiana Infantry in August, 1862. He reached the regiment a stranger and a raw recruit without an hour's drill August 27, the eve of the battle of

Thoroughfare Gap, followed immediately by the second battle of Bull Run. A friend (W. H. Wiley) says: "When the regiment was being formed in line of battle it was left to the choice of the new recruits whether they would take part in the engagement. Of the fourteen who had arrived the day previous John L. Doyal and one other brave boy stepped into the ranks. . . . In this battle he conducted himself like a veteran and gained the admiration of the whole company." He did his duty and more in all other respects. He carried his religion into camp and in all the vicissitudes of service in that active organization he stood as a Christian man loving his comrades and his country. He was killed May 5, 1864, in the fight in the Wilderness. The same friend, in an eulogy before the Pythonian Society, said: "Then commenced one of the most bloody contests which the modern historian will ever record. The brave young man whose eulogy we are pronouncing, fell in the first of the fighting. He died at his post. The color bearer of the regiment had fallen at the beginning of a charge, the colors going down with him. But who should be the first to seize and bear them aloft when trailing in the dust? John L. Doyal! He started forward bearing the glorious old flag in the very presence of death. A rebel bullet struck him and stunned him, but still he advanced. A second shot failed to stop him. The third time his forehead was struck and he fell with the stars and stripes folding around his lifeless body." The body was never recovered, as the Union troops were driven back. In one of his letters he said: "I have never regretted the day I enlisted." Small wonder. He was a true soldier of duty.

Of Samuel A. Dunbar I have no recollection. His name is enrolled in the catalogue of 1856-7 as S. Dunbar, Greenfield, Indiana. He was a member of Co. B, 8th Indiana, starting as Second Lieutenant in 1861 at the age of twenty-four, and becoming a Captain January 8, 1862. He died of wounds received at Terre Bonne, La., July 8, 1864. The G. A. R. Post at Greenfield is named for him.

Addison M. Dunn of Boxleytown, Hamilton County, was en-

rolled as a student in 1858 and is named in the catalogue of 1859, so that he may have attended for two years. I can not recall him in any way. He enlisted in the 57th Indiana Infantry, being commissioned Captain of Co. E, October 30, 1861, and promoted to Major September 1, 1864, but apparently was not commissioned on November 30, when killed at the battle of Franklin.

Marion Elstun, of Milroy, Rush County, attended college for two years, 1859 and 1860. He enlisted at Lawrenceburg in Co. K, 37th Infantry, on September 18, 1861, when twenty years old. He served as a non-commissioned officer and was promoted to Sergeant Major of the Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Atlanta and died soon after at Vinings Station, Georgia. His remains lie in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. As a student he was quiet and reserved and diligent in his work. He was a member of the Mathesian Society and did his part there.

George J. Frenyear entered the University in the fall of 1858, from Pittsboro, Hendricks County, though a later catalogue gives his residence at Milton, Vermont. He was a minister in the Christian Church. He remained in college two years, leaving at the close of his Freshman year. As I remember him he had very considerable ability, though he was much maturer than most of his associates. He took a considerable part in the exercises of the Mathesian Society. He enlisted in Co. A, 51st Indiana, and I have been told acted for a time as Chaplain, though there is no official record of that. He died August 1, 1863, at his home in Pittsboro, though whether of wounds or disease is not known.

Joseph R. T. Gordon was one of the first students and attended for three years. He was the only son of Major Jonathan W. Gordon, a brilliant and prominent lawyer of Indianapolis for many years. He entered Co. G of the 9th Indiana September 5, 1861, and was killed at the battle of Greenbriar, West Virginia, December 13 following. He had a most engaging personality and was as brilliant for his years as his father, from whom he had inherited many striking qualities. His sense of humor was deep and engaging and his eloquence gave promise of a great future. Few young men have been more popular and admired than Joe

Gordon. I do not think he was more than eighteen when he fell. Being so well known his death, among the first of those from Indianapolis, gave the community a great shock and his funeral was a remarkable evidence of regard as well as of sympathy.

From "The Indiana Soldier," written by Miss Catharine Merrill, is taken this paragraph: "Costly blood sprinkled that rebel hill; and not the least precious was that of Joseph Gordon, a beautiful, brave youth, whose culture, talents and lofty inspirations gave promise of a noble career. Shot in the forehead, he fell almost at the cabins of the enemy, and while his clear, young voice calling 'Come on' was still ringing through the woods." One who knew him said: "Joe had the keen mentality of his father and the gracious manner of his mother." He, too, lies in Crown Hill.

Rufus Harper, the son of Samuel Harper, a farmer living northeast of Indianapolis, was a student in the year 1858-60. He enlisted in Co. A, 79th Regiment, in August, 1862, and was killed at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Rev. Perry Hall was one of the most promising of the graduates of Butler. He was born January 24, 1837, and graduated in 1859 at the head of his class, immediately becoming pastor of the Central Christian Church of Indianapolis. He was a lovable man and a very popular one. He became Chaplain of the 79th Regiment in August, 1862, and died from typhoid fever on October 27, a little more than two months after. He was only twenty-five, but seemed much maturer than his age called for. General Fred Knefler, his Colonel, wrote thus about him: "During his short stay with us his social manners, his frank manliness and all the qualities of a good man which he so eminently possessed, made him a favorite with all who approached him. He was a truly religious man, a firm, devoted patriot, a man of unflinching integrity and high worth. Personally his death has deprived me of a friend whose counsels were always valuable; of a genial companion who endeavored to lighten the hardships of arduous service, who was ever present with cheering words, who made many dreary hours agreeable—a genuine friend without selfishness or

guile; to know him was to esteem and to appreciate him." He also rests in Crown Hill.

Marshall Pratby Hayden was the son of Judge John J. Hayden, a prominent citizen here for many years. He attended the institution in 1861-62, having previously studied at Hanover College. Marshall was one of the early telegraphers and continued to work in the Western Union office while in college. He was about twenty years old then and a very genial and gallant young man for whom everybody had a good word. In October, 1862, he was appointed Adjutant of the 54th, a regiment recruited for one year. The organization was a part of Sherman's force around Vicksburg that did some severe fighting in the winter of 1863, preceding the ultimate investment and capture of that stronghold on July 4 of that year. In a battle at Chickasaw Bayou on December 29 Marshall was killed. It being reported that he was wounded and taken prisoner, his family lived in uncertainty for thirteen months when it was definitely learned that he had died on the battlefield. His remains were brought home and buried in Crown Hill. The story was told that, coming across a Confederate soldier lying beside the road, he dismounted to see if he could give relief and as he bent over the fallen man giving him a drink from his own canteen, an enemy's bullet struck the fatal blow.

Squire Isham Keith, of Columbus, Indiana, was a student in 1860-61. He was born November 30, 1837, and enlisted in the 22nd Indiana Regiment in the summer of 1861, being commissioned Captain. Previously he tried to enter the three months' service under the first call for troops, but the quota was full and he was denied the opportunity. The 22nd was a fighting regiment and saw much active service from the beginning. Keith was promoted to be Major and then Lt. Colonel. He was killed at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, October 8, 1862, where he led the regiment, losing fifty per cent of his men. A fellow officer, R. V. Marshall, said of him: "I saw the brave Lt. Colonel Keith, who commanded the regiment, fall from his horse, shot through the chest. He requested to be carried to the rear and

died in a few moments. . . . He died young but he had lived long enough to develop the true principles of manhood and the highest capacity for usefulness."

James Lawrence Neff was born in Winchester, Indiana, October 26, 1846. He was the son of Henry H. and Elizabeth Carr Neff. In early youth he was nick-named "Jay" and was so called until his death. He was eighteen when he received his commission as Captain of Company H, 124th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. It was his family's understanding that he was the youngest man to receive a commission as Captain that went into the war from the State of Indiana, being elected Captain by the unanimous vote of his company. His father was Lt. Colonel of the 124th, in command of the regiment at the time of Captain Neff's death, and was permitted to bring his body home at once for burial. Captain Neff was killed at Kingston, N. C., on March 10, 1865, while leading his company into action. He had, just a few minutes previous, been knocked down by a minie ball which struck him on the forehead. He refused to go back as his boys wished him to do and soon was instantly shot down on the advance skirmish line. This was the last battle in which the 124th saw action. My recollection of him, as well as of Colonel Keith, is faint.

Platt J. Squier, of Halls Corner, Allen County, graduated with the class of 1861 and enlisted soon after in Co. I, 44th Indiana. He was killed at the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. He looms high in my memory. He took the full course and during his last year was also a member of the Law School. He was one of those young men filled with noble aspirations and determined to secure an education, though confronted with poverty and hardship. He had a hard struggle in this, apparently, but overcame every obstacle and won a reputation as a man who would make a name for himself. He had a fine personality, was a fine speaker and debater and a thorough student. No man was more popular among his fellows and his early death caused much regret in the institution which he had left only nine months before.

Jesse Warren Tilford attended college in 1860 for a short time, having previously attended Hanover College, near which he was

reared. At the time of his enlistment in August, 1862, he was employed in the office of the Indianapolis Journal, the chief owner of which was his uncle, J. M. Tilford. He joined the Fourth Cavalry, or 77th Indiana. The regiment was moved into Kentucky and Tennessee in the campaign during the fall of 1862, and on January 18, 1863, Mr. Tilford died of typhoid fever at Gallatin. He was a young man of the highest character and his company passed resolutions of respect and appreciation upon his death, as did the Philalethian Literary Society of Hanover. Recruiting had fallen down in the summer of 1862 and a draft had been ordered by President Lincoln. Jesse immediately announced his intention to enlist rather than be disgraced by being drafted, a sentiment he shared with so many other men, that the quota of Indiana was filled by volunteers within a few weeks.

George P. Vance was the son of Lawrence M. Vance, of Indianapolis, and a grandson of Hervey Bates, the first Sheriff of Marion County. George attended the University at two periods, the second in 1858-9, after the closing of the Indianapolis public schools. He was appointed a cadet in the Naval Academy, probably in 1859. I do not know that he graduated there or what his service was, but in 1862 he is recorded in the Adjutant General's Report as having enlisted in the 70th Indiana, but not having been mustered. If already in the Navy he may have wished to exchange to the Army, but no information has been obtainable as to that. In any event he was in the Navy and located at Paducah, Ky., on July 4, 1864, when a gun exploded during a celebration that day, and his arm was blown off, from the effect of which he died July 10, according to an inscription on his head-stone in Crown Hill Cemetery.

Jacob Varner, of Clermont, Indiana, attended college in 1858-59. He was a grandson of Jacob Pugh, who in 1821 settled on a farm two miles West of the Speedway, where he was born in 1841. He enlisted in the Seventh Indiana from Hendricks County and was Orderly Sergeant of Co. I. He was wounded at the battle of Port Republic June 8-9, 1862, and died a few days later and was buried on the battlefield. He was an active and energetic man in college and no doubt equally so in the service.

In recalling these men one is reminded that every one of them did his duty and acquitted himself proudly. None of them was a slacker and none disgraced the colors or was incompetent. They gave their lives freely and exemplified the teachings of the institution and the influence of their surroundings. All gave promise of useful lives and one wonders how much of service to their day and country their lives would have yielded but for the intervention of grim and cruel war.

SCOT BUTLER, '68: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am here today, as representative of the Alumni Association of Butler College to present to the Board of Trustees of said institution through its chief executive officer, President Hilton U. Brown, here present, a mural tablet intended to be commemorative of the names and to perpetuate the memory of our brothers academic who nigh now threescore years ago gave their lives to save their country. And they did save their country—they and the more than 300,000 patriotic youths who, as they, died on blood-stained battlefield or in drear hospital.

And they more than saved it. They made it what it is today—*Primus inter pares*—the greatest of the great among the nations of the world. Because when at Appomattox in Virginia, 9th of April, 1865, under fallen ruins of a lost cause, they had buried Secession's surrendered sword from sight and thought of men, then and there our nation's life began, for then and there out of many they had made us to be one.

Mr. Brown, in accordance with my instructions, then, I beg now to present to you and the Board of Trustees whom you represent this bronze tablet bearing on its frontal the following legend:

1861

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF PATRIOT SONS OF ALMA MATER

1865

For cause aligned to God's eternal purpose died they who half-hundred years ago gave up sweet life to save their country from disunion; for by their blood America was ransomed—ransomed and remitted and stronger made to stay mad Ruin's rush that but for them in day that was to come had over-

1861 SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF 1865
PATRIOT SONS OF ALMA MATER

FOR CAUSE ALIGNED TO GOD'S ETERNAL PURPOSE DIED THEY WHO HALF-HUNDRED YEARS AGO GAVE UP SWEET LIFE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM DISUNION: FOR BY THEIR BLOOD AMERICA WAS RANSOMED AND REUNITED AND STRONGER MADE TO STAY MAD RUIN'S RUSH THAT, BUT FOR THEM, IN DAY THAT WAS TO COME, HAD OVERWHELMED THE WORLD. THEY HAD CONQUERED THEN THOUGH THEY DIED AND CROSS HISTORY'S BROAD PAGE IN PAGEANT-PROCESSION OF ALL THE ARMIES OF THE AGES THEY PROUD SHALL MARCH. VANGUARD OF VICTORY! HERALDS OF FREEDOM! HARBINGERS OF PEACE!

OF THESE OUR BROTHERS WERE WHOSE NAMES WE HERE ENSHRINE ACCLAIMING NOW THE VIRTUE OF THEIR LIVES, THE VALOR OF THEIR DEEDS, THE SACRIFICIAL DEATH THEY DIED--THE WHILE, OH HEART COMPASSIONATE! THOU SHALT WITH US DEPLORE THE STERNNESS OF DECREE THAT BANISHED THEM FROM WORLD OF OURS ERE EVER THEY HAD LIVED TO SEE AS WE TO-DAY THE GREATER GLORY OF THE LAND THEY LOVED AND DIED DEFENDING

GEORGE B. GOVINGTON	PERRY HALL
JOHN L. DOYAL	MARSHALL P. HAYDEN
SAMUEL A. DUNBAR	SQUIRE ISHAM KEITH
ADDISON M. DUNN	JAMES L. NEFF
MARION ELSTUN	PLATT J. SQUIRE
JOSEPH R. T. GORDON	JESSE W. TILFORD
	JACOB VARNER

IN FLUSH OF YOUTH AND PRIDE OF EARLY MANHOOD DIED THEY, PEACE TO THEIR ASHES! HONOR TO THEIR NAMES! AND MAY THIS RECORD ENDURINGLY REMAIN TO HERE ATTEST THE VIRTUE OF THE LIFE THEY LIVED, THE GLORY OF THE DEATH THEY DIED, THE LOVE AND PRIDE IN WHICH BY US THEIR MEMORY IS CHERISHED.

BUTLER ALUMNI ASSOCIATION A.D. 1921

SCOTT BUTLER

whelmed the world. They had conquered then though then they died and 'cross History's broad page in pageant-processional of all the armies of the ages, they proud shall march, Vanguard of Victory! Heralds of Freedom! Harbingers of Peace!

Of these our brothers were whose names we here enshrine acclaiming now the virtue of their lives, the valor of their deeds, the sacrificial death they died—the while, Oh Heart Compassionate, Thou shalt with us deplore the sternness of decree that banished them from world of ours ere ever they had lived to see, as we today, the Greater Glory of the land they loved—and died defending.

George B. Covington	Perry Hall
John L. Doyal	Marshall P. Hayden
Samuel A. Dunbar	Squire Isham Keith
Addison M. Dunn	James L. Neff
Marion Elstun	Platt J. Squier
Joseph R. T. Gordon	Jesse W. Tilford

Jacob Varner.

In flush of youth and pride of early manhood died they. Peace to their ashes! Honor to their names! And may this record enduringly remain to here attest the virtue of the life they lived, the glory of the death they died, the love and pride in which by us their memory is cherished.

HILTON U. BROWN, '80: Mr. Butler, Mr. Chairman, and soldiers of all our wars: It is no small occasion that leads us, sixty years after Sumter was fired upon, to assemble here in this presence, to think and talk for a few moments of men who did what these men, whose names now appear on this tablet, once did. And yet, shall we call them men? Mr. Holliday read that one of these was a captain at eighteen. They were boys. The picture over there in the corner is that of Joe Gordon, whose youthful face has been looking down upon the students in this Chapel for at least forty years, and it has been nearly sixty years since he gave up his life on the battlefield. He would now have been an old man, but he is still a youth. Here we have a species of immortality. Gordon will always be young, as he looks upon you and your successors. Those who fell in battle never grow old.

Men are the best assets the College has—such men as these—and you will not wonder, Mr. Holliday and Major Daugherty and Dr. Butler and you other veterans of the Grand Army, that we,

who were not permitted to have a hand in that great conflict, are profoundly grateful and very proud that the institution with which we chance to have connection delivered to the United States Army such a host of young fellows as marched out to war in those dark days.

The drums have hardly ceased to beat since we saw your successors going out to the World War, and here some of them sit. If it had not been that they had performed such Titanic tasks we would still call them boys. Some men live to old age, working in seclusion, denying themselves many of the associations of life, and finally emerge, having discovered some great principle that is of profound value to the human race—some aid to humanity, or some remedy, perhaps—something which I can symbolize by referring you to the life of Dr. Wiley, sitting here. But these men, these boys, concentrated everything into one sacrifice, giving in a flash of time everything they had or might have had. Had they lived a thousand years, what more could they have done? And so they became contributors to that great body of history and life which is the richest possession that we American people possess.

I would not suppose that these were perfect boys, any more than are those whom we know. They would blush to be so appraised. But they had great souls, as was demonstrated, when the time came. Everything except that final deed is properly and perpetually forgotten, and we know them only by that one sacrificial act, and that is enough to immortalize them.

It is a fine thing that these survivors should have cared to go into musty records and bring down these names, that there might be preserved in history the memory of heroic deeds.

I hope that in that new College chapel which, some day, we shall have, there will be a gallery from which not one face shall be missing. And yonder is another tablet bearing the names of Butler men who fell in the World War. In that new chapel I hope that we may have, also, the pictures of all those. Why? Is it worth remembering heroic deeds, and those who performed them? I cannot help thinking that there has been an inspiration, perhaps an unconscious inspiration, to every student who has been in this Chapel,

when he has heard the story, and has looked, day after day, upon Gordon's picture. That was reflected, perhaps, in the action of the students during the last war, when so many, without counting the cost, did as those boys of '61 did, sixty years ago. They left peaceful pursuits, they left the pulpit, they left the law, left the farm, left the schoolroom and took up arms, and if it had not been so—let me emphasize what President Butler said—if it had not been so, this last great World's War could not have been won.

Let us suppose, for the moment, that North America had been cut into many units, with states dissevered, as South America has been; let us suppose that instead of one united country there had been, a few years ago, forty or fifty states in the borders of what we call the United States, each jealous and independent of the other. What strength could have been gathered to strike that blow which brought Prussia to her knees? How could the two millions of men who crossed have been gathered together, and the other two millions of men who stayed in the camps of this country, praying for a chance, even at the risk of submarines, or any sacrifice, to get across, and to get at the foe?

You men of the Grand Army saved this country, and in saving it you saved civilization, because you made it possible in these later years, to do the things which the people of the United States, consolidated and harmonious, has done. There is no honor too great for you; there is no hour too long in which to give you the praise that you deserve. And as we think of these things, we think we can well afford, now and then, after so long a lapse, even, to give an afternoon to reflection upon the deeds of the men, the boys in blue, who went out of this College, some of whom returned not. Let us not fail to thank those who survived, and are here today, to tell us of those things of long ago, and bring to us these messages—these survivors of an army of two and a third millions, of an army that lost three hundred thousand men, of an army to which a contribution of two hundred and ten thousand men was made from this state, an army in which twenty-five thousand men from Indiana made the supreme sacrifice, among them being these glorious young fellows, whose names shall be immortal with us.

I say to you, and to the Grand Army, and to the Alumni, that this College is proud of these young men, and grateful that it has, still, the memory of all of them, through you who have come back today.

There was one man from this College who was in the Confederate Army, as Major Daugherty reminded us today. I have no doubt he was a good soldier, and that he fought well for a cause in which he believed, or into which, by circumstances, he was drawn. And so these late enemies of yours, and of ours, in the South, commemorate their dead, not in bitterness, any longer, let us hope, but serenely believing that God was reigning, and that he gave you the victory, rather than to them.

In Saint Michael's church, in Charleston, there is an inscription over Confederate graves, which reads as follows:

“How great the fame this tablet watches o’er,—
Their wars behind them, God’s peace before.”

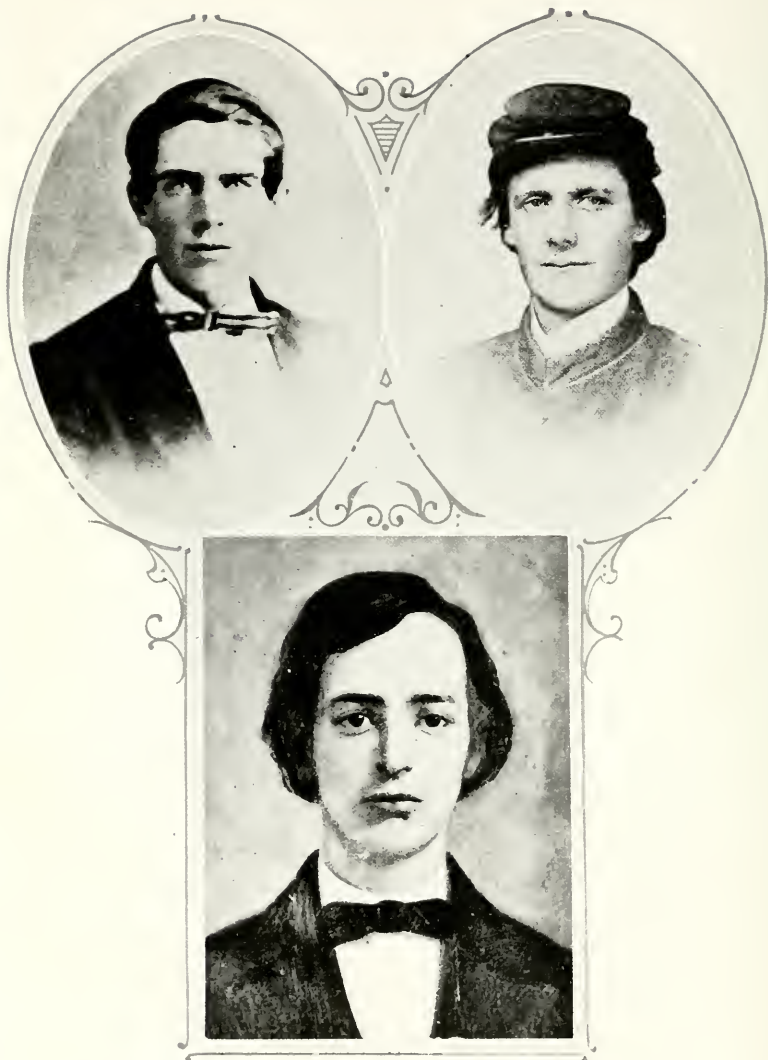
And so it is with these, and with all of you, of whatever war—God’s peace will come to you.

I have no doubt that many of these boys would have preferred, if they could, to have lived to have marched home in triumph with these men, and even to have come to a ripe age, with all that that involves. But it was given to them to die, and they died not only gloriously, but cheerfully, sending back such messages as the one referred to by Mr. Holliday, reminding us, somehow, of those lines of Riley’s,—

“And tell the boys that all is well,
Out to Old Aunt Mary’s.”

“and tell my folks that I died a Christian soldier.”

And now, to you who have participated in this ceremony, to you who had a part in the Civil War, and who saved this country twice, and to you of this younger generation, who have honored these older men by appearing here as the representatives of the Legion—to all of you who appreciate bravery and courage, wher-



MARSHALL P. HAYDEN

MARION ELSTUN

JOSEPH R. T. GORDON

ever found, the thanks of this College are extended. Institutions like this live largely in their traditions and survive because sentiment and idealism have their permanent place in this world.

Having heard of these men of former days, having seen the survivors, and having knowledge of those who have come on in these later wars, in serene confidence we face the future.

After singing "America," the audience was dismissed with the benediction pronounced by Dr. Jabez Hall.

A Boy Soldier*

By SCOT BUTLER

When the guns of Sumter sounded war's first summons, the writer had not yet reached the military age. Such circumstance, to the eager spirit, might not have proved an insuperable barrier. To many it did not. Boys of sixteen, sturdy for their years, perhaps, at any rate of fine courage and adventurous temper, shouldered the musket and the knapsack and marched away, with young hearts swelling, to camp, to bivouac, to battlefield, to deadly picket station, to prison pen, perhaps, and, perhaps, to a lonely grave under whispering pine trees on southern hills. And where they went they bore themselves as bravely as did they that were men in years. And more bravely! The knapsack is a cruel thing for tender shoulders, and on the march, a Springfield rifle with its accompaniment of cartridge box and bayonet, and waist belt and shoulder belt, and further the haversack and the uneasy canteen, is a man's load.

In war, as in life, the stress that tries the soul comes not on great battlefields. There example invites emulation; while the world looks on the soldier is incited to noble deeds; in rush of battle, while artillery thunders and shells shriek through the startled air.

*Taken from *The Butler Collegian*, 1897.

and solid columns advance bearing their colors gallantly, mean is he that is not a hero. Then is not the test. It is toil and privation and hunger of body and of soul, and disappointment and defeat and injustice and cold and loneliness that chill and crush and grind.

And yet, as for me, I have always loved camp life. After many years I have a sort of home feeling for it yet. In memory the campfire burns very cheerily for me. It takes me back to nights of long ago, when, pillowed on my saddle, I watched the ruddy flames mount up. The scent of burning cedar takes me back to a past scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot, yet fondly cherished still as men cherish dim memory of childhood home; so that pungent odor, whenever, wherever it strikes upon my sense, carries me back to long-forgotten camps in Tennessee and Georgia. And often do I ride again down into broad valley, alight with cheerful fires, where the night before the battle twenty thousand men were bivouacked. I hear again the shout, the song, the badinage; above the roll of drums, the fife threads its high, clear way, and bugles call. That was many, many years ago. The past dies? Ah, but its spirit lives and bears one silent company evermore.

As regards boy soldiers about whom I began to write: The heroism of some that I have known is proof only of this, which needs no proof, namely, that manly spirit is not a thing of years; one may be a hero at fifteen or may live till fifty to be a puling infant still. I shall recall now but one. In the Pythonian Hall (now on the chapel wall) there hangs the portrait of a boy. He was a member of the Pythonian Society and was killed in battle the first year of the war. Perhaps that portrait is an imperfect thing and suggests little to those who never knew the soul it crudely pictures; meaningless it is, no doubt, to those who daily come and go, for Joe Gordon was dead before they had yet been born; and what is a name after the man is dead that wore it? What is the human form, much less any image or picture of it that man's cunning can devise, after the animating spirit has departed? Of the dead one there lingers for a little while in the hearts of those that had known and loved him, a memory; by and by these survivors, too, die, and then memory's self is dead. A name means nothing, nothing as to

personality, though it be perpetuated in literature, though it be carved in granite, though it be associated with whatever is grandest and most enduring of human achievements. Nothing. But this name, written here for careless eye, and to such meaningless and unsuggestive, is to me a living memory that starts the fount of tears.

He went out with the first troops that enlisted from our State. It was in the spring of '61. The men enrolled under the first call were enlisted for the period of three months and sent to Virginia. In whatever part of the State they had been recruited they were brought to Indianapolis and fitted out preparatory to being sent to the front. They came into town from day to day in unordered squads, were taken out to camp, formed into companies and regiments, uniformed, furnished with arms and equipments, and, after proper drill and preparation, the well-ordered columns, to sound of fife and drum, with knapsacks on their backs and arms at right-shoulder-shift, marched down through the streets to take the train. And with one of these regiments marched Joe.

The pageantry of war is fine. In the brightness of the morning there comes the glory of the guard-mount; eager is the soldier's spirit then, alive, brave, hopeful; and when the day declines and evening sun gilds hill and valley and paints with brighter hues the regimental colors, there's a hush, a deep impressiveness, in the solemn stateliness of dress parade. Thus begin and thus end the active duties of the day in camp; and when the darkness of the night has come, out on the still air there floats a mellow bugle call—there's pathos in the note—to summon soldier-men to rest.

There is fun in camp. First of all the soldier has no care. To others belong responsibility for the future. He lives from hour to hour. His wants are, in some sort, provided for. No further act of his is called for. And so song and jest and jollity go on. There are hard lines in camp life; discomfort, weariness, and waiting, a dreadful monotony sometimes that grows maddening.

And so it is with soldiering. Is life at its best much better? Joe learned all this. For some short time he lived it. It was in the mountains of Virginia. He made acquaintance with cold and hunger. After days of toil he found sleep sweet on the bare ground.

Thirst parched his lips and his eye grew bloodshot with vigils on lonely picket station. Grimed was he with soil of earth, and coarsest fare furnished him. But he lived the free and careless life of camps and his heart swelled with pride to make part of war's pageantry. When song and jest went round, his voice piped in boyish treble among the notes that swelled from coarser throats.

Thus it is ever. We live regardless of the future, heedless of what the morrow has in store for us. Meanwhile the inevitable hour comes to meet us. One day when with his comrades he rushed in deadly charge across a lead-swept field, panting, not more from physical exhaustion than from exaltation of spirit, joyous with the fierce joy of battle, confident, victorious, with fair brow upraised—in that supreme moment there came one lightning flash of agony and death claimed him.

So he died—died at seventeen—and the fair promise of his years was snuffed out with a musket shot. He died a boy, but he died with men, and his soul, too, goes marching on.

George B. Covington*

At the outbreak of the war George B. Covington, then not sixteen years old, was living at Newport, Kentucky. Although a garrison of United States troops has been maintained at that town during the present century, a strong and impudent Rebel sentiment existed there. On the Monday after Fort Sumter was fired upon, the streets of Cincinnati were fairly festooned with Union flags, while in Newport few were displayed. Two of these were tied, by young Covington, to the lightning rods at either end of his father's residence. They were tied because threats had been made that Union flags, unfurled in Newport, would be torn down.

When the first call was made for troops, George importuned his parents for permission to go to Indiana, his native State, and enlist

*Copied from "The Indiana Soldier," Vol. II, Chapter XLI.

in one of her regiments. His youth was urged as an objection, and he was assured that he would not, on that account, be received as a soldier. Knowing that General Morris was his friend, he felt confident that through his influence he would be received, and, yielding to the wishes of his parents, he waited until General Morris passed through Cincinnati on his way to Virginia, when he solicited the privilege of accompanying him. The General dissuaded him, and while commending his spirit, assured him that he would be unable to bear the fatigues of a soldier's life, and might be a burden instead of an aid to the cause. George reluctantly acquiesced.

In the Seventh Indiana, which entered the service at this time, were many of his friends, and they but so little his seniors, that he could hardly part with them, Lynn, Waterman, Jamison, Hayman, and others of those brave boys, George's school fellows, gave up their lives in the cause of their country.

On the fourth of July the Seventeenth Indiana, in command of Colonel Hascall, passed through Cincinnati on its way to Virginia. Relying upon a slight acquaintance formed with Colonel Hascall at the time he was a member of General Morris' staff, George asked permission to accompany the regiment to the field, and his request was granted. He was actuated by no boyish whim, no running after novelties, or pleasure in "the pride, the pomp, the circumstance of glorious war," but by a deep-seated conviction of duty. He knew the sacrifice he was making. He was leaving home, where his every comfort and happiness were carefully studied; he was leaving school, where two years more would have completed his academic course; he was leaving friends who would gladly have assisted and encouraged him in whatever pursuit of life he might have chosen; his future shone brightly before him. All these might be lost, but he felt that his country called him and that he had no right to deny any service that he was able to render.

Too young to be regularly enlisted, he accompanied the regiment as a volunteer aid to Colonel Hascall.

During the following winter, the Seventeenth being then in Tennessee, parental anxiety, perhaps too often, suggested the undesirableness of being in the army, and set forth, probably in too

glowing colors, the pleasures of home. It was no doubt in reply to a letter of this character that he wrote from Murfreesboro, St. Valentine's day, 1863: "As for coming home, much as I love those there, and often as they are in my thoughts, I do not permit myself to think of it. I like soldiering. If my present good health continues, I want to stay with this army till the Rebellion is put down. Upon the consummation of the object, I could come home and stay contented."

The feeling and determination of the army at that time is expressed in another part of the same letter. While at Nashville, a short time previously, he met a relative who was a resident of that vicinity and a violent Rebel. This gentleman denounced Mr. Lincoln and predicted the success of the Rebel cause and the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy by the United States within six months. "I told him," he writes, "that the mass of the army approved Mr. Lincoln's message and proclamations, each and every one of them; that it was the firm determination of this army to put down this rebellion or ruin everything in the South, and quite probably we would do both." The dwelling of this same Rebel was between the contending lines of the battle of Nashville, which was fought afterwards. His family fled to gopher holes, and his beautiful and highly cultivated grounds were stripped of everything.

Receiving a letter from home in which it was suggested that an effort would be made to procure a commission for him, he wrote: "Few persons anywhere are satisfied with their condition. Here I am surrounded by friends and, so far as I know, with nothing to make me feel unpleasant or uncomfortable. I confess I have an itching for a pair of shoulder straps; but if ever I do get them, I want them solely because I deserve them. I would accept them only upon being tendered on that ground, and would refuse them if obtained upon the application of friends, either at home or in the army, because of their political influence."

At another time, alluding to the gratification he received from the approval of his superiors, he said: "I would rather be a first lieutenant raised from the ranks by my own merit, than a brigadier-general appointed by political influence."

“As for friends,” he writes in one of his letters, “I have never been without them. One of my reasons for so liking the service is that where friendship does exist it is purely disinterested and not sordid and grasping after money, such as we see in civil life. I know that I am thought of and talked of at home, and that I will never be forgotten there! I know, too, that neither long absence from home nor any associations I might form; would banish the daily thoughts of father, mother, brothers and sisters, from my mind. As for convivialities, let me say to mother that I have never yet taken a drink of whisky and I hope I may be able truthfully to say the same thing fifty years hence.”

His letters from the front, as the army advanced toward Chattanooga, are exceedingly interesting. He describes the patriotism of East Tennessee, the shelling of Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga, for the awful scenes of which all that he had ever heard or read had not prepared him; and speculates on the taking of Atlanta and the probability of a march to the sea.

A majority of the Seventeenth Regiment enlisted on the fourth of January, 1864, and returned to Indianapolis. Having been remounted, they returned to the field, reaching Sherman's army at Atlanta on the tenth of May, where they were immediately placed in active and constant scouting operations. At the reorganization of the regiment George was appointed Adjutant.

On the twenty-fourth of May, while the regiment was engaged in scouting, Adjutant Covington was wounded by a shot from a Rebel sharpshooter. The wound was necessarily fatal, but it was hoped that he would be able to reach his home before dying, and Colonel Wilder immediately took the necessary steps for that purpose. Some delay in setting out was incurred by reason of Wheeler's Cavalry having made a raid in the rear, and he was not started until the thirty-first. He died on the cars near Kingston, on the first day of June and was buried at Rising Sun, Indiana, the place of his nativity, on the ninth of June.

As some evidence of respect entertained for him and the cause in which he gave up his life, it may not be out of place to remark that on the day of his burial the Common Pleas Courts were both in

session at Rising Sun and both courts made record of the event in their minutes, and adjourned during the time of the funeral ceremonies.

The many letters of his comrades showed the estimation in which he was held as a soldier and a friend. Colonel Wilder's grief at his death could hardly have been greater if it had been his own son. Dr. Munford, surgeon of the regiment, who gave him a parent's care until he started home, wrote: "He did not suffer much pain, was usually cheerful, and at all times perfectly rational. He desired to reach home, and often when dozing would breathe, 'father,' 'mother,' and very often when awake would repeat the first part of the Lord's Prayer, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' I told him soon after he was wounded that it was mortal. He desired to know and implored me not to keep the real state of his case from him. He said he did not fear to die; that he had lost his life trying to do his duty. He said to me the evening before we started him home, that he did not expect to get there alive. When Colonel Wilder asked him what message he would send his parents in case he should not see them himself, I was by his side and heard his reply. It was in a firm, manly voice. 'Tell them I died a Christian soldier, trying to do my duty.' What more than this tells can be said of him?"

While a resident of Indianapolis George was a Sunday school pupil of Wm. N. Jackson, Esq., and always entertained for that gentleman a feeling but little short of filial. Mr. Jackson says: "When last here I saw him as much as his time or sense of duty to others would permit, and enjoyed so much his modest description of movements and events in the army, an account of which I had never had from other sources—incidents in which he had taken part, but that part was never mentioned by him. As we parted the last time, upon asking him to read his Bible and pray to God, and telling him that I would pray for him, he gave me the kindest, tenderest, saddest assent that I ever saw expressed. That look is so deeply impressed upon my memory that it seems to me nothing can ever efface it."

The lifetime of Lieutenant Covington was short, yet it was long

enough to form many devoted friendships, and to leave a memory to be cherished in many a fond and patriotic heart. Length of true life is not measured by years. Long years may be spent in uselessness. Even the full threescore and ten may be but a blank in all that makes true living. Barely nineteen years were granted him on this earth, but nearly three of those were devoted to his country, and all of them were so spent that in the last hour he could say that he died a Christian soldier, trying to do his duty. What more could have been said or even desired, though the end of the full time allotted to man had been attained?

A neat monument, upon which is carved a representation of the flag he loved so well, as if thrown carelessly over the top of the shaft, in the cemetery at Rising Sun, and upon the die of which is the record: "Born in Rising Sun, March 28, 1845; entered the Union Army July 4, 1861, died of wounds received in action near Dallas, Georgia, June 1, 1864," marks the resting place of Lieutenant George B. Covington, Adjutant Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.

John L. Doyal*

Fellow Pythonians: We have assembled tonight to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our noble band. Our hall is draped in mourning. Death came in an hour we knew not and claimed his victim. The Pythonian Society mourns; aged parents—their heads whitened for the grave—mourn; an affectionate sister and two devoted brothers mourn; dear relatives and kind friends mourn; the cause of liberty and the union mourns, for Doyal is dead. His body lies on the battlefield of "Wilderness Run." He was not permitted to be one of those who shall stand eventually within the city of Richmond with the Stars and Stripes waving over them. His work is sooner done, and God has called him home.

*Eulogy pronounced by Wm. H. Wiley, '64, in the Pythonian Hall of the N. W. C. University, Indianapolis, on the 13th of June, 1864.

We have said that this is the last tribute; we mean in the capacity of a society. As individual friends we can never forget him. This tribute of respect, tonight, will serve to show the sorrow of our hearts at our great loss. Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. When great benefactors die the whole world feels the awful blow; when statesmen die nations mourn; when presidents die "a wail is in the Capitol"; when generals are slain in battle we celebrate in song and perpetuate in history the story of their heroic deeds; when the citizen-soldier dies in his country's cause we weave for him a chaplet of flowers and decorate his tomb, or if his remains are left upon the bloody field, we can but shed the tear of sorrow—deep and lasting sorrow—and pronounce his eulogy.

John L. Doyal was born September 14, 1842. He joined the Christian church at Fayette, Boone County, Indiana, in February, 1858, at the age of fifteen years. He attended this college in all, at different times, just one year and a half. He joined the Seventh Regiment Indiana Volunteers as a recruit, August 18, 1862. He was killed in the Battle of Wilderness Run May 5, 1864. His age was twenty-one and one-half years. It was indeed a short life, but by no means an uninteresting and an unprofitable one. In one sense it was long: it was full of worthy and even heroic deeds.

Doyal was reared a farmer's boy, and knew full well how to use the axe and follow the plow. His assistance was always well-timed; ever working to improve the condition on his father's fields, and ever hoping to secure abundant harvests. The farm is one of the best places to form good habits, and he was one of the most steady of boys. He was industrious and economical. Having an aim to procure the good things of life, he aimed, at the same time, to take proper care of them. He was not ashamed of toil, of tanned face and brawny arms, and of weather-beaten garments upon which mist and sun and rain had fallen a thousand times.

When set to work, he worked faithfully; when given a holiday

he always managed to enjoy it. During this part of his life he attended winter schools and was an apt pupil. He made good progress in the English branches, even under these unfavorable circumstances. The knowledge gained in this way was rendered more useful by a course of general reading in the summer season. In the schoolroom, on the playground, and in the harvest field, he always kept in view the thought that labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement—that whatsoever our hands find to do, we should do with our might.

His college life next claims our attention. This is full of interest. We are always anxious to know how those who may attend the same school with us "stand upon the books"; how well they behave themselves, and how much they are respected by their classmates. In all of these respects John L. Doyal has left a good record. His friends and relatives need not fear an investigation, and an announcement of the facts. Rather let them rejoice that his work is so good.

He attended half of the session of 1858-59, two terms of the session of 1860-61, and the winter term of the session of 1861-62. But some who were unacquainted with him will ask why he did not attend more regularly. It was not because he would not, but because he could not do so. He was under the necessity of working his way through college; or, more properly speaking, perhaps, he must work on the farm in return for the privilege of attending school. But instead of being discouraged by these circumstances, he was only stimulated to greater exertion, and to the renewal of his firm determination to become a scholar.

As a classmate he was kind and obliging—even ready to assist in solving a problem in mathematics, or in determining the results of a chemical analysis. He always contended earnestly for the truth, yet caught in no college or student brawls. His respect for the wishes of the faculty was shown on every occasion. He behaved himself in the classroom, spoke no unkind word to his teachers, and gave no cause for complaint.

In mathematics his record is 10; and in the other departments he is as good as the best. At his room, he was courteous and

kind to visitors, and always aimed to make them comfortable. At the same time, Doyal was true to his own interests. He was an earnest student as may be justly inferred from what has been said in regard to his class standing. In looking over his library a few days ago, I was forcibly struck to find under his name and number of each book the motto, "Read and Think." I was told this was his own selection. Who has a better one? Who has one more suitable for a student? It speaks to us tonight; and in imitation of so good an example, let us read and think.

John L. Doyal was a Pythonian; and his conduct while in the society merited all the praise we can give him. He entered our ranks determined to make good use of his time, and to advance the interests of Pytho. He was a good reader, an easy writer, and an earnest and convincing debater. His duties in the society were not performed to avoid fine, but for his own improvement and for the instruction of his fellows. By his untiring energy and his devotion to our cause, he secured several positions of honor, and gained the respect and confidence of us all. What we may say of him tonight is said in honor of him as a Pythonian. He doubtless would have lived honorably and died nobly outside of our society; but as one of our number every act of his life receives a new splendor—his every glorious achievement is to us more glorious still. No more shall we see his manly form moving in our midst. No more will he assist us in the great work for which the Pythonian Society was organized. The poisoned arrow of death has hit a shining mark; and while we mourn his loss, we can say with that heart-broken mother when told that his eulogy was to be pronounced, "We are glad that he lived in a way as to command such respect." But how sad is it to say with her, "All this can not bring him back."

But while he was a Pythonian, he was also a Threskomathean. And a more devoted member never belonged to the society. Its welfare was his welfare—its interests were his interests; and, hence, while engaged in literary pursuits at college, he was studying to become acquainted with the great principles of the Bible. His desire was to assist in advancing the cause of Christ. The

world needed further reformatory measures, and he studied earnestly to prepare himself to assist in the great work. He believed that man was created to worship the living God, and while surrounded by the temptations of college life he gave himself to Threskomathea. In this society John L. Doyal was a prominent member. He was every ready with a song—and he was a beautiful singer—an exhortation, or a prayer. He thought it good to be in our midst, and to participate in these exercises which tend to bring man into nearer relations with his benevolent Creator. As an indication of our high appreciation of his abilities and virtues, the minute book will show that he held nearly all of the positions which the society could bestow. He was made president when quite a young member. He was on the first annual Spring Exhibition of the society; and never can I forget his subject on that occasion and the manner in which he treated it. It was “Be a Christian”; and his arguments were clear and conclusive. The peroration was well worded and eloquent. But I will speak later more at length under another heading of those qualities necessary to entitle one to the name of Threskomathean. In the fall of 1861 he was engaged in teaching. He was a good disciplinarian and imparted knowledge successfully. He was at no loss for words to convey a clear and comprehensive idea of whatever he desired to explain. In the school room he was neat in person, polite in manners and chaste in conversation; and taught his pupils to be the same as faithfully as he taught English grammar, arithmetic or algebra. In short, he labored earnestly in his school; and his reward was the good opinion of his employers, and the respect and love of his pupils.

The last sentiment leads us to speak of his character as a relative and friend. We do not claim that he was perfect in obedience to his superiors, or that he never criticised the actions of friends. These are accomplishments to which mortals rarely attain even after the discipline of a long life. Withal, Doyal had an exceedingly amiable character. His power to win the confidence and esteem of those around him was remarkable; and yet this power was not used to deceive nor were affections gained to

be betrayed. His disposition to enlarge and liberalize the views of his friends and relatives caused them to love him while living, and now to mourn for him when dead. In the home circle or in the presence of special friends, his constant aim was to increase his store of knowledge, to impart that which he had gained by study and observation when alone; and to render all pleased and happy by being in his society. In company his lively imagination and ready utterance secured the attention of all. He was ready on all occasions to greet you with a smile and a good hearty shake of the hand. He had few—very few—avowed enemies, but numerous and devoted friends. Personally, I knew him well. Intimate association from early youth caused us virtually to adopt the sentiment:

“Friendship above all ties does bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.”

I found him zealous and well worthy of confidence. But once in all our lives did angry words escape our lips, and then in the excitement of debate. But this was long ago forgotten, and were it not, it should be now.

Doyal was a member of the 7th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and this of itself is a sufficient recommendation of his soldier's life. The brave old 7th has acquitted herself nobly on every field. He joined Company B of this regiment in August, 1862. He laid aside every other consideration, and went to battle for his country's sake. He exchanged home, relations and friends for the tents, strange associates, and a sojourn upon rebel soil. He arrived at the headquarters of the regiment on the evening of August 27—a raw recruit and without an hour's drill in the service of war. The battle of Thoroughfare Gap was begun on the 28th and followed immediately by that of the second battle of Bull Run. When the regiment was being formed in line of battle, it was left to the choice of the new recruits whether they would take part in the engagement. Of the fourteen who had arrived the day previous, John L. Doyal and one other brave boy stepped into ranks. Go and search the records of the past—call

forth the slumbering dust of the warriors of other days and demand an example of bravery to surpass this. Military chieftains have sometimes dared to rush forward at the head of advancing columns when they have known that their men could be trusted, after they had been tried on a hundred bloody fields; after the clashing of resounding arms had become familiar to their ears, and the sight of the wounded, bleeding and dying had ceased to sicken the soul; but Doyal took his place with strangers—a very few acquaintances excepted, and these known as citizens and not as soldiers—and opposed to the glittering swords and bristling bayonets of the enemy. Veterans have followed their leaders in the face of the booming cannon, blazing musketry, and solid walls of enemies; but this stripling who had never before seen thousands of men arrayed on either side and ready to begin the work of death—who had never seen a human being die by violence—dared to do as much as they. In this battle he conducted himself like a veteran, and gained the admiration of the whole company. Shortly after this he was engaged in the battle of South Mountain, followed by the bloody field of Antietam; and in both of these he maintained the good name he had already won. With the close of the battle of Antietam, came a scorching fever. He was removed to Washington, and thence to Fort Schuyler, New York. His conduct at this place demands a passing notice. Disease left him unfit for active service; and he was accordingly detached as a ward master in the hospital. Here he did his duty nobly. He not only bound up the wounds and ministered to the physical wants of the afflicted, but he taught them literature and religion. He was a regular attendant at the hospital prayer meetings; and he was always ready with a word of cheer for his unfortunate comrades, or a prayer for their speedy recovery. He soon gained the confidence and good will of all those with whom he came in contact. The Chaplain of the hospital especially regarded him kindly. And on Thanksgiving day of that year, John L. Doyal was chosen to respond on behalf of the hospital inmates for a magnificent dinner given them by the ladies of the Old and New Westchester Church. He, at first, declined the

honor. But the Chaplain said, "I have seen both the talent and manner of your speaking displayed in our prayer meetings and I know you are able." He made the speech and, having seen a copy of the same, I find it full of gratitude to those who had been so kind to them in their affliction and so truly patriotic as to be peculiarly interesting and instructive. This address secured for him the appointment of hospital librarian. Now, more than 10,000 books were entrusted to his care. One time while here (N. W. C. U.) he wrote a letter to his older brother at home, desiring him, on condition that he should never be able to return, to select from his small library two books and to donate them on his behalf to the Pythonian and the Threskomathean societies. Hence we see that though far away, he did not forget us; and that, though thinking death was near, he still reflected upon the associations of his early days. Is not such an one worthy to be remembered by us? Is it strange that we should mourn over his loss? May we ever be diligent in holding the memory of such an excellent associate sacred. He held the position of librarian until April, 1863, when he had sufficiently regained his health to join his regiment. He went back cheerfully, believing it to be his duty to assist his comrades in the mighty struggle for the restoration of the Union. Soon after his return the campaign opened with Fitz-Hugh Crossing; then came Chancellorsville, and Doyal was there. The terrible conflict at Gettysburg followed in quick pursuit and for three long days our young hero faced the rebel fire. Mine Run next called for the assistance of the brave, and the Pythonian Society was represented there. The regiment from this time enjoyed comparative rest until the commencement of the siege of Richmond. The long silence was broken by a more dreadful outbreaking of the storm. Lieutenant-General Grant said that Richmond must fall, and led on his troops to make good the declaration. Then commenced one of the most bloody contests which the modern historian will ever record. The brave young man whose eulogy we are pronouncing fell in the very first of the fighting. He died at his post. The color-bearer of the regiment had fallen at the beginning of a

charge, "the colors going down with him." But who should be the first to seize and bear them aloft when trailing in the dust? John L. Doyal! He started forward bearing the glorious old flag in the very presence of death. A rebel bullet struck his body and stunned him, but still he advanced. A second shot failed to stop him. The third time his forehead was struck and he fell with the stars and stripes folding around his lifeless body. "Freedom's starry emblem for a winding sheet" would have been a noble burial.

Thus died the hero of nine battlefields; but how was he buried? Or was he buried at all? In the morning of the fatal day, the union forces had made an advance upon the rebel lines and were driving them from every position when Doyal was killed. But at sunset, the field was lost and all of our dead and wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. In the confusion of the hasty preparations for the renewal of the conflict, it is altogether probable that none of the dead were buried; it is certain that if buried it was done by the enemy. His form, then, moulders on Virginia soil and his bones will bleach in the summer sun. And though not buried, he sleeps the sleep of honor. His cause was his country's freedom and her integrity. It is true that he was only a private. But it were well if many in high authority could leave so good a record; such pure devotion to their country and to the welfare of humanity.

While in the army he was always at his post. When long and hard marching was necessary he endured it patiently. When duty was to be performed he was ready and willing to perform it. In the summer campaign of 1863, the regiment was at one time on the advance for twenty-five days. In a letter to me just after the halt, he says, "During the long campaign which has just ended, I can say that the regiment has never once stacked arms, even for a rest, but I was there to stack arms with it; a fact which but two others of Company B can state truly." In the same letter he expresses the hope that he will yet be able "to spend three years at the N. W. C. U., or some other institution just as good." But this fond hope, with many others, is forever blasted. His school-boy days are forever over.

Many soldiers soon become dissatisfied with their surroundings and complain for the hardships which they have to endure; and sometimes refuse to do their duty well. They do it only because compelled to do so and not from love of country and its institutions. Not so, however, with the subject of this sketch. It is true, he often desired that time would come for him to return home, and be with old friends and associates, but not until the war had closed victoriously. Let him in this connection pronounce his own eulogy. He does it much better than I could hope to do it. In a letter of May 12, 1863, to his brother, he says, "Sam, improve your time the best you can. I think the prospect is bright before us. I never have regretted the day I enlisted. It will be worth thousands to me—but one of us is all that ought to be away at a time on account of father and mother." In another letter of February 14, 1864, he says, "Now is the time we are moulding our character and future reputation. I am determined to strive for that which is good. It is not necessary that I should become a great orator, writer or commander. But it is necessary that I should be generous, kind, chaste, diligent, and honest in every action, and towards all—whether officers, fellow-soldiers, teachers or schoolmates, relatives or friends. The degree of these qualities now must determine my character for life." Again he says, "The other day I heard of the death of Corporal Logan of the 14th Indiana Volunteers. At the time I heard it I was standing in camp looking at the graveyard of which I have spoken to you heretofore. I was thinking how many union soldiers now sleep there awaiting the dawn of eternity's morning, and how hard the thought of dying here. I remembered that some must die of sickness, some must die fighting, and some return to gladden their homes and to bring honor or disgrace to them by their actions. But I thought of all this before I started; and I hope I shall be willing and ready for whatever may come. As I looked upon that graveyard, I again reflected how sad and lonely it would be to die here. Each of these graves represents wounded hearts far away. Yet we must not pause and shrink back at private grief in this agony of the nation. Let who will die if the

nation lives. And when I think of the noble conduct of Indiana in this struggle for liberty, I do thank God that heroism is not dead, that freedom is not dead, that my country is not dead, that my State is not dead; and that in the future I can say that I carried my gun in the years of 1862, '63, '64. Samuel, excuse me for soaring off in one of my patriotic flights. But I have often asked myself, 'Do I regret my enlistment?' Had I remained at home and at school, 1865 would have given me graduation honors. But while rejoicing to see education diffused throughout the country, I equally rejoice to see it brought into the ranks of the army. I know I need an education, but what can be the good of an education without my country? And where is my country without men to fight and to make it?"

But the crowning glory of his life remains to be discussed. Doyal was a Christian. Although he joined the church when very young, yet he never disgraced it by backsliding. He started with the determination of serving the Lord and he never for a moment renounced allegiance to His cause and kingdom. The temptations of youth could not divert him from the path of duty; the improprieties of camp life failed to corrupt him. He was insensible to any but virtuous conduct.

His devotedness may be inferred from his chaste conversation, his regular attendance at the Lord's house, his earnestness on Threskomathea, his zeal for any cause which tended to advance the kingdom of Christ; and also from the following statements of Chaplain Jewell* in a letter to the parents of the deceased. After relating the manner of his death he says, "John was loved by all as a brave and faithful soldier and an earnest and prayerful Christian. His sweet voice was always heard with us in songs of praise to God; and though timid and backward, yet he was not ashamed to own his Lord, and often in prayer and exhortation pleaded with others to go in the right way. John lived nobly and died at his post. The night before he met his fate, he was at

*Chaplain W. R. Jewell, '72, died June 3, 1921, at Danville, Illinois, age eighty-four years.

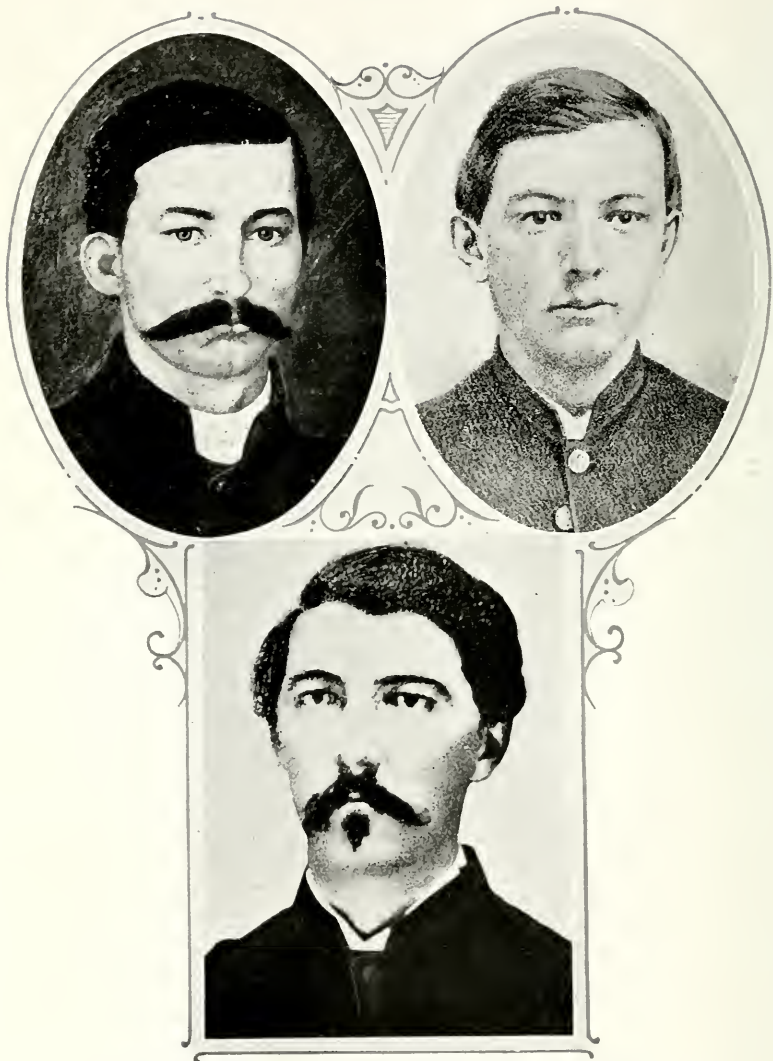
regimental prayer meeting and helped to sing—he was a sweet singer. John conversed with me cheerfully about an hour before his death; and although he knew a terrible battle was ready to open, yet he felt no concern for his trust was in God.” . . . But why prolong feeble praise? Language fails us in the description of his virtues and in portraying our feeling of regret for his untimely death. Let us only add that Doyal is gone; and we can only mourn his loss: his loss to friends, to the community, to the Pythonian society, to the Threskomathean, to the church, to the country. But we shall see him again in that other world—that brighter world—when the great account of humanity shall be closed, with the bright list of those who honored and served their country and their God.

Squire Isham Keith*

Squire Isham Keith was born November 30, 1837, and came with his parents from Kentucky to Fayetteville, Indiana, in May, 1842. He received the first rudiments of education at the village schools. Upon the removal of his father to a farm in 1848, young Isham accompanied him and pursued the avocation of a farmer until the removal of his father to Columbus in 1854, where for a while he was clerk in his father's store. Later he went to Indianapolis to attend the North Western Christian University.

Upon receiving news of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the call of the President for troops, he was among the first to enlist in Captain Abbott's Company B, Indiana Volunteer Infantry, the second company raised in the state under the call of President Lincoln in April, 1861. Captain Abbott having enlisted more men than were necessary for his company, the residue, under Keith, consolidated with a part of a company from Jennings County, under charge of Captain Hiram Prather; owing to the filling of

*Copied from "The Illustrated Atlas" of Bartholomew County.



SAMUEL H. DUNBAR

JAMES LAWRENCE NEFF

SQUIRE ISHAM KEITH

the requisition of the President, this company was not mustered into service, but was disbanded. Subsequently Captain Keith recruited a company known as Company G, 22nd Indiana Volunteer Infantry; the regiment was mustered in at Madison, Indiana, on August 15, 1861, under command of then Colonel, now General, Jefferson C. Davis. On August 17 it moved to St. Louis where it joined the army under command of General John C. Fremont and was soon thereafter sent up the Missouri river to the relief of Colonel Mulligan at Lexington. While en route, near Glasgow, on September 19, through some mistake, portions of the Federal troops became engaged against each other, in which engagement Major Gordon Tanner of this regiment was killed; his regiment was marched from Glasgow to Springfield and back again as far as Otterville, whence it moved in December to other troops and participated in the capture of 13,000 prisoners at Back Water. Colonel Davis about this time was appointed Brigadier General, the 22nd was attached to his division, and marched on January 24, 1862, with General Curtis's expedition against General Price at Springfield, which resulted in the retreat of the latter from that place and eventually in the great battle of Pea Ridge; in this battle the 22nd bore a conspicuous part, losing forty-one killed and wounded.

In this battle the subject of this sketch especially distinguished himself; his regiment then crossed the State of Arkansas to Batesville and thence on May 10 to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi river, where it embarked and joined the besieging army at Corinth, Mississippi. It joined in the pursuit under Pope, going as far as Booneville, and afterwards was stationed at different points in northern Mississippi until August 17, when it joined Buell's army and marched with it through Tennessee and Kentucky, to Louisville, reaching the latter place on September 27.

In the meantime, Captain Keith had been promoted to Major of the regiment, and in a few days thereafter again promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, his last commission, though issued some time prior. It was not received by him until September 30, 1862, when on leave of absence of twenty-four hours to visit his brother

at Columbus, who was lying dangerously wounded. On expiration of his furlough he returned to Louisville to join his regiment on October 1. He marched in command of his regiment in pursuit of Bragg's army and took a conspicuous part on the 8th of that month in the bloody engagement at Perryville, or Chaplin Hill, losing fifty per cent of his men engaged and his own life.

In a historical sketch of this regiment one of the officers, R. V. Marshall, pays this tribute to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel S. I. Keith:

"I saw the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Keith who commanded the regiment fall from his horse, shot through the chest. He requested to be carried to the rear and died in a few minutes. Colonel Keith was a patriot not only from sentiment, but also from a sense of duty. I have often heard him say that he considered it the duty of every man to be loyal and to defend his country against all foes, whether foreign or domestic. He died young, but he lived long enough to develop the true principles of manhood and the highest capacity for usefulness."

Salutatory*

Kind friends,—We have invited you this evening for the first time to the anniversary of a society of which little is known outside of the immediate circle of its members. Hitherto it has been as unpretending as the modest violet that blooms in early spring.

About one year ago there assembled in Professor Benton's room some of the flower students of the University. They were chiefly members of the Senior Class and among them might have been seen that emblem of piety, D. L. R. Kern, whose loss the students shortly afterwards mourned.

These students framed a constitution and by-laws and organ-

*Written and read by Marion Elstun.

ized a society which they called the Threskomathean. Its object, as its name indicates, was that its members might learn religion. Its exercises were of a religious character throughout and consisted of essay, declamation, debate, etc. The society flourished and afforded interest to its members, the number of which gradually increased during the greater part of that college year, and at the commencement of the present term was again revived by some of its old members. During the term it has increased in interest and has made some valuable additions of new members. It is to the anniversary of this society you are invited tonight, believing that the Christian sympathy of this community is with us in this enterprise. It has been the custom of colleges time out of mind to maintain something of this kind for the benefit of those who wish to participate. It is said that in the present day no young man, even though he has made profession of Christianity, can go through college without losing his religious impressions. Now it is the function of the Threskomathean society to take that young man and cherish his Christian profession and nurture it that it may bring forth the fruits of Eternal Life. With these views we have thus far upheld our standard and claim for our organization equal merit with its brother societies. It is useless to urge the claims of religion in this enlightened community, for every one acknowledges they are paramount to all others. Then why should not a society organized for the mutual instruction of its members in the principles which form the very groundwork of all religion have stronger claims upon our attention than any other? In the literary societies of our Alma Mater we prepare ourselves for life in public by investigating parliamentary rules and usages; and by the study and practice of the principles of elocution, there we may read in the literature of bygone ages when classic Greece was in her prime and the Muses inhabited the rugged steeps of Parnassus. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero can at least be wished for, if not possessed. We can investigate the subject of our exercise in the literary society in order to present in new forms and render our performance interesting to our fellow members. All these and many other things

equally laudable can be learned and practiced in a literary society. But in the Threskomathean Society we have all these privileges together with others of much greater importance than all combined. The literature which we study is all found in one text-book which has been the standard of nations for nearly four thousand years. It speaks of the beginning of time as spoke its author in later times, for He spake as one having authority. The Bible is the repository of all literature, for as the literary works of men often refer to history and the birth of our race, they can be traced to the Bible, which is the father of all history. The psalmist David, when he attuned his harp to the praise of God, had a more sublime theme than the poets of the Golden Age; and the majestic beauty of his strain shows that there was as much of poetic fire in his bosom.

Our text-book also contains the wisdom of Solomon and the world's earliest history, recorded by Moses, that wise and prudent servant of God. But when we contemplate that Book as a whole, all its poetry, beauty, and reverend age are eclipsed by the marvelous light that emanates from the Cross of the only begotten Son of God who died to save a fallen world from the wrath of His Father. We may talk of the beauty of earthly things and view them from the most favorable points for observation, but they still show unmistakable signs of frailty and weakness; but the plan of salvation may be forever viewed with new delight, nor can one blemish be found in all its symmetrical proportions. Yes, it stands in peerless light above all other portions of that Holy Word at once so simple and sublime that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein, yet the tallest archangel that shines hard by the throne of God ceases not to study the wondrous love of the Designer to fallen man.

The man of science may plunge into the infinitely small and intricate workings of the force of life and argue therefrom the existence of a great First Cause. The philosopher, in investigating the laws that govern matter, may conclude that those laws must have had a beginning and that something must have caused that beginning. The astronomer, as he wanders through the abyss

of space and thinks on those countless orbs that unceasingly roll, "ever singing as they shine," and on what was their creator. The physiologist can imagine the human form divine is an evidence of the existence of an Architect. The metaphysician, in his researches in reference to what is mind, may suppose that to be conclusive proof a spark has been dropped from some perfect light of knowledge, and Wisdom may look up through nature to nature's God. But each and all must come at last to this Book for conclusive proof that there is a God of love who watches over his creatures.

M. ELSTON.

Letter from Samuel H. Dunbar, of Greenfield

"Near Vicksburg, Miss., May 28, 1863.

"I wrote you from Port Gibson a day or two after the fight and informed you of the loss of Company B. Since that writing we have engaged in the unfortunate engagement of Champion Hills and Black River Bridge, not having a man hurt in either. On the 19th our artillery opened fire on the fortifications protecting Vicksburg, and skirmishing began. Our division was at once thrown forward, in rifle range of the rebel works, and a spirited fight at once began with the rebel sharpshooters. We soon found that we could effectually silence their artillery by keeping a storm of bullets pouring into their port holes. We played this game upon them without material loss, until the 22d of May, when General Grant ordered that at 10 a. m. the whole line should charge, reaching from the Yazoo to Warrenton. A gloom and hopelessness was visible on every face. All were fully convinced that it was a mad move and that we would meet slaughter and defeat. Nevertheless, at the appointed time, we fell into line and moved forward. The column had been in motion but a few moments when the enemy opened upon it from rifle pits and forts with musketry, grape, shell and shrapnel. Confusion at once began, men fell dead and wounded at every step. Many wounded were afterward killed, and the slaughter was terrible. The Eighth started in the charge with 416 men, losing in killed and wounded, 114.

“On the 20th, while advancing our brigade from a hollow to one nearer the enemy, Alfred Nelson was killed by a grapeshot striking him on the head. He did not die immediately and when assistance was sent to remove him to the hospital he would not be removed from the field until he laid hold of his gun, which he persisted in carrying with him. On the following morning while the company was sharpshooting, Richard Lamb was killed by a minie ball striking him in the bowels, and George N. Black was slightly wounded in the shoulder. He did not leave the field, though in too much pain to load and shoot, but carried water from the spring to the boys while they fought . . . Let our ladies at home know that everything they do, no matter how little, for the comfort of our sick and wounded, is fully appreciated, and does much more good than they could imagine. . . . Ladies, do all you can for us. We need your assistance.”

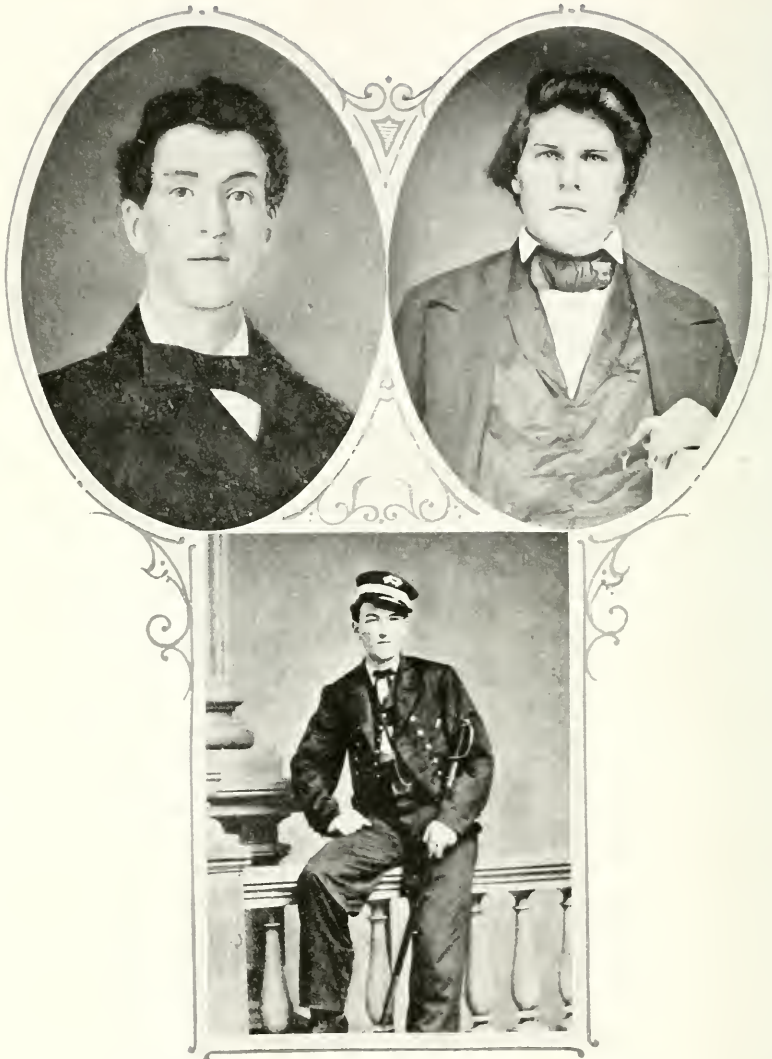
Perry Hall

From The Indianapolis Journal

“Perry Hall, Chaplain of 79th Indiana Volunteers, died of typhoid fever. He was attacked at the camp of his regiment at Wild Cat, Kentucky, and started home as soon as possible, but on the way became unconscious and died soon after arriving at the home of his father-in-law, J. M. Tilford, one of the purest and noblest men we have known, a faithful pastor, an honorable and conscientious man, a genuine patriot, a man without guile and without a blemish. If he could have lived, his talents and singular personal application would have made him a man of mark.”

From The Christian Record

“Perry Hall died October 27, 1862. He was born in Hamilton County, January 24, 1837, entered the North Western Christian University in his nineteenth year and graduated with first honors of his class in 1859.



JACOB VARNER

PERRY HALL

GEORGE P. VANCE

“For three years he was pastor of the Central Christian Church, Indianapolis. His preaching was highly practical; he made no attempt at show of learning; he avoided metaphysical questions and seemed more anxious to impress upon his audience the importance of holy living. His exhortations to piety and holiness of heart and life will be long remembered by those who waited on his ministry.”

Letter from Perry Hall

“Camp near Louisville, September 16, 1861.

“Editor of Journal: The 79th has made another move and, judging from the effects, I should think there was a vast amount of ‘strategy-kill’ manifested by somebody connected with the movement. We were aroused at camp yesterday at 3 o’clock and were ready for the road at 6. Marching up to the city, we arrived at Broadway about 11. Here we remained in the hot sun until about high noon, when we were ordered to move on. Then commenced a most aggravating and distressing march of at least four miles through the streets of Louisville, hot as an oven, ending in bringing us to the same point we had left three hours before. Of course we know something of that ‘article of war’ which forbids us to speak disrespectfully of a superior officer, and we intend to keep entirely within the spirit of its provisions. But we may be allowed to say that the movement of yesterday did not meet with our unqualified approval. In fact, we think with Tennyson, ‘Somebody blundered’ and that in a most aggravating manner. It was nothing less than murderous on the men. Many of them fell in the ranks completely exhausted. Cases of sunstroke were frequent and in some cases fatal. The men were left along the line of march as they fell out, and it is impossible to ascertain how much we really have suffered. The ambulances have gone in this a. m. to gather up the sick. I have reason to hope that there are no fatal cases in our regiment, though some of the brigade have undoubtedly died. Our regiment was in the advance in some respects better off than the 88th Indiana and 100th Illinois, who followed.

“I have no disposition to complain; but a movement very similar to this occurred a week ago today. Our entire brigade was on that

day marched up to the city and, after an hour or so in the streets, sitting or standing as best we might in the hot sun, we were marched back to the same camp again.

“The boys are very tired today and are excused from drill, but the effects of the march yesterday will be seen many days hence. It interfered sadly with the legitimate business of the chaplain, for every man who had ever been profane swore worse than ‘our army in Flanders.’

“We are now encamped on a beautiful piece of ground one mile south of Louisville, close to the Nashville railroad. We are in General Cruft’s division, Colonel Kirk of the 34th Illinois still acting as Brigadier.

“We have abundance of rumors and some news, but you are as well posted as we about army matters. Suffice it to say that the aggregate of the news from all quarters is rather better than usual this a. m. Its effect is visible, too, upon those who take an interest in the news.

“The 79th is ‘all right’ except on long marches through cities, and in a few weeks, thanks to our indefatigable colonel, will be as well drilled as any regiment in the service. Respectfully,

“P. HALL,

“Chaplain 79th Regiment.”

(It was after such a march that Mr. Hall, finding himself exhausted, lay upon a rock all night; next morning he was taken with a chill, high fever followed in typhoid form; he started home and was unconscious upon his arrival.)

*Letters from W. S. Major, '58**

“November 2, 1861.

“I am sending you a *Journal* containing notice of Perry Hall’s death. A good man has fallen, a bright young soldier smitten from the walls of Zion. He sank down in his Master’s vineyard; like a hero he fell at his post. Hall was a choice spirit, pure and independent, true to duty as the needle to the star; no bribe could

*W. S. Major died April, 1917, in Chicago, Illinois.

corrupt, no threat intimidate him. He was my dearest friend; side by side we climbed the mount of knowledge and in the solitude of the studio spent many an attic hour. When from the freshly-made grave of my mother I returned to our Alma Mater a desolate orphan, he was the first to clasp and to comfort me. How strange that so much promise must be laid in earth, that a youth so full of hope and virtue should rest in the sepulchre. His death shocked me terribly, the sadness thereof yet lingers in my heart."

"Bull's Gap, Tennessee, November 10, 1863.

"Darkness hath fallen upon the mountains and a cloudless sky bends over their pinnacles. You will see that we have broken up our encampment. On Friday night we fell back from Greenville to this point. The enemy was about to flank us and cut our line of communication, their cannons were booming on our left in the morning. Our march was rapid; we moved swiftly along from dewy eve till morn. Night marches are especially bad for health and many of our boys are sick. I have kept up with the supply train.

"We now hold the wild pass through the range called Bull's Gap, a rough, uncouth name for a desolate, rugged place. Our batteries are planted on the summits and the bivouac fires blaze against the frosty arch of the heaven. The infantry is strung along the deep defile, and the black old gorge is made white with the tents. We are on the railway, our commissary department is in the depot. A few little houses lodged about on the cedar cliffs make up the notable town of Bull Gap. The scenery is most barren and savage. The impression in camp is that the retreat was a most stupid and miserable panic; the general (Wileox) is sharply criticised. For my part I would not be too swift in condemning. From all I can learn the Rebels have fled. The notion is that we will soon return to G—, the distance being about 18 miles. For my part I do not weary myself with conjectures.

. . . "We are charged with the duty of furnishing the division with provisions and the commissary casts a heavy load on me. However, I work most willingly, cheered with the reflection that I am useful to the service.

“Our supplies are getting very short. We have no sugar or coffee. Our troops are becoming barefoot and ragged. We draw precarious rations of flour and meat from the impoverished country. But we are not at all discouraged; we believe in a few days things will wear a more encouraging aspect. I send a soldier’s greeting.”

“April 18, 1865.

“Such a day as Saturday last (the day of Lincoln’s death) will never again be seen. Every window was darkened with crepe; every face was dim with sorrow; the heart of the people sobbed. All business was forgotten; the citizens leaned on each other and wept; all eyes were wet. A beautiful picture of our great beloved Father and Chief was set in a window and thousands went to look on that calm old Roman face and bowed themselves while the hot tears rained on the pavement. It seemed that we could not give him up, we could not realize the awful fact. It was most like some ghostly fantasy, some horrid dream or hideous nightmare.

“O God, it was pitiful that that princely, noble head in the very hour of victory and festivity should be shattered by the assassin’s bullet! That sudden tragic death should forever still that angel-like breast so full of mercy and the celestial charities! History furnishes nothing so appalling and affecting. But words are idle. The Republic in spirit (though not in the flesh) casts itself by that mangled head and, kneeling, doth gently move the white napkin and kiss the pulseless temples of her martyred tribune, her murdered child.”

“Indianapolis, May 2, 1865.

“Sunday was a great day in the Capitol (where Lincoln lay in state). It rained in torrents from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. For three hours women, unsheltered, braved the drenching showers and defiling mud.

“The face of the corpse was fully exposed to view. It was dark and shrunken.

“All the trappings of sorrow still remain. Washington street is as a great hall of mourning. The funeral arches, draped and festooned, still stand, a strange and gloomy pomp. Two great structures, temples of lamentation, stand at the northern and southern

gates of capitol square. The interior of the State House is a sort of fairy Bazaar of Death. The platform whereon the catafalque rested is richly embossed and covered with velvet; directly over it is lifted a cone or dome of costly black sprinkled with silver stars. On the bier stands a bust of the martyr crowned with a chaplet of laurel. The walls of the hall are covered with pictures, wreaths and mottoes. Some of the latter beautiful, others stupid, especially the Latin ones. Our citizens are very proud of the pageant. They aver it surpassed anything yet offered to the obsequies of our great President.

“I wish you were here to see these magnificent emblems and weeds of a nation’s bereavement. Such spectacles are landmarks in history.”

Personal Mention

The tablet was impressively unveiled by John W. Elstun, representing the North Western Christian University of the Sixties and wearing the emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Robert Hall, representing Butler College of today and wearing his Croix de Guerre.

The music of the occasion was furnished by Frank M. Ketcham, Dr. E. V. Alexander, William S. Alexander, H. S. Lane, William N. Metzger. On the platform, besides those who took part in the program, were the following student-veterans: Chauncy Butler, Barton W. Cole, Howard M. Foltz, George W. Galvin, Judge U. Z. Wiley and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

A generous contribution was made to the tablet fund in their father’s memory by the daughters of W. N. Pickerill.

Of the Battle of Port Republic, where Jacob Varner fell, “The Indiana Soldier” says (Vol. I, p. 467): “No stain but of blood was on the rough blue uniforms of the private soldiers. They were prompt and patient and true. Their fight was worthy of their

cause. God bless their name and memory!" . . . "General Fremont, in a proud and affectionate report which he makes of the conduct of his troops, says: 'They were always prompt in obedience, patient in suffering and efficient in action.' "

The Regimental History of the 57th Indiana Volunteers, in which Addison M. Dunn had been commissioned captain, says: "Captain Dunn was a brave and good officer, killed at the time the line was broken (at the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, November 30, '64). His resting place is unknown. He was of those whose time of service had expired on November 18, and they were no longer subject to military duty. By an unjust and tyrannical interpretation of the law they were forced into battle when they might honorably have been at home."

In the Regimental History of the 37th Indiana Volunteers in the chapter upon the Battle of Atlanta occurs this passage: "About 10 o'clock that morning (the 21st) Sergeant-Major Marion Elstun came along to the rear of Company K, his old company, and told us we could get beef at the foot of the elevated ground. Just as he told us that he turned to go to the next company when a minie bullet struck him at the side of the shoulder and he fell to the ground. I and two or three others went to him. The blood could be heard spurting in the cavity of his body, and he asked, 'What is that?' and on being told replied, 'Yes, that's it.' An ambulance had been brought as near as it was safe to bring it, and we carried him back and put him in it. The ambulance driver having a holy terror of bullets, drove off before Marion could say good-by to us or we to him. He lived but a short time after he was taken back. His loss was keenly felt by every man in the regiment, and by all who knew him in his home town of Milroy. As I remember those noble young men—their patriotism, intelligence, bravery and real worth, I am constrained to say that the noblest young men of the North wore the blue and fought the battles of the Union."

At the Welcome Home dinner given on June 17, 1919, in honor of the Butler College soldiers and sailors who had returned from service in the World War, Dr. Scot Butler said, in part:

"I have the honor, and I esteem it a great honor I assure you, of addressing the soldier-students of Butler College—the soldier-students in the great war. . . .

"I suppose that the proper thing for me to do on this occasion is to give you some advice, drawn from my own experience. What did I derive, what quality of mind, what purpose of soul, what fear of the Eternal God did I derive from my service in the army? Believe me, I derived much. Oh, I know there are dangers in camp life; there are dangers in the reckless life of the soldier. And is it not peculiarly true of boys about the age of eighteen or twenty or twenty-two years, that they are susceptible to the influence of dangerous surroundings? You know how true that is. But with all, I think a man grounded in right purposes, reared in the midst of a favorable environment, is bound to receive immense good from service in the army. It is commonplace to say that we are benefited physically. It is not so common to believe that we are benefited morally and intellectually. But I believe it is true—under right guidance—true with the best of the men.

"I didn't do much in the war, of course. I went before I was fully eighteen years of age, and I served three years as an enlisted man. I got back home, and I wasn't met with a brass band, either—I got back home before I was twenty-one years of age, after the three years' service. When I went into the army, I went in among strangers. I had tried to enlist the previous summer, but had been rejected by the mustering officer in Indianapolis. But I was bound to make it, anyhow, and I heard of a regiment down in Kentucky, that had suffered severely from an epidemic, and had lost many of its men and wanted recruits. I remember that I got up early one winter morning, at four o'clock, and that my mother was up and gave me breakfast. I don't believe any of the rest of the family got up. I ate my solitary breakfast—but there are some things that I cannot tell you about, young men! Well, I walked four miles to the Union Station and got on the train and went down into Kentucky, before I was eighteen years old. I had never been away from home before, and I went up to that camp and enlisted. I was put into a company of men the names of whom were absolutely

unknown to me, and not one of them had ever known anything of me. But I was a little fellow, and perhaps that explains why I made good with them. They all wanted to take care of me. I had that kind of a time all the way through the service. Well, I came back at the end of my term of service, and started in again at the College.

“Now, boys, I got this out of the life that I had led: this mingling with all kinds of people, from all parts of the country—for, later, I was in the service that drew its recruits from every loyal state in the Union—and making friends from far and wide, gave me an acquaintance with human nature. Then, too, I got visions out of the war. At times, when, in my later years, I have been put to sore stress, I have listened for the bugle call that summoned us to duty, and I have never failed to hear it and it never failed to rouse me to action! There is this thing about it all, I believe that in war a man's faith in the Power not ourselves is developed, is strengthened, to meet whatever fate life brings.”

Gettysburg After Fifty Years

By WILLIAM N. PICKERILL, '60

A remnant of the one hundred and fifty thousand fighters who met in mortal combat at Gettysburg fifty years ago met again on that historic field on the first of July, 1913.

Then, they were young men animated by the fire and vigor of youth. Now, they were old men, averaging in age seventy-two years. It was a strange and pathetic spectacle, the like of which the world has never seen and one the world is likely never to see again. Gray-haired, with brow wrinkled and cheek sunken and furrowed with age, many walked with tottering steps to the spot where, fifty years before, they had stood in line of battle amid the roar and the carnage of war.

But it was good to be there. Gettysburg was the Waterloo of our greatest war; and for four years the great State of Pennsyl-

vania had determined that a peace jubilee should be celebrated within her borders and upon the field where so many brave men had sacrificed their lives for what they believed to be right. Pennsylvania asked Congress to assist, and it did. Congress appropriated \$150,000 and Pennsylvania \$450,000 to make the occasion a success. Then the invitation went out to all the States in the Union to meet around the festal board. And the invitation was accepted. Old age had calmed the rancor and bitterness that may have pervaded the hearts of old-time foes, and all were glad to meet again in a restored brotherhood.

In his last inaugural the immortal Lincoln said: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

As we met and clasped the hands of those whom we had once believed to be our enemies and heard their cheerful greetings, it really seemed as if the prophecy of the great soul who presided over the destiny of our country fifty years ago had really come true. The mystic chords of memory had indeed been touched by the better angels of our nature, and all who were gathered at Gettysburg of the old armies were there to swell the chorus of the old, but glorified, Union.

The Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were both armies of fighters, and both believed they were right, or they never could have done such fighting as they did at Gettysburg. But fifty years after we did not return to the old battlefield to discuss the question of who was right and who was wrong. We went to meet and look into the faces of men who could fight and endure as the men did who met at Gettysburg fifty years ago.

Passion had strained but had not severed the ties of brotherhood that now will forever bind us together, for we knew fifty years after the great conflict, better than we had ever known it

before, that we were brethren and kindred. It would seem that the old men of the North, of the South, of the East and the West, who were survivors of the battle, went there with the feeling that the gathering was to be an occasion of peace on earth and good will to men; and going in that spirit they found what they went for. It seemed to be conceded that the questions which divided us fifty years ago had been settled for all time to come, and all wisely forbore to discuss those matters.

This was not a gathering of the great leaders who commanded the armies in the days of the war. It was mainly a gathering of the men who fought in the ranks and had no voice in the planning of the campaign. They just obeyed orders, after military fashion, and did the work commanded.

You may wish to know how this great gathering was cared for. Pennsylvania leased a farm of 275 acres northwest of Gettysburg, every inch of which had been fought over. The government sent the Fifth Regular Infantry, a battery of artillery and two troops of cavalry up there to take charge of the field and to put the camp in order for fifty thousand men. The government furnished tents and cots and blankets for that number, all most complete in structure. Wells were dug from 300 to 500 feet deep, and thus an abundant supply of good water, elevated by motors into great tanks, was distributed through pipes over the entire camp. Cooking tents and cooking ranges, operated by colored cooks who had passed a regular army examination, were set up in each street. Fifteen hundred cooks, under the watchful eyes of regular army officers, prepared the splendid food furnished by Pennsylvania. Three great hospitals and one hundred smaller ones were established throughout the vast camp, and the arrangements were so nearly perfect that but nine deaths occurred among the fifty thousand seventy-two-year-old men, during the six days of encampment. Whenever a man tottered and gave evidence of need of attention, the Boy Scouts were loading him in an ambulance and bearing him away to some hospital in less time than it takes to tell about it, and such was the care the authorities gave these men that all were surprised at the low rate of mortality.

Great underground reservoirs were prepared into which car-loads of ice were dumped at night and from which the men were supplied with drinking water. All garbage was burned and the camp kept clean at all times. Great mortality was predicted and expected among this assemblage of old men. Pennsylvania determined to disappoint the country in this matter, and valiantly succeeded. As an entertainer she immortalized herself on this fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

The necessary number of streets and tents was assigned to the veterans coming from each State. Confederate avenue, a magnificent driveway, seven miles long and one mile west of Cemetery Ridge, was lined with the tents of the Confederates. Here was where they formed for the final Pickett's Charge at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3, fifty years before, and their tents were located on the ground they had charged over. The spot where General Lee stood on that momentous occasion is marked by a splendid monument, which is to be surmounted by a statue of the great commander. One mile due east of that spot on the western crest of Cemetery Ridge is another monument, which is called "high water mark" and indicates the point reached by the Confederates in the famous Pickett's Charge and where the battle really ended. That awful conflict, lasting less than one hour, was merely the grand finale of the two previous days' hard fighting. There were forty-two Confederate regiments in the Pickett Charge, but those regiments had been so much reduced by previous battles that the charging column numbered something less than 12,000 men.

Gettysburg College, founded in 1832, then and now is located on a ridge just north of the town of that name, which numbered 2,100 souls in 1863. It is the county seat of Adams County, Pennsylvania. This ridge is known as Seminary Ridge. One mile northwest of the college building, on the Chambersburg pike at Willoughby's Run, the battle was opened at 8 o'clock of the morning of July 1. Buford's cavalry, to which the Third Indiana was attached, had camped on the college campus the night of the 30th. Heth's division of A. P. Hill's Third Confederate Army

Corps on the morning of the 1st started to Gettysburg to see what was there. General Buford, stationed in the eupola of the college, sent his first brigade, consisting of the Eighth Illinois, Eighth New York, Third Indiana and Battery M Second United States Artillery, commanded by Colonel Gamble, out to meet the Confederates, when he heard they were coming. They met at Willoughby's Run and there dismounted the cavalry. In a wheat field and among the rushes along the run they held the enemy, consisting of four infantry brigades and seventeen guns, in check for two hours. Wadsworth's division of the First Army Corps came to our relief at 10 a. m. The Iron Brigade, commanded by General Sol Meredith, of Indiana, and Cutler's Brigade went in first, and in almost the first volley from the enemy, General John F. Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the army, fell mortally wounded.

The First Army Corps was at the crossing of Marsh creek on the Emmettsburg road, eight miles southwest of Gettysburg, when the cavalry began its battle. It was under command of General Abner Doubleday. On first alarm it hurried to the field and by 11 a. m. it had reached the battleground and was soon engaged with A. P. Hill's Confederates. At noon General O. O. Howard came on to the field with the Eleventh Corps. Establishing his headquarters at the north point of Cemetery Ridge just south of Gettysburg, and leaving one of his divisions commanded by General Steinwehr with three batteries at that point, he moved his other two divisions, commanded by Generals Shurz and Barlow, through the town and northward a mile, where they met Rode's and Early's divisions of Ewell's Second Confederate Corps coming down from York and Heidlersburg.

Here a fierce battle was fought lasting until 5 p. m., while for the same length of time the First Corps had been furiously fighting Hill's Corps farther west. There was a gap of four hundred yards between the First and Eleventh Corps, and yet the Confederate line presented a solid front to both corps and flanked both wings of the Union line. General Howard in his report said 18,000 Union troops fought 35,000 Confederates on that first day

of the battle. He also said more than half of the Union troops who went into that day's battle were either killed, or wounded, or missing.

The Second Wisconsin went in with 302 men and came out with 69. The Nineteenth Indiana went in with 288 and came out with 78. The One Hundred Fiftieth Pennsylvania went in with 400 men and 17 officers and lost 16 officers and 316 men. The One Hundred Forty-ninth Pennsylvania suffered in the same proportion. The total loss of Heth's division that opened the battle for the Confederates, according to official records, was 400 killed, 1,905 wounded, and 534 captured or missing. The total loss of Hill's Corps, according to the same records, was 837 killed, 4,403 wounded, 1,491 captured or missing. The loss of Early's division in the first day's battle was 156 killed, 806 wounded, and 226 captured or missing. The total loss of Rode's division was 412 killed, 1,728 wounded, and 704 missing.

At fearful loss the Confederates were victors in the first day's battle and compelled the Union troops to give up Gettysburg and fall back upon Cemetery Ridge.

The night of July 1, 1863, began in gloom for the men of the Army of the Potomac. They remembered Manassas of 1861, and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville of 1862. But General Meade, commander of the army, came on to the field from Tawneytown, fifteen miles away, at midnight and by the morning of July 2 the other five corps of the army were on Cemetery Ridge, and thus hope revived in the Northern army. General Lee was at Chambersburg, twenty-five miles away, when the battle began, and did not arrive on the field until 10 a. m.

The Army of the Potomac occupied a formidable position and presented a problem for all of General Lee's strategy. There was no serious fighting until 3 p. m., when General McLaw's and Hood's divisions of General Longstreet's First Confederate Corps, that had come on to the field with General Lee, made a furious assault upon General Sickles' Third Corps, stationed in the valley in front of Cemetery Ridge along the Emmettsburg road. Here took place three hours of terrible fighting on ground known in

history as the Peach Orchard, Wheat Field and Devil's Den. Colonel John Wheeler, commanding the Twentieth Indiana, was killed in the Peach Orchard. A division of the Second Army corps under General Hancock came to the rescue of the Third Corps on its right, and another division of the Fifth Army Corps under General Sykes came up on the left of the Third Corps and saved it from disaster. General Sickles lost a leg, and his corps under General Birney was moved back into the Union line of Cemetery Ridge.

The Confederates failed to accomplish their purpose in this afternoon's battle, but they did not give up. Two miles south of Gettysburg, at the southern extremity of Cemetery Ridge, is a mountain three hundred feet high, covered with oak and chestnut trees on its eastern slope, and with a western face so thickly covered with great rocks that only scrub bushes grew. This mountain is called Little Round Top. A little farther south is another mountain seven hundred fifty feet high called Big Round Top. Between these two mountains is a ravine through which water flows southwest to Marsh creek, still farther southwest. This ravine is sheltered by trees and bushes. About sundown of the 2d, General Longstreet, the grizzly old commander of the First Confederate Army Corps, whom his men called "Uncle Peter," planned a movement to go up this ravine and capture Little Round Top. It was then occupied by General Sykes, Fifth Corps, with artillery that had done frightful execution from its position in the fighting of the afternoon. General G. K. Warren, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, standing upon a large projecting boulder on the western brink of Little Round Top, with his field glass detected this movement of General Longstreet and at once divined its import—that its success meant the ruin of the Union army. Confederate artillery in possession of Little Round Top meant the routing of the army from Cemetery Ridge. General Warren spread the alarm far and near, and notified General Meade. The Confederates in great force reached the highest point of the ravine between Big and Little Round Top, but General Warren's timely action had prepared a force that met them

there, where was a desperate conflict lasting until near 10 o'clock at night. Generals Barksdale and Semms, commanding Confederate brigades, were killed, and General Vincent, commanding a Union brigade, was also killed, while General Hood was desperately wounded. General George S. Green was chief in command of the Union forces in that conflict. The fighting became hand to hand.

General Joshua Chamberlain, who commanded the Twentieth Maine, in his report, said a Confederate officer shot at him with his pistol in one hand and tendered him his sword with the other. But Little Round Top was saved. A grateful government has erected a splendid statue of General Warren upon the great boulder where he stood when his discernment saved the army. And a magnificent equestrian statue of General Green marks the spot where he made his brave fight on that memorable night.

Thus ended the second day at Gettysburg. The July sun of those days was very much as it was in camp fifty years later, and the shadows of evening and the breezes that came with nightfall were very welcome. The smoke of battle drifted away from the mountain side, stars twinkled from a sky of azure blue, but the moans of the dying and of the wounded pleading for water came to the living as a sad wail breaking the stillness of the night. And all night long army surgeons and their assistants with lanterns in hand fittted hither and thither among the rocks and trees, ministering to and answering the cries of the wounded and dying.

There was premonition in the results of the day's work of July 2, 1863, to the Army of Northern Virginia that its old luck was no longer with it.

But General Lee was not yet convinced. At 8 o'clock in the morning of July 3d, with Generals Longstreet, Pickett and other distinguished officers, he rode along the line of his army, now taking a brief rest, and looked off toward the lines of another army stretched out on Cemetery Ridge. And there he gave the order for the assault upon the Union lines, known in history as Pickett's Charge. General Longstreet protested, declaring the movement impossible of success; but Lee is said to have an-

swered, "General Longstreet, the enemy is there, and I propose to strike him."

General Pickett said that when the great commander rode that morning along the line of his worn and wearied men as they lay prone upon the ground trying to catch an hour's rest, they rose and cheered him to the echo. What devotion to a cause, and what hero worship of a man, existed in that army! And what an awful thing it was to be responsible for such lives! I have often wondered if, in his last hour, he remembered that cheer and the brave lives snuffed out ere set of sun by reason of the order he admitted to be a mistake, when the broken and crushed ranks returned from Bloody Angle to him. All day long until 3 p. m. preparation for the awful charge went on, and the men chosen for the sacrifice lay there in the fierce July sun, until a signal gun boomed its warning that the time had come for the onset.

From 1 to 3 p. m. a hundred guns from their line and another hundred from Cemetery Ridge flashed, roared, and sent their messengers of death into each other across the valley. Then, all was still for a little time before the signal gun boomed its warning, and 12,000 brave men, in perfect alignment, moved forward to death. There was not a break in the ranks, except as shells from Cemetery Ridge tore through them. These breaks were immediately closed as they moved forward. Brigadier-generals headed their brigades, colonels headed their regiments, and captains headed their companies. It was, perhaps, the most magnificent spectacle of heroism ever seen in any war. Pickett took his position midway between where General Lee stood and the objective point of the movement and directed his brigades, his men saluting him as they passed. On they went, driving the Union skirmishers before them. They seemed to feel themselves irresistible, and for a little farther on it appeared to be so; but it was only the lull before the storm. As they neared the western slope and crest of Cemetery Ridge, where the men of the Union army watched with bated breath, brave Hancock let loose his dogs of war, and the slaughter began. Shot and shell poured into those rapidly thinning ranks so that it was not longer possible to close them.

Brigadier-General L. H. Armistead led the advanced Confederate brigade and, with his hat on the point of his sword, was urging on his men to capture the battery of Lieutenant A. H. Cushing, Fourth United States Artillery, which was dealing destruction and death among his men. General Armistead fell mortally wounded within twenty feet of one of Cushing's guns. Cushing was killed beside one of his guns and where he had fought an hour and a half after notifying General Webb, his brigade commander, that he was wounded in both hips. Armistead was carried to a Union hospital and tenderly cared for, but died two days later. His last request was that his family be informed that he died with his face to the foe.

There was no regularity in the return of the Confederates from the crest of Cemetery Ridge back to the line whence they came. All of their generals, colonels, and most of their captains had been killed or wounded, so there were no officers to lead the men back. Instead of a retreat, it was just an escape. The earth was strewn with the dead and wounded; and, among the living and unhurt, the sole question was how to get away. An old man of the Fifty-third Virginia of Armistead's Brigade told me that he saw General Armistead fall and that he with others were for a moment in possession of some of Cushing's guns. "But," said he, "what did that amount to? We could neither use them nor get away with them. I was knocked down, but got to my feet, and, with seven men of my company—all that were left—made my escape. That was all there was for us to do, but many of us failed in that and were captured."

The records show that the only official report of Pickett's Charge was by Major Charles S. Peyton, of the Nineteenth Virginia, who took charge of General R. B. Garnett's Brigade after that officer was killed. Pickett is said to have made a report, but it was so full of bitterness over his defeat that General Lee ordered it suppressed.

Six old men of each army, who were there fifty years ago, met there again on July 3 and were photographed.

The Pickett Charge was the principal battle of July 3, but over

northeast near Spangler's Spring, early in the morning, the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana were ordered to cross a little valley and clear out the enemy that were annoying them from behind a stone wall in the woods at the edge of the valley. These two brave regiments obeyed the order, made the charge, but never reached the stone wall. In that charge the Twenty-seventh Indiana lost 110 men in ten minutes. Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Fessler commanded the Twenty-seventh.

On the eventide of July 4 the torn and bleeding army of Northern Virginia departed from the battlefield of Gettysburg, where it had lost 20,000 men. As the Army of the Potomac had lost 23,500, it was too sorely crippled to do much in the way of pursuit. The Southern Army tottered down out of Pennsylvania, through Maryland, into its own Virginia behind the Rapidan, never again to invade, as an army, the North. There was more than another year of the great Civil War, but Gettysburg was the note to the defenders of our common country that it could and would be saved and handed down to posterity as a heritage from the fathers "who brought forth, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created free and equal" eighty-seven years before.

This was the Gettysburg battlefield that old men who had not seen it for fifty years came back to look upon. As they wandered out in small bunches over the old field to the places they had known long ago and were telling each other about it, perhaps a similar number from the other side came to the same spot on the same errand and talked it all over, just how they knew it to be; and, perhaps, those old men told, so far as they knew, the true story of the awful battle. If so, only the Recording Angel has kept the record of what they said.

When I think of the noble conduct of Indiana in this struggle for liberty, I thank God that heroism is not dead.—JOHN L. DOYAL.

The Indianapolis News

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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly



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Butler Alumna Quarterly

VOL. X

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1921

No. 3

Commencement Address

BY THE REVEREND ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE, D. D.

According to the report of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, the World War cost directly a hundred and eighty-one billions, three hundred and thirty-three millions and some odd hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the indirect cost was almost as great—a hundred and fifty-one billions, seven hundred and twelve millions and some odd thousands of dollars.

This war cost was almost three hundred and thirty-eight billions of dollars, and of course it is quite impossible to grasp, with one's imagination, the meaning of that sum. But this, in a general way, can be stated: Because this money has been spent, or wasted in destructive activity, millions of men and women and little children who might have lived in China, or Russia, or the Balkans, are now doomed to die. And hundreds of thousands of young men and maidens who might have received an education, are now doomed to toil in ignorance all the days of their lives.

The financial cost of the war, huge though it is, is the least factor in the cost of the war. The Danish Research Society places the number of men actually killed in battle at 9,889,000. That represents exactly three times the number of people who were in the United States at the time George Washington became our first president.

Then, to that, the Research Society adds 5,301,000 persons killed, in order to cover the increasing death rate among the civilian population. So that the total number of lives lost is something like 15,000,000.

Even this does not tell the whole story. While the struggle was still raging, someone made the remark that "This world is now no place for babies." And God knows it was not. In Belgium there were 350,000 empty cradles; in Servia there were 760,000; in England—uninvaded, save by zeppelins—there were one million. In France 1,500,000; in Italy 1,500,000. It has been estimated that something more than twenty million babies, who, under ordinary conditions, would have been born in Europe, were denied existence. It is, possibly, just as well that they were, for, under the circumstances many, if not most of them, would have come into our world only to die miserably from want and exposure and starvation, or, perhaps, to live on as helpless cripples with rickety legs. But the tragedy of it is that two thousand years after Jesus of Nazareth took the little children in his arms and blessed them, and said "Let little children come unto Me; to them, blessed is the Kingdom of God," this world became no place for babies.

Some day we are going to suffer by reason of those empty eradles.

And so, to the nearly ten million men killed in battle, and to the million five hundred thousand civilians who died before their time, you must add twenty million little children, who were not permitted to be born at all. Only then can you state fully the human cost of the war.

So, we know, today, what a first-rate war, under modern conditions, is likely to cost us. We know that while it lasts it is going to mean for millions of men and women and little children the last word in human misery; and that when it is all over, because of its terrific disturbance of all normal processes, it is going to leave whole nations of people in a condition bordering on barbarism.

There may be a few individuals in the world, today, who can look forward to the next war without dismay—enthusiastic patriots, gentlemen whose services to their nation in wartime lay in urging other men to fight for their country; men who, perhaps, made fortunes out of this last war.

Ladies and gentlemen, when hell becomes the only alternative Utopia, perhaps Utopia may even demand a hearing.

I invite you to think, with me, for a little while, about what

seems to me to be fundamental requirements in the making of a better world for our children to live in.

I would suggest faith. There can be no progress without faith. Where there is no vision the people perish. Where there is no faith they are content to perish. But what ground is there for faith in a world such as this?

Centuries before Jesus Christ came into this world a great Hebrew prophet looked forward to the time when the nations would beat their swords into plowshares. Yet centuries have come and gone since that prophecy was offered, and it has not been fulfilled.

Prophetic spirits dreamed of peace on earth, good will among men. Yet two centuries have marched into oblivion since that wonderful light shone in Bethlehem and still there is no peace among men.

But during those eighteen centuries there were several men who dreamed of a divine civilization. At the close of the long struggle between England and France, a Frenchman dared to publish a program of perpetual peace. But what happened? There occurred one of the bitterest wars known to history—the Seven Years' War—in which all the people of Europe, and even the colonists were involved.

In 1795 a German by the name of Koch pleaded for world-wide peace. But what happened? The French Revolution came on. And when our century came into existence this agitation for world peace was resumed. The World's Peace Conference was established at The Hague, and all the governments of the world, or nearly all of them, entered into arbitration treaties.

Here in America we were all listening to Mr. Bryan delivering his famous lecture, "The Prince of Peace." But what happened? The World War came on and today we are standing at the graves of nearly ten million men.

Does it not appear, then, that Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was justified in telling his soldier audience in London the other day that the present talk that we heard in wartime of the coming age of peace had no foundation in fact?

Does it not appear that war is inevitable and that we had better prepare now for the next war?

A war to be fought, not only against soldiers, but against a great civilian population—a war in which starvation, toxic gases and disease germs may play an important part.

However, there are three reasons why I do not share in a gloomy view of the future. I am going to give them to you, as clearly as I can.

I believe that there is developing in the hearts of mankind a new conscience concerning war. In primitive times war was looked upon as a matter of course and, in some instances, as a means of livelihood; and many people killed their enemies for the very practical purpose of eating them; and that, so far as I have been able to discover, is altogether the most logical reason for war that has ever been found.

In the eighteenth century several voices were lifted in behalf of reason and justice, as over against hate and greed, and in our own century these voices have become a great and challenging chorus, which even the great war lords and the armament manufacturers are obliged to hear.

I believe that there is developing a new conscience concerning war. I had three men say to me, within ten days, that Christianity—by which I suppose they meant organized Christianity, the church—is going to go down in history as the most tragic of all failures, if it does not prevent another war. And some have gone as far as to say to me that Christianity is a failure because it did not prevent the last war.

I mention that only to show that there is a new conscience in this matter—a conscience of such power that in 1914 the gentlemen in every nation that were responsible for the war found it necessary to paint their enterprise in the glowing colors of idealism, and endeavor to deceive the masses of men as to the real aims of the war. I do not think that they will be able to do that quite so easily again. Even in Germany, in 1914, as we now know, there was a party working for peace as well as a party working for war. It was a race between those two parties, as to which would be

able to carry out its program in advance of the other. In England there was a peace party and in France and Italy there were peace parties; and even in Russia there was a party working for peace. But the war came up so suddenly that the groups that were working for peace were taken entirely by surprise. Do you think they will be similarly surprised in the future?

What happened a few months ago when Mr. Winston Churchill, who, I think, does not represent the masses of the people of England, wanted to send British boys who had seen four years' service in the army, to fight in Russia—what happened? British labor, made up not only of people who worked with their hands, but those who worked with their heads, said "They shall not go," and they did not go.

The Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, in a recent utterance, has proclaimed that the anti-militarism of the masses of people in that nation is the most significant fact that is now before the world. And he adds that the average workingman sees more clearly than do the majority of educated persons, the insane folly of war; that war, and the preparation for war, are the chief obstacles in the way of the removal of want and misery from his children.

Here, then, is another force that is working against war—a growing conviction in the hearts of the common people of the world that in wars and in huge preparations for war they, and other people, have nothing to gain, and a vast deal to lose. And some day the common people of the world are going to say to their social and political rulers, "Gentlemen, if you do not put an end to war we may find it necessary to put an end to you."

My third reason for faith is just the growing conviction that this universe is built on moral revolutions.

This happens to be the fifteenth anniversary of my graduation from an American college. I know that fifteen years ago, when I was trying to study natural science, a great deal was being said about the struggle for existence that was going on in the world of nature, and a misreading of that so-called struggle for existence seemed to support wars of aggression between the nations of the world.

What happened? According to this view, when Germany broke over bounds and went rampaging over Europe, she was simply trying to save herself, and was blindly obeying the law of self-preservation. Today I think an increasing number of scientists are beginning to believe that the chief factor in evolution is not the struggle for existence, but cooperation and mutual aid.

Naturalists have called attention to the fact that the linnet has been able to perpetuate itself in large numbers, because it has learned to cooperate; while a certain species of tiger, that refused to cooperate, sleeps today, in the vaults of the British museum.

God Almighty has decreed that the mailed fists of the lords of war shall eventually give way to the open palm of the Prince of Peace.

As for myself, I find very considerable ground on which to stand and build faith in the hopes of a better world for my children. But to faith there must be added knowledge, and that, as some of these seniors know, is rather difficult to get.

I once loaned a copy of *Les Miserables* to a lady who, I thought, would enjoy it. Within four days she returned it to me with the explanation that she couldn't become interested in it, because, as she said, "You know, you can't pick it up and lay it down as you do a cookbook!" And that is very true. There are many books that cannot be read as these girls, some of them, will be reading their cookbooks a few months from now.

The real trouble with so many of us is that we don't know very much about the real causes of war. Some of us don't know enough about the real causes of this last war to utter a single illuminating opinion. I condemn myself more than I do anybody else because I know more about myself and about some of the foolish things I have been saying.

At the beginning of the war there was a disposition here in America to hold the kaiser personally responsible, and to say that that one man opened the door of the Temple of Janus and let loose upon the earth the dogs of war.

Human nature seems to demand a scapegoat on which the sins of the multitude may be conveniently laid. And the kaiser served

this purpose for a long time. Then American opinion began to be influenced by excerpts printed in our magazines, from the writings of certain German philosophers and militarists and historians, and after a time we began to say that the responsibility must be placed upon the great German merchants and bankers and, above all, upon the great German munition manufacturer, Krupp. By 1918 some of us began reading those so-called secret treaties, entered into by the governments—not by the people, who knew nothing about it—of Great Britain, Russia, Italy and France—those old-fashioned treaties which provided that Russia should have a free hand in helping herself to coal in upper Silesia, in consideration of France being given an equal chance to acquire coal in the valley of the Saar, and the peoples of Asia Minor were to be divided up without their knowledge or consent, among the great nations.

By 1918 we had begun to read something about the economic history of Europe during the past forty years, and as we learned of the relations of Russia to Servia and France to Morocco, and Italy to Tripoli, as we read of the wars carried on for a generation, in which every nation in Europe recklessly satisfied its own desires, some of us came to the conclusion that the responsibility for what had happened must be borne, not only by William Hohenzollern, but that others were involved—the German people chiefly involved, most criminally involved—but to say that they were alone involved would be to misread the past and jeopardize the future, because we would have to ignore certain tendencies working toward war in other nations, even including our own.

In the Europe of 1914 there was no vision and the people perished. By the millions they perished, led on by kindling watchwords and glowing ideals, which today their social and political rulers are coolly repudiating.

How pathetic it is to find some soldier boy applauding sentiments which are in violent contradiction of everything he has fought for. Why does he do it? Because, possessed though he is of an incredible courage he is almost incredibly uninformed. He has no more knowledge than the merest child, of the deep, impor-

tant underlying causes of war. He it is, this utterly courageous but utterly uninformed man, who gives the warmakers their chance. They need only to coin some ringing slogan, "Remember Belgium"; "Remember the Maine." They need only to dip their brushes in the rosy hues of idealism and paint a war poster that will appeal to his patriotism or to his chivalry. They have got him then; body and soul, they have got him. He will march into the jaws of death "for little Belgium's sake," or "for the women and kiddies of France," or "to make the world safe for democracy," or "to secure the peace and freedom of mankind," or for any other glowing bit of idealism. After he is dead, the men who were responsible for the war will explain to his broken-hearted mother that the ideals for which he thought he gave his life had no basis in fact; they were only a delusion.

If we desire to save our children from such an experience as we ourselves have had, we must inform ourselves and them concerning the real causes of war. There must be simultaneous and progressive disarmament.

Your preparation for war is never understood by your neighbors. Conscious of your own rectitude, you see no reason why you should feel alarmed. And they, equally conscious of rectitude, see no reason why you should feel alarmed. You assure them that they need not maintain large armaments on your account; your intentions are peaceful enough. They in turn assure you that you need not maintain large armaments on their account; their intentions are peaceful enough. But, seeing them armed to the teeth, you are afraid to trust them. And they, seeing you armed to the teeth, are afraid to trust you.

Both you and your neighbors become obsessed with the notion that safety lies only in a preponderance of death-dealing power. So you and they enter into a mad race for military or naval supremacy until the strain inevitably becomes too great, and the race ends in war.

The victorious allies disarmed Germany in order, as they say in the peace treaty, "to make possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations." But today the United

States is maintaining the largest standing army in its history. So also is Great Britain. So also is France. Great Britain is spending on her navy today almost twice as much as she spent in 1912. France is spending more than twice as much. The United States is spending almost four times as much, and is notifying the world of her ambition to have a navy "second to none," and "ready for instant battle." At the close of "a war to end war" the United States is setting the pace in naval armament!

Has it come, then, to this, that because of her refusal to associate herself with other nations in some intelligent attempt to secure and maintain the peace of the world, and because of her ambition to have a navy second to none and ready for instant battle, the United States, once the hope of the world, is in danger of becoming the despair of the world?

The heart of America desires only justice and peace. But there are in this nation, as in every nation, certain sinister forces that are not averse to war for the simple, terrible reason that they stand to profit by the war. It is high time, therefore, for the heart of America to speak out, and to urge its government to take the initiative in preparation, not for war, but for peace.

What nation, if not the United States, is in a position to say to the other nations, "We cannot afford to disarm alone; but we are ready and eager to enter into an agreement with you to begin a simultaneous and progressive dismantling of these huge armaments which threaten so seriously the peace of mankind?"

Disarmament alone will not insure peace. Every industrial nation is, potentially, a fighting nation. You may have no ships and no guns; but if only you have factories, and the will to fight, you can fight. We must try, therefore, to overcome, in our own nation and in other nations, the will to fight. We must, among other things, avoid any attempt upon the part of competing groups of capitalists to secure a monopoly control of the world's oil or iron or coal. But the necessary first step is to take away from the predatory groups in every nation the temptation which lies in the very existence of great armies and navies.

There must be some sort of international organization. Today

the world has become a vast family in which nations are united for better or worse. No nation—not even America—enjoys any “splendid isolation.” War in Europe means worry in America, and may mean war for America at any time.

The time has come when nations, like individuals, must learn how to live together, under conditions of mutual helpfulness. And just as individuals who want to live together in the same community find it necessary to devise some form of social organization, so nations that want to live together in the same world without perpetual strife find it necessary to devise some kind of international organization. The world must be organized to secure justice and maintain peace.

But something more than a new world organization is needed. Any international organization, however skilfully contrived, is but a piece of machinery. It will not work itself. It must be worked by men who have the requisite vision and the right spirit. We must labor, then, to produce such men. We must strive to develop in every country an international mind and a Christian spirit.

If we do not do everything that lies within our power to carry on to completion the great unfinished task which men who died in Flanders fields and the Argonne forest so nobly begun, we shall have betrayed the most sacred cause ever committed to any generation.

“Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

“If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

“For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!”

[The foregoing address of Dr. Tittle has elicited much comment. One section of his expression particularly aroused adverse criticism. We append a communication from *The Indianapolis Star* by Lucius B. Swift and an editorial from *The Indianapolis News* by Louis Howland; also one of our own alumni has submitted his views in defense of Dr. Tittle.]

Lucius B. Swift:

AMERICA'S IDEALS IN THE WAR

Dr. Ernest F. Tittle is pastor of a church in Evanston and has a sermon on the editorial page of *The Star of Sundays*. Being a teacher, whatever he says is important at least in the community when he says it; and when, according to the press, he declares in his commencement address at Butler College, June 16, that our American soldiers in the World War were too uninformed to realize that the ideals which they thought they were fighting for had no basis in fact, his statement is too painfully important to let pass in silence. He says, “How pathetic it is to find some soldier boy applauding sentiments which are in violent contradiction to everything he has really fought for.” This soldier boy is described as “almost incredibly uninformed,” and possessing the merest child’s knowledge of “the deep, important underlying causes of the war.” He thought, says Dr. Tittle, that he was fighting for such ideals as “to make the world safe for democracy,” and “to secure the peace and freedom of mankind,” but Dr. Tittle adds: “After he is dead the men who were responsible for the war will explain to his broken-hearted mother that the ideals for which he thought he gave his life had no basis in fact; they were only a delusion.”

This is not Harveyism, though both men agree that actually no ideals existed. Harvey says that there was not even a pretense of

ideals, but that we entered the war openly and brazenly sordid, while Dr. Tittle says that our soldiers were fooled into the war by a false cry of high ideals. The untruth of Harvey's statement was shouted in the hearts of all real Americans the instant Harvey made it and the truth has since been put into noble words by the highest authority. President Harding said: "They (the peoples of the world) have seen our protecting arm stretched over the outposts of liberty on every continent. For more than a century our plighted word warned tyranny from half the world; then, when the gage was taken up by mad ambition, men felt the blow that arm could strike when freedom answered in its utmost might. Across the seas we sent our hosts of liberty's sons to redress the eternal scales."

Secretary Hughes said of our soldiers: "They offered their lives, all the energies of the country were harnessed in the supreme effort, because we loved the institutions of liberty and intended to maintain them, and because we hated tyranny and the brutality and ruthlessness which found expression in the worship of force and because we found our fate linked with that of the free peoples who were struggling for preservation of the essentials of freedom."

But Dr. Tittle says these ideals had "no basis in fact." He is mistaken. The ex-kaiser was the one moving spirit of the war. He had made about 1,000 speeches. In those he disclosed his purpose to give Germany the position in the world anciently held by imperial Rome. He prepared for it and selected his opportunity and made the attempt and failed. We went into the war to beat that attempt. There never was a nobler cause; and the mother of the soldier boy who gave his life for it may not have her exalting consolation taken from her by shallow talk.

Indianapolis.

Louis Howland:

INTERPRETING THE SOLDIERS

In his address delivered at the Butler College commencement last week, Dr. Ernest F. Tittle, pastor of the First Methodist church at Evanston, Illinois, said:

He [the soldier boy] it is, this utterly courageous, but utterly uninformed man, who gives the war-makers their chance. They need only to coin some ringing slogan—Remember Belgium; Remember the Maine. They need only to dip their brushes in the rosy hues of idealism and paint a war poster that will appeal to his patriotism or to his chivalry. They have got him then; body and soul they have got him. He will march into the jaws of death “for little Belgium’s sake,” or “for the widows and kiddies of France,” or “to make the world safe for democracy,” or “to secure the peace and freedom of mankind,” or for any other glowing bit of idealism. After he is dead the men who were responsible for the war will explain to his broken-hearted mother that the ideals for which he thought he gave his life had no basis in fact; they were only a delusion.

Yet the British and French marveled at the crusading spirit that flamed in our soldiers, at the horror shown by many of them over the outrages on womanhood and childhood, and at the fact that they moved into battle with the words, “Remember the Lusitania” on their lips. The fact that such men as George Harvey say that it is all a lie, does not change the truth. Slogans are sometimes true, and men are sometimes led gloriously by idealism. The commencement day speaker will hardly deny the beauty, nobility and power of vicarious sacrifice—of dying for others. And there are wars that are glorious as well as wars that are shameful.

Assertions that America was drawn into the great war by the munition makers and profiteers are utterly without foundation. We went into the war because there is such a thing as idealism. It is of record that Christ himself at least once used the lash as a cleanser and purifier. Even a pacifist might be induced to defend his mother. There is such a thing as a whole people being driven into fury by cruelties practiced on helpless women and children. The pacifist quotes statistics as though he alone had any appreciation of the unspeakable suffering and the frightful losses which the World War entailed. Yet all shudder at them, and the very man who led the nation into war, and who gave the nation more than one “ringing slogan,” interpreted the war as one to end war, and strove to give reality to his vision, which is also the vision of the American people.

What an inspiring outlook on life the extract quoted above must have left in the minds of the graduates, many of whom had them-

selves seen the vision and crossed the seas to do battle with unformed sin! Those who died in France for others did not give their lives under a delusion. Nor can their mothers be made to believe that there was no idealism that justified the sacrifice. It seems further that the soldier boys were "incredibly courageous, but incredibly uninformed" as to the causes of the war or what they really fought for. It was a bold statement to make to college men who were in no position to answer back. For it was they in this country, England, France and Belgium that first took up arms. "The Spires of Oxford," the inspiration of one of the most beautiful poems of the war, stand today as monuments to gallant—and informed—young men who rushed to the defense of civilization, and who died for it.

Our own universities and colleges played a part which does them everlasting credit. All these young men knew what they were doing, and all counted the cost. Great as that cost was, it was cheap as compared with a world ground beneath the heel of Prussian militarism. There is a message which commencement orators might deliver, and that is a warning against the tide of materialism and cynicism that is now sweeping over the land. We need a corrective to such utterances as that of Ambassador Harvey, and to the views of those who talk about "America only," and exploit their patriotism by building both imaginary and real walls to shut out all ideals, and incidentally all commerce, from abroad. This country could suffer no more terrible loss than the loss of that glowing idealism that marched with its armies. The Monument that rises in the Circle is not a sham and delusion. Hope rises above the graves in France, gilds the crosses at their head, and is not buried with those who lie in them.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12:

SHALL A COLLEGE TEACH PEACE OR WAR?

The commencement address this year by Dr. Ernest F. Tittle was the most significant address that I have heard for many months. It was the most significant commencement address that I have ever heard. He talked about a vital issue in a straightforward, manly way.

This is an appreciation of the speech, not a defense. The speech needs no defense. There has been criticism, but it has been, so far as I have been able to find out, confined to a not very large minority of those present. It would be interesting to have a poll of the audience which would show what its prevailing sentiment was. Out of some fifty people whose opinions I have canvassed, I have found only three who were not in entire glad agreement with the sentiments expressed. I have heard of three others whose criticism was adverse. I have talked with half a dozen service men; they thought that the speech was a great one, and agreed with the ideas contained in it. They also tell me that their friends, who would augment the number considerably, were quite predominantly in approval of it. One man said that he had heard the opinion once expressed that the speech dealt too much with politics for the occasion, but that the ideas were true enough. I have not heard of a single service man who opposed the speech. I have talked with ten members of the graduating class who are also members of my church, and have found only one who had questions about it. That one had liked the speech while listening to it, but upon thinking about it had wondered what some of the statements meant. The fear was expressed that there might have been implications to the statements with which, if they were there, this graduate could not agree. However, this graduate agreed with the main aims of the speaker. Three of these graduates said that they each had talked with at least ten other members of the class, and that they had not found a single one who thought anything other than that it was a wonderful speech. I have talked with others of the general public who heard the address, and they use superlatives in their admiration for the speech and the speaker.

I have asked the individuals I have talked with what their families and friends thought, and I find that there is an impressive preponderance of approval for what was said. My inquiries, which would take in at least one hundred people who heard the speech, lead me to assert with confidence that fully ninety per cent of those present were in full accord with what was said, and that the percentage was larger than that in the graduating class. I should be very glad to have anyone test my results by an investigation of his own. I think that the fact is that Tittle simply said what multitudes have been thinking, and the result was that the people in general heard him gladly.

It may be worth while to call attention to the fact that Tittle had earned his right to speak on this subject. He was in the service, and under fire. He was probably there of his own volition, as he no doubt had deferred classification. He saw war at first hand. He saw those who were most deeply involved in it, and knew how they took it. He also revealed a wide study of the literature of the subject. I myself can count up no less than seventy-eight books and several times as many articles and speeches that I have read touching the subjects of war, patriotism, and modern diplomacy, and I felt quite certain that the speaker had become acquainted with at least the suggestions and facts which the literature I had seen had presented.

The speech, as I understood it, was an expression of Christian idealism. He preached unselfish internationalism as against selfish nationalism. He called attention to the sordid causes of war, particularly the economic ones, in which other nations as well as Germany had shared, though he declared that Germany had the highest degree of guilt. He pointed out the tendency to glorify and romanticize war, which tendency made use of idealistic slogans to cover over the more sordid aspects of armed conflict. He gave all honor to the sacrifices made by the men in the trenches, but deplored the way in which they were misled as to some of the powerful reasons why they were there. He asserted that we had not got the idealistic ends for which he had fought, and that now certain politicians were coolly telling the mother of the dead soldier

that "the ideals for which he thought he gave his life had no basis in fact; they were only a delusion." He compared the article in the peace treaty which declares that Germany was shorn of her armament in order to lead to a general reduction of armaments by the other powers, with the fact of the plans now under way for greatly increased armaments on the part of France, Great Britain, and the United States, and made the climactic plea that we decrease our armaments and really try to end war, which was the avowed purpose before the armistice was signed.

What facts did the speaker have wrong, or what un-American attitude did he take? Is it denied that sordid and selfish causes played a powerful part in bringing about the great conflict? If so, we invite you to study the history of the partition of Africa which began about 1870, and the consequent rivalry of England, France and Germany for land on that continent. Germany got Heligoland as the consequence of a deal with England whereby the latter got a free title to a valuable tract of territory in Africa. Study also the contest for the control of the main water trade routes of the world. Look at the struggle for the control of the Mediterranean. There lies the reason for the contest over Morocco which was the occasion for the Conference of Algeciras in 1906. There lies the reason why the principal powers each wanted a toe-hold on the southern coast of the Mediterranean. Read such a book as Chas. Seymour's *The Diplomatic Background of the War—1870-1914*. Professor Seymour went to Europe with our peace commission, and has lately been working on a book in collaboration with Colonel House. Look at H. H. Powers' *The Things Men Fight For*. One can scarcely avoid the conclusion that the matrix of the war was the commercial rivalry of the leading European Powers. And one can recognize that fact without being pro-German. Can it now be denied that all the countries had secret treaties and that the Allies made a secret treaty with Italy during the war for their mutual benefit after the war at the expense of the parties of the second part? And why would it be so terrible for a commencement speaker to criticize the Allies while we now have United States senators who are doing the same thing all the time? If the Allies

are capable of selfishness now in wanting us to form an association with them, they were capable of selfishness in 1914. Is it denied that armament makers and profiteers are not adverse to war? Have we not heard that the Krupps had some sinister influence in Germany? And as for those of our own country, take a look at the book, *Defenseless America*, by Hudson Maxim, which was sent as a gift to the students in the American universities at a time before we got into the war. It is a blatant tirade for preparation for war against invasion by "a foreign foe." And is anybody so innocent as to think that the desire of certain big business interests for oil holdings in Mexico has had nothing to do with the jingoistic attitude that has of late years shown itself periodically in this country?

Mr. George Harvey was more than half right concerning the causes of our own participation in the war. It is true that most of us from the first sympathized with the Allies, and that we were furious at Germany for the invasion of Belgium. And that fury nerved us for the war after we got into it. But the fact remains that we did not go to war until a long while after the invasion of Belgium. The fact is that we waited until we ourselves were invaded, that is, until our shipping was attacked. Then who does not remember the argument that if we did not fight then when we had help and on the other side, we should have later to fight by ourselves on our own territory, and that we must have a care since Germany was planning to subdue us and make us pay the expenses of the war. We were fortunate in having an idealistic President who refused to see the war in purely materialistic and selfish terms, and who succeeded for a time in putting his own idealism into the foreground. Senator Borah contended all the way through that we were fighting for our own interests. What has happened has been that the non-idealists kept comparatively still during the war, being content to let idealistic motives win the war, and after the armistice was signed they stepped in to take charge of the situation themselves.

There is one point on which Dr. Tittle's remarks may profit by supplementation. Some of the soldier boys do at least now know pretty well what some of the deep-seated causes of the war were. I

was talking with one man who paid quite a price for his share in the conflict, and I mentioned to him what Dr. Tittle had said regarding the economic causes of war, a guilt in which other than the Central Powers had shared, and he said, "Well, he was right, wasn't he?" It is a fair question as to whether any of us know just exactly what the war was all about. We know that in some instances we were misled by the sources of information on our own side. And one does not have to rest his case on the ludicrous performance of Mr. Creel with his delectable Fourth-of-July story. Take for instance the information regarding the loss of British shipping from the submarines. We were assured during the war that the British were well ahead of the danger line all the time. We enjoyed a great deal of laughter at the thought that the U-boats could ever starve England out. But since the war it has been allowed to be made known that the Germans did almost throttle England for quite a while before we went into the conflict. We laughed at the idea that there could be any serious resistance to the draft in this country. Yet I have it from a reliable witness who was on the ground that there was quite a serious disturbance in the eastern end of Oklahoma, and that county after county had its jail full of those who had tried to resist the draft. I have heard army men laugh about the indignities and tortures to which conscientious objectors were subjected in the army camps, but that news was not played up. I asked our boys if our troops ever did anything that our enemies could charge as inhumanity against us. They said they were not gentle, and one of them replied, "If they crucified them heads up, we crucified them heads down." Boys from my church told me that the things they were taught in the army camp made them sick at their stomachs when they first went there. But we were not nurtured on news of these things. We were told what someone else thought it was good for us to know. After these experiences, one cannot but have his confidence shaken in the sources of public information. We all know that everything could not be perfect on our side, and we should have been patriotic just the same if we had known the unpleasant facts. A solid front does not necessitate a solid head. But there might have been and

there may be yet more righteousness on at least our own side for having the facts honestly faced.

Does anyone contend that the boys have yet received the realization of the ideals they were supposed to be fighting for? Does it look as if things are going in the direction which means the end of war? Was Dr. Tittle mistaken in his statements regarding the plans for our own increased armament? Is it untrue that we are now spending four times as much on our army and navy as we spent in 1912? And why is it, if the war was fought to end war, and since the treaty which was signed by almost all the leading powers, promised a reduction of armament, that England, France, and the United States feel it necessary to spend so much now on their armies and navies? We may fairly claim that we inherited the last war and could not help the conditions, but we might as well face the fact now that we ourselves shall be responsible for the next war..

I do not know whether Dr. Tittle is a pacifist or not. He certainly was not when he was serving in the armed forces of the country. Dr. Tittle was merely preaching that we should recognize the true character of war to the end that we may prevent a repetition of what the world has already been through. There seems to be an unconscious assumption that patriotism must needs be a warlike virtue. A great deal is hung on the one action of Jesus in using a whip to drive the traders out of the temple. And *a propos* of Dr. Tittle's emphasis on the economic causes of war, notice that they who were driven out were traders. But does it seem that a whiplash in itself was sufficient to drive out such a group of men? The real power that drove them out was the moral force burning in the face and eye of Jesus. The use of force is certainly contrary to the major drift of the life and teaching of Jesus. "Resist not evil" is in the Book, and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get it out. The Christian pacifists were consistent; the rest of us compromised our Christianity to the practical exigencies of the times. Is there any record that Jesus ever used a sword? Can one imagine His taking a sword in His hand and going out to

kill? He did not allow the sword to be used even in self-defense on the night of His betrayal.

The American people, as well as all the other peoples of this troubled earth, need the gospel that Tittle preached. There has been a great recrudescence of selfish nationalism as a result of the war, and there is a tendency to forget the cause of peace. We felt during the conflict that the most urgent cause on earth was the ending of war. At the present time we are much more concerned about pleasure and material prosperity. To be sure, this last is what always happens after a war, and is a period that we shall have to live through, but that is all the more reason why we should not forget the salvation of the race from war. The glory of the unselfish dead is not and shall not be forgotten, but we shall honor them best by continuing to honor the ideal that was held before them when they went out from their homes. That ideal was the attainment of world peace; and we are only receiving our best friends when we encourage the prophets of peace.

Baccalaureate Sermon

BY REVEREND WILLIAM REMFRY-HUNT, F. R. G. S.,
NANKING, CENTRAL CHINA

Mr. President, Faculty and Students: The theme with which I essay to engage our thoughts for a brief space of time, this afternoon, might aptly be stated in these words: "The Accountability of Personality." I have chosen as the thought-texts the words found in First Corinthians, "For we are God's fellow-workers," and another creative thought in a passage in the Book of Revelation, "And I saw the Holy City coming down."

It is the glory of the age in which we live, that men's minds are illuminated with the touch and hope of a new coming social order. This is not, however, peculiar to the unique age in which we live, of which times some recent journalist, summing up the whole sit-

uation, remarked that if he had to write a resume of present history, looking backward, looking forward, looking up, or down, and out and afar, he would write its analysis in these three phrases: We live in an age when "reason is lifted," when "science is sifted," and when "revelation is shifted."

Whether or no such would really describe just the stern facts in the vista that is before us, in this wonderful age, one thing is certain, there has been a very vital problem which has been working its way up for two milleniums, and the solution to that problem is simply this, that civilization, without regeneration, has failed; that government without democraey is anarchy; that power without restraint is a travesty; and that society without God is a tragedy! That is a demonstration which surely has been made.

It seems that the history of religion and philosophy, like all other cultural arts and sciences, is the growth of a progressive revelation, and more and more we are coming to focus that great truth with the intercommunication of ideas, and with a consideration of international ideals.

A recent telegram in the press stated that the time may soon come when we will be within seven days of transit, by air, between Chicago and Tokio; that within eight days the mails will be sent from Vladivostok to Paris. We are living in an age when miracles are being enacted before our very eyes, and the hitherto impossible expressed in that one new and bewitching word "naturalness" or "normalcy." And so very natural in their unfoldings are these processes and revolutions of thought, just like God's plan of unfolding the leaves, and the regulative forces that aid the blossoming out of the bud and bloom. That is God's way of unfolding His creation. When religion learns this lesson civilization will move on, and advance apace.

Our thought-text tells us that "We are God's fellow-workers," and that He is building a City, and that this City is coming down, i. e., descending to our level of earth's needs and prayers—or, in common parlance, being built by the human and divine and we are the builders.

"All the means of action, the materials, lie everywhere about us;

what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear."

I think there is more dare and urge and intellectual adventure in the grip of these two arresting statements, made by these two masterful thinkers as the representative exponents of religion which was struggling to assert itself in the face of the organized power of the Franco-Roman world. It was a strategic hour in history. Mixed and artistic populations were in that basin of the Aegean Sea and the terrains of the Caesars. The gilded wings of Roman eagles flashed in the Syrian sun. All religions had become equally true to the people, equally false to the philosopher and equally useful to the politician.

But these apostles were linked to the Infinite. (All finest thinking is poised with its eye on God.)

The cultured forces of the ancient world were denoted in terms of power. Today Christ's message is interpreted in terms of service. That is why Jesus had to impeach the Sanhedrin of His day and of the Jewish church. Its creeds outshone its deeds, and its religion was not related to its life. The ancient world thought of God as the "burning bush" and in the acacia wood arm and solitudes of the mountains. God was remote, oceanic, far-away, where mist and myth were indistinguishable. Plato, Confucius and even on down to Huxley and Spencer men shared this befogged view.

Today we think of God in terms of identity. He is in His world, and at work. The incarnation related us to the Father anew. Some years ago I was going through one of those gorgeous Buddhist temples, resplendent in their gilded glory, in the city of Nanking, and I met a priest of Buddha-Taoistic occult faith and fraternity in the temple. He was walking with reverence, with a dignified and placid mien, as a seeker after light in the halls of the deified dead, and when I asked him his great quest, he said, "The eternal way, but unattainable!"—Like Job and Fantama and Zoroaster and others, they are feeling out after divinity and I do not know which is the more pathetic, in this sense, either ethics or religion. For ethics fulfills itself in ascent and is man reaching up; while

religion expresses itself in descent and is as if God were reaching down.

The new idealism with which life is invested in the new age surely kindles imagination in the thought of the new beginnings and fresh and new roads wherein we may walk.

So the greatest examination question ever asked in any college hall is: What is life? What shall I do with my life? What is life investment? What is the answer to these deep and ever living problems and questions in the human soul, surging like the waves of the sea, never at rest; and as one of our poets has said, "until they find and discover and recover themselves in God!"

And these are partners—these two men; and they claim partnership with deity. We hear, in these days, in our commercial life, of silent partners, of sleeping partners, but here were two men who were active partners, and they were lined up with Omnipotence, they felt it, and the message thrilled those to whom it came—this one great distinctive contribution to Christian religion; showing that God was a worker and that the divine plans were conditioned upon human activities.

It can be seen working in India, in China, in Japan, in Egypt, in the islands of the sea, and in our great American continents, and in islands that are strange in name and tongue, and clime and time, to us. It is this great thought expressed throughout the whole program of these apostles, St. John and St. Paul, that it is imperative that humanity link its life with divinity, or the day is lost.

These men had an international outlook and an international and cosmic message. In an address given recently to some university students the scholarly and world-famous Dr. Charles T. Paul, M. A., of the College of Missions, Indianapolis, said:

"The idealism of which we have spoken is international. So is Christianity. So is the coming world-order. So must be the sympathy and service of the new leaders. Before the eyes of all peoples the solidarity of the race had been established in the demonstration that no nation can live or act unto itself alone. In the fellowship of suffering, in the sacrament of death, the nations

have seen that they are brothers indeed. Their common interests symbolized and cemented by the League of Nations have drawn them together in the bonds of political compact and friendship. The fraternal intercourse of peoples was never as widespread as it is now. But there must be a better distribution of the forces that inspire and uplift, if the nations are to realize their inner unity and rise to a higher plane of civilization. Democracy cannot be safe in America until it is secured in China and Persia, in Germany and Japan; nor can it be safe anywhere unless it is Christian. So diplomats and publicists boldly proclaim. Lord Robert Cecil says, 'In the application of the principles of Christianity to international relations lies the only solution,' and Henry Watterson declares that 'the paramount issue underlying the issue of democracy is the religion of Christ, and him crucified, the bed-rock of civilization, . . . the one power that can save the world from destruction.' It is as a Christian nation that America can truly promote an enduring comity of peoples, for Christianity offers the only basis on which true internationalism can be permanently built. World unity will never be realized except through community—that spiritual brotherhood supernatural and supernatural, in which men and women of all climes and colors sit down in the Kingdom of God. The student will miss his high calling if as a Christian he fails to relate his life to the whole world situation."

On the island coast of sunny Japan there stands that immense bronze image of Diabutsu, at Kamakura. It is forty-five feet high; there it has stood for long centuries, the embodiment, the incarnation of the Buddhistic idea. Buddha is sleeping. You can go up the ladder steps and walk right into the ear of the image, Buddha; and amid such aesthetic surroundings one wonders and listens, thinking perhaps that, in converse with the devoted but deluded devotees, one might catch some new whisper, gain some new thought or hear some interpretation of the idea of the Shintoist, or the Buddhist priesthood; but they are mentally dead. Speaking with the priest he said, "God is eternally at rest—asleep."

It was seen in the pageant, the other day, at the College of

Missions. They stand at the shrine, and clap hands, saying, as they smack the hands together, "Awaken, ye gods, I would have audience with you," and Paul challenges this whole line of thought with a new and daring revelation, God is living! "We are God's fellow-workers" and "I saw the Holy City coming down."

Augustine's "Civitas Dei" is a picture of his dream of such a golden end.

Goethe says he "feels the pull of the Infinite."

Tennyson sees the pilot across the bar.

John Greenleaf Whittier sees the Messiah enthroned by the people.

Napoleon said, "I feel the Infinite within me and about my finger tips."

But these apostles of the new way were to interpret a new and vivid message to people who were in quest of the divine. They were assured. The revelation showed God sharing the builder's craft.

We have it in the first pages of our Sacred Classic—"In the beginning God created"—here is a divinity with a constructive program, so that we have no longer to think of God in that far-away, silent and inactive thought. He is working, he is helping to edit the evening papers. Current human events are in His plan. He is in the morning press; He is in those ether waves flashing over the Atlantic and the Pacific day by day; He is eurgent; He is imminent in all history. He is getting across the years with the mighty program of His great cosmic creation.

The orbs of the Heaven; the forces of the earth, the pulsations of the sea, the clouds and the winds and the ether waves that flash our messages afar, seem to act involuntarily, and unconsciously; but here is the thought, that we as sharers of the Great Plan may intelligently cooperate, and working with, may enthuse with God. Think of it! What a privilege!

And then, in the light of that thought, think of our education and training, of the illumination of our every faculty, of the investment of all these forces! A new idealism is astir. What is strength, then, if not to uplift weakness? What is light, then, if

not to shine? What is culture, then, if not to cultivate? And there we have those laws—axiomatic, philosophic, final, that read like a textbook from the laboratory. They are so exact we must either use, or lose our talents. Our blood must either circulate or our life must terminate. Our personality must either inspire or expire! There are no other alternatives. And, in the light of these facts to think that I may be linked up with God, and He waiting for me to get His great plans and purposes across!

I was once in a Chinese church, which was, aforetime, a temple, and a Chinese student came with a surprising interrogation. Oh, these eastern lands have so much to contribute to the discovering and the interpretation of this Divine Word. What do you think this question was? He said, "Do you ever pray for Jesus Christ?" I said "What?" He inquired, "Do you ever pray for Jesus Christ?" He had read a passage in the Word,, "And prayer shall be made for him continually," and when the message unfolded in his mind and heart, it was this: "Jesus Christ looked tired; He is bearing a mighty burden; I am going to help Him, and share with Him His work."

Fellow-workers with God, are we?

Caesar was a mighty soldier, but he could not do anything without the common soldier.

Michael-Angelo, that illustrious builder, could plan things which would live down the ages, but he was dependent upon the masons and the coolies.

When that bunch of Latins stood on the shores of Gibraltar and looked out over the Atlantic, one of the number cried: "Ne plus ultra"—"No farther," and for centuries that fixed the limit of adventures. The sea, the sea—was the great barrier. Seas are now roads and clouds are paths.

Columbus could never have reached his great and final discovery but for those men, cooperating with him—those men who were buried in the dark waters of the Atlantic, the untracked sea.

And so we get a thrill through us, as Ruskin says—"When I hear the rustling of the leaves of a tree, or look up at the stars, or look into the face of a child, it sends a thrill through my life."

And so shall it be with you students who go out into life! Oh, they are going to be wonderful days; "you are coming into a kingdom for such a time as this," and you are going to be the directors of history's new currents in these great creative moments: the architects of a new civilization:

"Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh."

Surely there comes a message to your hearts from this text of ours—"We are God's fellow-workers." It should ordain you as a prophet of the new morning.

But, you say, that is a common platitude; that is merely a brilliant generalization! What about getting down to actual things? As the little boy says in the workshop, "Get down to brass tacks." The poet says that "a single star sends down no light to beautify the night, but thousands of scattered stars bring out the night and make it beautiful."

One of our scientists has recently told us something new about the sun. He says that the diffusion of light in our world is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from particles in the air, from the earth itself, from forces which we cannot name, and all that is in it; and from the clouds. Otherwise we could see only the sun, and in all other directions there would be pitch blackness. But by the dispersion of light every particle becomes a minute sun, and the world is full of light, even to those who do not stand in the direct rays of the sun.

What a thought—that I may be a reflector of the very work and purpose of God!

I was once walking through a Chinese street when I met a Chinese boy. The first thing we ask in Chinese is:

"Sien Seng 'kwei sing"—"your honorable name?" I said to him, "Your name is Ling." He said, "How do you know?" And I told him that he was the exact image of his father. Wouldn't it be a great and new thing if we could be known and read of all men as speaking likenesses of Jesus Christ?

And, then alas! to be impotent—oh, think of it! Civilization

about us is moving, and an impotent religious life and a lively materialism would spell out a fatality for both. Surely there is no time in the history of the world when we really ought to "go to it" as we ought to now.

"The past is a story told,
The future may be writ in gold."

I remember an incident related of Charles Kingsley, wherein it was said that he asked his friend Turner, the great painter, "By what means did you reach that magnificent representation of the Storm at Sea, in your picture? How did you paint those awful black battalions of clouds and surging waves of the sea so real that it seemed as if you could but put your finger upon them to feel the water?" And Turner replied, "I painted that picture under the power of a great stimulus, and under a great personal experience. I went up into Holland and engaged passage on a fishing vessel, and while we were out at sea a storm came and they tied me to the mizzen mast, and my face was cut by the spray, and my hands were almost frozen, but my eyes and ears and hopes were preserved; by chemiophotic light in these lenses of the eye, I took the picture of those waves of the sea and put it in on canvas."

Doré did that, in order that he might paint his pictures and hang them in the National Gallery. Dante walked the lazarettos of Italy so that he might know life.

You can do that when you get out into social service, and study faces who walk in the factories and see people, sometimes merely designated as "hands" employed there—a thousand souls. And what an inspiring social interpretation the Christian message can offer you for the factory.

How frequently we lose sight of the fact that God has some specific thing in view in creation, and that we are in it! God has created each life as a separate entity.

Have you ever seen your double? While I was a chaplain during the war in Europe a man came up to me one morning in the camp of the White City, where we had twenty-three thousand men, and saluted and said "Good morning, Bishop!" I said to him, "What

do you take me for?" He said, "You are the Bishop of London! They printed your picture in——"

I said, "They were wrong, I am not related to the Bishop of London. He is a great English prelate." He said, "You must be—you are so like him." But there are no real duplicates in life. When God made you He broke that die; He made you with a patent mark on you, sealed, unique, original, and there is only one you, and that is the you who alone can fulfill that work and purpose which He has outlined; and woe unto you if you make a flaw in the picture that he has designed, or arrest the progress of the plan He has in operation.

Current human history is a new summons and a new challenge for Christianity to be really applied to life. Here is a channel for your life investment as jurists, editors, legislators, medical men and missionaries. For it is to the Church that governments are finally turning for hope. The church stands surely at the center of the world's education, at the center of philosophy, at the center of a new moral and spiritual socialization of humanity; in short, at the center of thinking life.

Until we realize the true end of life, and what it is for, and can answer that one supreme interrogation point in our lives, "What shall I do with my life?" we shall be living in a fool's paradise.

I told the Buddhistic priests in Central China that the world will never be built by singing prayers and chanting weird sutras of Buddhistic psalms. Never! It must be built with human hands; it must be built by cooperating and working with the Divine Father as He works in, through, by and with all the ramifications of human society.

Didn't Jesus give expression to that same idea? "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." So life is a workshop. It must turn chaos into order and the world's darkness into day.

"I see His Sun arise, new-charged with grace
Earth's tears to dry and all her woes efface!
The coming of His Perfect Day
Shall sweep the Powers of Night away."

Listen to Amiel, that keen philosopher, who said, "The test of any system, religious, philosophic or scientific, is to be found, in its final analysis, in the man that it produces."

That too was the truest soul-thirst and expression of a Hindu student recently, when he said "Oh, I don't want to come, necessarily, into your churches, I don't want primarily to sing your Te Deums, or even to attend your vespers or your matins; I don't want to come in and make these prayer recitations—I want to see a reproduction of Jesus Christ, and then I can understand your message."

And so here is the crux of this whole argument. It is the central thought—and it is this: Religion and its business is not to explain the character, or even essay to unfold the nature of the Kingdom of Heaven, or even to standardize a creed in religious thought, but it is to bring that Kingdom right down here into our very midst and translate the principles of Jesus Christ into the currents of our social life.

This thought has been expressed by Josiah G. Holland in his poem, "The National Need"—and he states the thing so clearly and strongly, that I will read the phrase to you:

"God give us men.

A time like this demands strong minds,
Great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men with opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking
or shrinking;
Men who live above the fog in private duty and in
public thinking."

There was a young medical student who graduated in one of the state universities; and a friend approached him as they were chatting together, and said to him, "Fred, what are you going to

do?" He replied: "Well, I have thought it all out. I am going into the medical profession." "Medical?" said the querist, "It is overcrowded—don't do it." But the young medical student turned to his friend, and with a light lit with a new splendor in his soul, and that do-and-dare light of youth shining out through his deep grey eyes, said, "Crowded!" "Yes," said the friend, "crowded out, no chance!" "Very well," was the reply, "I am going into it. It is up to the crowd to look after themselves!"

That is the spirit that God wants in you. It is the high spirit of courage and sacred ideals. It wins! He is counting upon you, and if you step out of line, you are lost. In the face of the world's need, life responsibilities assume the force of a great passion.

There was to be a great concert given in London by the leading artists of the Royal Albert Hall. It was a grand orchestra of some five thousand participants and, preparatory to the concert, there was a great rehearsal held. They were rendering that great masterpiece immortalized as "The Messiah" by Handel. Suddenly the commander of that great band stood there with his little white baton, leading the great orchestra, when he raised it with the signal to—Stop! and the whole orchestra stopped, and the thousands of people who were attending the rehearsal silently wondered! The leader raised his baton, whispering, Stop! and his eyes were fixed on a certain spot away over in the rear of the orchestra, as he feelingly inquired, "Where is that piccolo?" For some reason the piccolo player had stopped and the great leader soon discovered it.

And so, in the whole plan of God's purpose, if you stop, if you step out, He will miss your light, and He would say from Heaven, "Where is that man? Where is that woman?"

I believe that Jesus Christ had that most poignant thought in His mind when he spoke to his apostles. There is a blood-red circle at a certain place in my little pocket New Testament, and I shall always leave it blood red, for it is circled around a little word, a little phrase, which shall always be so marked. It is the little word "if." Jesus had gathered His twelve disciples together, every one of them a unique personality, every one of them with variable ideas of His Kingdom, and as He looked into their wondering eyes, He

said, "Oh, men, if I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." But has it been so? Other things have been lifted up indeed, art, literature, science, philosophy have been lifted up. Look at the great Milan Cathedral. See that wonderful cathedral over there in Florence. Look at the great Cathedral Notre Dame in Paris—look at those cathedrals in Moscow, Rome, London, Belgium—those great structures, for the decoration of which the glories of the world have been searched—but a mere cathedral is cold and uncanny, and will give you chills and fever if there is no light and warmth breathing out and singing forth the purpose and the mission of Jesus Christ. For the prayer of the heart must be the heart of prayer. Listen to me. A cultivated intellect, over a depraved heart is like a brilliant electric light shining over a phosphorescent graveyard.

Oh, I have seen it in Europe; you, too, know it, and you have paid the price. The cemeteries of France tell this: We have paid the enormously costly price to find out that the good of one is the good of each and all and make this great demonstration, that God must be in government, in commerce, in legislation and in the purposes of men everywhere.

If I could only get as an audience the students of America, of France, of Great Britain and of Germany, today, and if I could have a megaphone, and could in some way get the message to each heart, I would sound it out in pleading, convincing and convicting power.

"Oh, students, life is a stewardship! life is a stewardship! and to recognize that is to get the right angle of vision, for the interpretation of everything that life possesses! And aren't we glad that there is something left to do? Oh, I am so glad to be living, even after thirty-one years out in the heart of China, and doing some part in the turning of the faces of that great cultured, ancient, philosophic, strong, resolute people to the fairer mornings of a new life!

“Creation’s Lord, we give Thee thanks
That this, Thy world, is incomplete.
That battle calls our martialled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet.
That Thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still;
As friends who share the Master’s plan,
As souls who know the Father’s will.”

Horace Pitkin was one of those who knew and shared that will, and he laid down his life, a hero, not very many miles from my own mission station. He wears the decoration of the kept faith. He lived in China. He was one of God’s gentlemen. He lived and died in the aristocracy of human service.

I think of Cecil Rhodes, of Oxford University, who was told that he must get out and reoxygenate his lungs or he would die of tuberculosis.

He said, “I have faculties that you medical scientists have never seen. I will turn the unseen into the seen.” That is the language of a fellow-worker with God. So he went across the great ocean, down through the Bay of Biscay, out across the Mediterranean Sea, over the lonely Red Sea, and out and around the storm-crested, rocky coasts of South Africa, and finally reached the arid, lonesome, unkempt, untutored continent of South Africa, and he said, “I will change this.” His was the life that made two roses grow, where only one had bloomed before. One morning, with some students he went down to the waters of the great Zambesi. His lungs had healed, he had been oxygenated anew and revived with life. Cecil Rhodes, with a gleam of prophetic vision said to those students, “Boys, close your eyes. I want to tell you something.” So they shut their eyes, and then he said, “Now look twenty years ahead. Do you see? Reinforced concrete, steel, science, work, mixed with brains and blood”—and he made with his mouth the sound of the locomotive going over a bridge, over the great Zambesi, and he said, “Listen, boys, hear it; there is the train!” He was turning the unseen into the seen; he was

arresting the powers that are the undercurrent of man, he was using the forces that God gave him, and he did it. And we can do it.

And so in the light of this statement, "We are God's fellow-workers," and when we link the finite with the infinite in service you will see the City of God coming down!

Have you seen the shining City? Have you heard the angels sing? Have you looked into the eyes of men and women and children and seen God's shining City—in Indianapolis? in Chicago? in the great cities of our beloved America?

The civilization of our times cannot be wholly effective anywhere until it is effective everywhere. The argument comes right up to this present time. We must work and work together with God, with the materials that we have.

Did you read that account in the Indianapolis News, the other evening, about that little giant, a woman who discovered some special uses of the radio cures and who was entertained in Washington, in the Capitol Building; and was given a little packet containing a small particle that you could place between your lips and not notice it? Madame Curie's name will live longer than radium, but it was a half million dollars' worth of radium! And recently, in Paris, that great original French discoverer, M. Becquerel, who first discovered the force of radium, took a little bit of that new power and lectured upon it, and he compared the mysterious radiations of radium to the emanations of perfume. He said "One milligram of musk would go on giving out its scent for seven thousand years before being entirely disseminated; and with radium it would require seventy-seven thousand years before a milligram would disperse into the atmosphere through radiation.

Can the action of the mind and heart be less energetic and constant than the atoms of either musk or radium? Are they less pervasive than the atoms of musk? Are they less persistent? It is impossible to consider the intense, subtle and inexhaustible forces of matter, and then to think lightly of the action of mind and heart.

“Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls,
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years,
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.”

If the church does not arise to the occasion, if our cultured civilization does not rise to the occasion, its opportunities shall be taken away from it and given to someone else.

Lenine, in Russia, says that he believes that the power of government has been placed in the hands of the multitude, and he says he is going to put it across. And so, if the church does not rise in this day, and answer the new summons, the power will be taken from us, and put into the hands of some other force.

Finally, remember the seed-thoughts of the hour, life is a stewardship. It has never been afloat or in mid-air, or Jesus would have said so. He prayed, “Thy Kingdom Come.” He came right down; he was incarnate; he became flesh; he worked; his Father worked; He works still, and He is carrying on His program through the divinity that He has linked to your life and mine. And let us be assured of this, that our talents, and our opportunity have in it, more potency than musk, more radiating power than radium, more light than any are gleam in the universe and a light that will go deeper, higher, wider and further than the shining light of the eternal stars.

Some very effective extension of our vision would take place if we could fully appreciate the real meaning of the responsibilities which are ours by virtue of the assets of culture and knowledge we possess. For, in the final analysis, responsibility means the ability to respond. The accountability of my personality, the answer of my life are big questions. They are rimmed with fire. Are they like a flaming searchlight within your soul piercing the deeps of duty and of desire?

That divine spark in your life—the gift of intellect—is the crowning touch of God in His creation. It is the arc light of the whole superstructure of heaven and earth, and it is the asset of divinity in your life and in mine.

“Go with the spiritual life the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth;
Not for the going, the gold for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed, but for the duty to do.”

Visions*

By MARGARET ANN HUSTED, '83

Out of the depths of the ages, out of the shadows of time,
Sweet women gather round me, guests from a foreign clime;
Women who are immortal through the poet's magic power,
Whose influence ended not with life's brief hour.
They lived in our own Old England, the England of story and song,
And their hearts were true and tender, their hands were helpful
and strong.

So their names have lived in tradition, linked with the names of
men,

Our Fatherland's first heroes, who lived and labored then,
With Arthur, kingliest of kings, comes Guinevere the Fair.
Well for both had she been worthy his crown and life to share!
But the face I see is not the face of Guinevere the Queen,
But of Guinevere the Abbess, pale, patient and serene,
Yet wearing the bitter traces of years of passion and pain,
Of the sorrow and repentance that were hers—and were in vain.
Then before my tear-dimmed eyes comes a fair and flower-like face,
Cold in its matchless beauty, still in its youthful grace,

* Written for the first anniversary of the Demia Butler Literary Society, June 10, 1882.

As I stand with Lancelot, gazing upon the dead Elaine,
Ended all her hopeless loving, ended all her weary pain.
Then the loving wife and mother comes, the pearl of womanhood,
Enid, whom her husband trusted and her people named the Good.
And with these a host unnumbered, by the world almost unknown,
Living in the ancient legends and the gleemen's songs alone.
Though these are but types, examples, of the women of their age,
Theirs is still the story written e'en on History's latest page.
They are more to us than shadows, these fair women of the Past,
Round whom story and tradition, art and song, their glamour cast.
For the ties of kinship link us to the race from which they came,
Theirs and ours a common language, theirs and ours a common
 name.
And their lives are but foreshadowings, hints of what our own
 may be,
Women of a land undreamed of by our kin beyond the sea.

Could I lift today the shadows veiling all our future way,
Friends, who with me greet in gladness our first Anniversary Day,
I should find in all our future naught that women have not known,
Find no path by them untrodden, open to our feet alone.
Yet to each one who shall seek it with a steadfast heart and true,
Life will give some trust, some treasure, and an earnest work to do.
And if I could scan the future, like a slender thread of gold
I should see our faith and friendship all our lives together hold.
I should know the bonds that bound us in our happy college days
Were but loosened, never broken, though we walked in diverse
 ways.
What we were to one another we can never quite forget,
E'en when life shall near its sunset this will live in memory yet.
Time shall blot out all remembrance of our toil and grief and pain,
And of all we met together only pleasant thoughts remain.
Looking back from our first milestone, on the year's work we have
 done,
We can count up many a triumph, many a friend that we have won.
Looking bravely toward the future, trusting where we cannot see,

This I think we should remember, that we build for years to be.
We depend on one another, in our union lies our might,
In our youth and in our freedom, in our striving for the right.
All our life lies out before us, all our future ours to make,
Let no one be found unfaithful, let no one her post forsake.
And by those who shall come after us it will be proudly said,
"Lo, they builded well and wisely; let us follow where they led."
For the one who soon must leave us, one who may no longer share
All the joys of our rejoicing, all the burdens of our care,
Shall we hope a life unclouded, never touched by joy or pain,
Void of this life's deepest meaning, empty of its highest gain?
Nay, the strong hands will grow stronger with the earnest work
they do,
And the true heart with each sorrow grow more tender and more
true.
So we ask for her a long and happy earthly life,
Crowned by love and peace, and free from wearying strife.
And a trust through whose fulfillment shall her fellow-men be blest,
And at last her life-work ended, God's best gift of perfect rest.
Half in joy and half in sorrow parting words are said alway,
Joy for one who goes forth gladly, sorrow for the friends who stay.
And I like the German custom: those who part to meet again
Say what we today are saying, not farewell—"Auf Wiedersehen."
In our turn we all shall follow, for outside the great world calls
To the students, safe and happy in our Alma Mater's halls.
And the fiery hearts grow restless long before the goal is gained,
And the work outside seems greater, nobler for the ends attained.

So, each year when comes the June-time must the farewell words
be said,
And some trusty friends departing on their outward way be sped.
Year by year our roll shall lengthen, year by year our circle grow.
Some out in the world, some waiting till their turn shall come to go.
For the places we leave vacant when our college life is done,
Will be filled and others finish all the work by us begun.
They will read the books we care for, they will share the hall we
share,

They will claim the friends who love us and the honored name
we bear.

They will hold in loving reverence her whose earthly life we claim,
Gone before us, and yet living through the good done in her name.
Earnest student, loving sister, faithful friend and tender wife,
She has left for our example, comrades, no unfinished life.
And a century hence, it may be, when we sleep and are forgot,
And a later, nobler people shall be living out their lot,
That a throng of youthful students, one with us in heart and name,
On our hundredth anniversary fain a word from us would claim.
So to them, the Demia Butlers of that June-time far away,
We, their sisters, send our greeting on their Anniversary Day.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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First Vice-President, Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, '97; Second Vice-President,
Harold B. Tharp, '11; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

The Sixty-Sixth Commencement Week

The biggest college year in the history of the institution and the beautiful commencement season have closed. Old students will probably think the faculty of their days was the best that has ever been assembled. I want to express the conviction that the past year has shown that the admixture of new and older men has given us a remarkably efficient corps of teachers. Everyone, of course, missed President Howe. It was the first commencement in many years in which he was not present as the directing force. The Board of Directors authorize me to express their regret at his leaving the college. All join in commending the acting-president, Dean Putnam, who has held a steady hand and shown himself worthy of every confidence. A new president is under consideration. His duties, when he is finally chosen, will include many activities not heretofore provided for and Dean Putnam will continue as the executive officer of the educational interests of the college.

At the triennial election of the directors, commencement week, three new members were added, all former Butler students, and all devoted to the interests of this institution—Lora C. Hoss of Kokomo, Lee Burns and Henry Kahn of Indianapolis. Other alumni added to the board since the organization of the Committee of

Twenty-five are R. F. Davidson and Emsley W. Johnson. So that now a large percentage of the total of twenty-one members of the Board is from the alumni and presumably acquainted with the needs and ambitions of the institution.

Much of Dr. Tittle's commencement address has my approval. Dr. Tittle is a ready and an eloquent speaker of admirable presence. I regret that he found it necessary to speak in disparaging terms of the ignorance of our soldier boys as to the cause of the war. He could hardly have meant what he said in the sense in which it was taken, at least by many. Those more than eight hundred former Butler students who went into the war were informed as to its causes. They were not advocates of war, nor were they supporting munition makers; they had lofty ideals. The Savior himself was an idealist, and not a materialist. Probably He might have saved himself, as many a soldier boy might have done. The things He died for are things that live.

I was grateful to Dean Putnam who, in his brief remarks after the address, spoke of the high ideals that animated those of our students who went forth to war. There was nothing else they could do without surrendering their ideals. Dr. Tittle himself was in the service and must therefore be acquitted of lack of ideals. Possibly he did not know that we had recently dedicated memorial tablets to students who had died in the two great wars. We cannot believe of anyone of these that "the ideals for which he thought he gave his life had no basis in fact; they were only a delusion."

But others have spoken in this number of THE QUARTERLY on this subject and I leave it to them, conscious that the four years which the graduating class spent in this college established in the life of everyone ideals that will not be destroyed by any commencement orator or in any crisis in our country's affairs.

By the President of the Board of Directors.

Reception to the Senior Class

On Tuesday evening the Faculty Club gave a reception to the Senior Class and a few of their visiting friends, about one hundred and fifty guests. A transformation of the old gymnasium under the magic touch of Dr. W. L. Richardson and an able committee was effected by strands of electric lights, by banked palms and ferns and by the College colors in evidence.

The guests were received by Professor Johnson, president of the Club; Dean and Mrs. Putnam and Miss Graydon. Music was furnished by the Wilson Trio: Mrs. Wilson, piano; Miss Beth Wilson, '15, 'cello, and Miss India Wilson, '19, violin. Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95, also pleased the audience with her vocal numbers. Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert Schofield, '09, read several of T. W. Daley's Italian poems, to the delight of the guests. That the program was offered by alumni added to the spirit of the occasion. In every respect the evening was a success.

Class Day

This event of Commencement Week never fails to draw a large audience. Wednesday morning, notwithstanding the heat, was no exception. A crowded Chapel greeted the Seniors.

The program consisted of the usual History, Prophecy and Poem, which are elsewhere given. The Senior gavel was presented by the president to the Junior class and accepted by its president, Norman Shortridge. The outstanding number of the program was the announcement of the Senior farewell gift to its Alma Mater, being the sum of fifteen hundred ten dollars (\$1,510). This is far the largest gift given by any class and the members of 1921 deserve great praise and gratitude.

After music, a stunt presented by the Class and some closing words by Paul Draper, the audience adjourned.

Class History

By MARGARET E. BRUNER

A group of Freshmen Pilgrims stood at the entrance of Butler College, a realm unknown to any of us, but colored by dreams, hopes and fears, and full of the promise of progress. The gate opened and we entered. We do not know how we looked to the college, some of us do not like to imagine, but we do know how the college looked to us. It was one great confusion, filled with numerous new faces, new names and new places, with many opportunities for mistakes.

This year was rather a quiet one, the World War having thinned our ranks. The girls formed a patriotic league and joined the Red Cross classes. It was at this time that the famous "Knitting Song" was written by Mary O'Haver, and it was not uncommon to knit in chapel and classes. Our class organization was one of the most important steps of the year. We decided on John Wamsley for president, Rosina Kistner for vice-president, Mary Fugate for secretary, and Gib. Fuller for treasurer. The Butler Service Flag, of which we are so proud, was presented by the Sandwich Club and later carried in that famous parade in which so many of us suffered from cold and waiting. Ten-thirty classes, on chapel days, were seldom held for more than fifteen minutes, for in addition to the regular chapel speaker, there was usually a Butler soldier on leave who remembered his college days and wanted to keep us out of classes. In the spring came the coal shortage and classes were shortened proportionately. We spent much time in counting the lumps, hoping that some morning they would be all gone and we would not have any school.

To finish the year came "One Drop More." Some said it could not be done, but the boys were charming as chorus girls, especially Joe Buek as leading lady, and it was a huge success.

It was a year full of surprises and joys, full of mistakes and failures, but at the end of it we were quite different from the band of pilgrims which entered on the opening day.

We returned after our first summer vacation with a glorious

feeling of belonging to the place and of having some share in it and responsibility to it. We were no longer Freshmen and therefore no one paid much attention to us, but we paid an enormous amount of attention to ourselves. Registration day in September was followed by another in October, accompanied by a complete rearrangement of the school schedule. During the intervening time school was dismissed because of the "flu," when we all had to wear masks.

This year we also experienced the beginning of the S. A. T. C., in preparation for which two barracks and a mess hall were constructed. All was excitement. When retreat sounded, curiosity and interest in the boys themselves, summoned the residents of Irvington, each desiring to witness the ceremony. With the signing of the armistice the town went wild, no less than the S. A. T. C. boys, who felt that there was an end to their army life. We celebrated with a special chapel, when our French girls, of that year, sang the "Marseillaise."

The very successful production of "Green Stockings" was the last thing of note before commencement.

Our Junior year felt the after-effects of the war. Registration was closed early on account of the overcrowding of the classes. All student activities were seething with new ideas which prophesied a new, a more progressive and democratic school.

For our class officers we elected Jim Shockley for president, Gertrude Hunter for vice-president, Cleon Headrick for secretary, and Melvin Masters for treasurer. As it was our lot to have charge of "Clean-up Day," Jim was kept busy making preparations. It tried to rain in the morning, but was not successful, and later the day turned out bright and everyone had a good time and plenty to eat.

Athletics, though largely unsuccessful, were fought with a splendid spirit of sportsmanship, the football team receiving the name of the "Martyr Team," having won no games, but fighting to the end. When "Pat" Page was engaged as athletic coach, a real opportunity for celebration was given the students, and certain street car conductors, high school teachers and policemen will affirm the students made good use of it.

We had the rare addition to our class of two French girls. One has since fallen a victim to the arrows of Dan Cupid, but the other, Valentine Tonone, has remained to graduate with us.

With the prospect of graduation at the end of our Senior year, we looked steadily into the future.

We were thrilled by the athletic victories of the different teams, which won the I. C. A. L. titles in football, basket ball and tennis. Everyone and everything has the spirit of a "Bigger Butler!"

In the spring the Dramatic Club presented "Passing of the Third Floor Back," our class being represented by Wayne Harryman in the part of the Jew.

Two days long to be remembered are October 23rd, recognized by all Butlerites as "Homecoming Day," and May 17th, when the Japs showed us how to play baseball.

Under the guidance of our class officers we have had the best year of all. Our first appearance as a class was in our corduroys and last, but not least, our caps and gowns. We were quite self-sufficient, as Senior classes are wont to be, and we hated our caps and gowns out loud, but adored them in secret. And now at the end, we march out into the world, prepared to travel different paths, but united by the spirit of the class and the ideals learned at Butler.

Class Prophecy

By SARAH E. BIRK

"Mrs. Tend?" inquired the young woman of about twenty-six years of age of an elderly lady dressed in black with the exception of a white silk apron and a lace cap.

"Yes, dearie, and you want me to tell you about your old classmates at Butler. You all graduated five long years ago. Is it possible? There, make a wish, turn this coffee cup three times and pour the coffee into the saucer. My, the coffee grounds show a cup brimming full of journeys made by your classmates all over the

world. I see a group in the land of pagodas and rice. It must be a convention."

"A Student Volunteer Conference."

"I hear the names Virginia and Louise."

"Virginia Young and Louise Cory, but what are they doing?"

"Louise is at the head of a large mission school. Virginia is teaching, too, and has one class of Chinese College students reading 'The Ring and The Book.'"

"Browning!"

"I see Dr. Peterson and a nurse, Miss Riley, in a hospital. Grace has just received a call to go to India. Then there is Mrs. Athern from Africa."

"Oh, yes, Eva Havens."

"Two parties, one of French and the other American, have met at Bordeaux. Mlle. Tonone and her party are leaving to visit the States. Those in France are intending to tour on bicycles. A young and very fair and rather plump Butler girl of your class is their guide."

"That must be Allegra Stewart."

"They are traveling south to meet a Mrs. Brown and her party in Rome."

"Is there anyone I know in her party?"

"Two young ladies, Emma and Grace, are studying there. Elsa, too, and a dentist are with Mrs. Brown."

"Emma Bond and Grace Buchanan, the Latin star, and Elsa Smelcer. Elsa was always fond of the dentals when we were in College."

"Again I see the letters G-I-B in the cup."

"Gib Fuller, but where's Marjorie?"

"They are journeying toward Russia on their honeymoon."

"To visit Gib's brother, a banker there."

"There seems to be one missing of whom they often talk."

"That must be Mel Masters you refer to. The three were inseparable during our Senior year at Butler."

"The world-known Olympic games are to be held and the European touring parties are planning to witness the participation of the all-American trotter, Hill."

"Herbert E. Hill. But isn't Paul Draper, who used to rise at three in the morning during our Freshman year and run around the Irwin Field, there?"

"No, there is but the one Butler man. I see a young man traveling to South America to serve in the diplomatic corps. He and his secretary are Butler graduates, Newell Hall and Esther Renfrew. Turn the coffee grounds again. The names Jim, Rosy, Ralph, Albert, come to me."

"Jim Shockley."

"Jim is very proud and elated over the fact that his boys at Connersville won the state athletic high school championship."

"Rosalie Deardorff. We always called her Rosy."

"Rosy is physical director of the girls at Connersville. It is lovely two former classmates are located together. Ralph Austin has made a name for himself and for Butler. He succeeded Donn Roberts as mayor of Terre Haute and is making great reforms. They say he is in line for the next governor of Indiana. Now Albert Coil and his wife have moved to Chicago, where Mr. Coil is teaching in the University of Chicago High School and making progress along educational lines. Another one of your classmates has risen to the position of principal of the Crawfordsville High School, a Cleon Headrick. She is conveniently located to Wabash College, where Ruth Schooler is surrounded by the students.

"Surrounded by the men!"

"Oh, she is managing the campus cafeteria. Did one of your classmates, a girl, play the violin?"

"Yes, Betty Canfield."

"The name does not come to me, but I see her standing beside the Edison listening to her latest record, a new Butler song, 'Our Alma Mater,' a composition of the Riley twins. The picture of a young girl working in a large laboratory with chemicals. It resembles those in Washington. The name Gate comes to me."

"Gate, Oh yes, Mary Fugate."

"Now, dearie, are there some you would like to mention to refresh my memory?"

"Yes, Libbie Abson and the Fikes."

"Libbie and the twins," rubbing her hand over her forehead. "Eliza is Miss Jane Addams' director of children at Hull House, and Libbie has recently gone there, too. But Elizabeth—why, she is chief of policewomen in Indianapolis."

"But what's become of Melvin Masters and Louise Clark and Mrs. Twineham and the literary geniuses of our class?"

"Mrs. Twineham is dean of girls at Tech, where her husband teaches. Louise—Louise Clark has settled West, Singleton. Mr. Masters is directing Marjorie Fisher in the Famous Butler Star Players' Company in California. The scenario seems to have been written by a certain Margaret Bruner."

"Professor Bruner's daughter, our class historian."

"Yes, now I see your distinguished classmates who have achieved success as writers. There is a young man in a New York office surrounded by piles of manuscripts. The magazine is the *Cosmopolitan* and *A Guide to Playing the 'Cello*."

"Oh, that's DeForest O'Dell, I'm sure."

"In an adjoining office sits a young lady penning poetry. The name comes to me as Hawkins—Martie—writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*. I see aeroplanes—ships being constructed. Katharine Mead's interests are in Illinois. Eleanor Polleek has taken a Master's degree at N. A. C. A. at Langley Field, Virginia."

"Do tell me what's become of Frances Weaver, who headed the Honor Roll when we were in College."

"She hasn't accomplished much in the scholastic line since leaving College. Those 'special deliveries' and boxes of roses which used to come to her at the Dorm account for that."

"I heard that Dorothy Forsyth, Mary Henderson and Marie Thale have a splendid girls' camp and fresh air school, and are doing wonders."

"Your class was a remarkable one. Now make your third and last wish and turn the coffee cup. There, I might have known you wished to see the new Butler at Fairview. Let us make a little trip there in our imagination. As you alight from the car there is the Administration building, and no Stanley behind the bars, but Chester Barney."

"I knew Chet couldn't stay away from Butler even when he went to Indiana."

"The broad building in the distance, secluded in the quiet neck of the woods is the Hall Building. Your classmate, Florence Buenting, is the librarian. See, there she is conversing with the assistant professor, Pearl Wildasin, of the Biology Department, and Professor MacDonald, recent Ph.D. of Columbia University."

"Isn't Frieda Steinmann assisting Professor Jordan in Philosophy?"

"Steinmann—Steinmann. I can only see the name Frieda Robinson in the cup. She must have changed her name soon after graduation. She is assistant editor of her husband's paper in Columbus. Helen Mae is the only one in the Philosophy Department. Look at that beautiful large beech tree with the students clustering in groups around it. It seems to be the most popular spot on the Campus. There is a silver engraved plate on its trunk bearing the words 'The Clock.' How strange! Such an inscription! Do look at the campus cafeteria east of the winding drive. You cannot mistake that building. There is a Hammond's Ice Cream truck unloading."

"Hammond's? Gertrude Hunter Hammond."

"I see the managers of the place, Marjorie Trask and Gladys Wamsley are taking in the money, while Cotton is platting some new real estate addition."

"An English professor is entering the door, smoking."

"Smoking? Why, that is inconceivable on the campus; and unforgivable, too."

"The girls, your former classmates, greet him as old Strick."

"That must be Wyatt Strickler, who used to make himself so comfortable beside the radiator in Professor Harrison's room."

"Now, let us cross the new suspension bridge, the gift of last year's class. Isn't that a spectacle! The girls, in training for the Butler-Vassar canoe race, are lifting their canoes from the canal under the direction of one they call Upde."

"Why, it's Martha Updegraffe!"

"Look at the new Butler stadium, just completed, far excelling

Ohio State's. And there is Pat engaged in a conversation with Dr. Cavins."

"Alex—successor to Dr. Kelly."

"And his business manager; but Esther Goff is domestic manager, who looks after both creditably."

"We have not yet seen the Law School or the Chapel."

"The Law School, with Dean Chalmers McGaughey at its head, is located south of the Administration Building. Here is the Chapel, of Gothic architecture, on the highest hill. The students are now assembling. Dr. Melvyn Thompson, dean of the School of Theology, has charge of the exercises today. He is announcing a recital open to the students of the College by Mischa Elman, accompanied by your own Helen Smith. The beautiful new organ is the gift of the editor of The Indianapolis Times, Wayne Harryman. The organist, Virginia Brackett Green, is playing 'In the Galleries of Memory,' and the hills resound the echoes."

"Mrs. Tend, you haven't told me what has become of Paul Draper."

"Oh, Paul is making good, as you all knew he would. He is preparing a medical paper to be read in London before a distinguished assembly of medical men. He has been studying abroad. I want you to warn Paul not to fall asleep the night he reads his paper as he did one night at Butler. No one will accept his apologies this time.—My vision has become cloudy and blurred."

"I know you must be tired. I must go."

"Yes, but come back soon that I may tell you more of your mates of the class of 1921."

Class Poem

FOUR YEARS

By HELEN MACDONALD

Four years! They seemed an endless age,
With tests and lectures for our gauge,
So filled with countless tasks ahead,
So many books that must be read;
 And though we tried
To think of all the mystery
Of future college history,
 We sometimes sighed.
Four years!—we looked ahead.

Four years? Why 'twas but yesterday,
So pleasantly they've slipped away.
Associations, friendships dear,
And broadening outlook with each year.
 Would they might last!
We made our conquests, one by one,
A little while, and it was done,
 And now they're past—
Four years! That's looking back.

Reunions

The Philokurian Literary Society held its annual reunion in the campus cafeteria on Monday evening, June 14. James Shockley, president of the society, presided as toastmaster. The feature of the program was a speech by James Spiers McCallum, '87, of Seattle, Washington. He spoke of the early days of Philo and of his connection with the society. Impromptu talks were made by Howard Howe, Howard Bates, Miss Helen MacDonald, Russell Richardson, Donald McGavran. At the last meeting of the society, held June 2, the following officers were elected: George Goodnight, president; Miss Agnes Padou, vice-president; Miss Mary Graydon Payne, secretary; Edward McGavran, treasurer.

The spirit which brought together so many of the class of '84, thirty-seven years after its graduation, was delightful and permeated the whole week. Its reunion partook of a picnic supper together on the campus on Alumni Day, attending the Commencement exercises in a body the day following and being invited to join the processional that morning, and the meeting with Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke for luncheon and a business meeting following, and dinner with Mr. and Mrs. William C. Smith as a windup on Monday evening, the 21st. That is, the five members who succeeded in getting here did these things. They were Mrs. May Dailey Morgan of Nashville, Tennessee; Rev. Robert Sellers of Peru, Indiana; William Wallace Knapp, William C. Smith and Mrs. Clarke of Indianapolis.

As the only member resident in Irvington, Mrs. Clarke took the lead in issuing invitations to the surviving members early in March, and it was hoped that it might be possible to assemble all of them. The class of '84 numbered eighteen, four of whom were yet in their teens. We have considered ourselves the largest class graduated up to that time, but I observe that the class of '79 is said to have had nineteen members. Exactly half of the class of '84 have passed on, as follows: John F. Stone (an Indiana boy, I think), John B. Kuhns, Elmer I. Phillips and Albert M. Chamberlain, all of Pennsylvania; Martha McClure of Kentucky, Mary L. Laughlin, Frances Husted Barr and John McKee, all of Indiana, and Lute C.

Breeden of Illinois. The survivors who could not be present at the reunion are Mrs. Mattie Wade Parks of Weatherford, Oklahoma; Rev. J. H. O. Smith of Pittsburg, Kansas; Lot D. Guffin of Indianapolis, detained by illness, and Sherman T. Burgess of Madison, Wisconsin, who expected to be with us up to a few days before the reunion.

At the meeting at Mrs. Clarke's it was voted to have the class picture framed and presented to the College, to start a "round robin," to communicate to Mrs. Clarke, class secretary, any news of interest regarding class members, and to meet for their fortieth anniversary in 1924, making every effort to have full attendance at that time; also, to invite the classes of '83 and '85 to meet with them on that occasion. Mrs. Morgan was elected class president.

At the Alumni meeting in the College chapel following the picnic supper each member of the class spoke briefly, expressing pleasure in being together again, amid familiar scenes, and abiding interest in Butler. The reunion was a joyous occasion despite the fact that so many were missing.

A member of the class of '83, Milton O. Naramore, of Chicago, was invited to join with the '84's in their celebration, and at the picnic Professor Scot Butler and Professor Demarchus Brown, the only members of the faculty of 1884 who still survive, were guests, together with Mrs. Butler and Miss Mina Merrill, sister of Miss Catharine Merrill, who filled the chair of English Literature during their student days.

Mrs. Mattie Wade Parks is the wife of Professor W. B. Parks of the Oklahoma State Normal College; they have four children, two sons in this year's senior class at the Oklahoma State University, a daughter who is a junior in the State Normal, and another daughter still in high school.

Mrs. May Dailey Morgan and her husband, the Rev. Carey E. Morgan, of the class of '83, have two sons, a daughter and a granddaughter.

Sherman T. Burgess and his wife have three daughters, one married and one to be married on July 9. Mr. Burgess is with the Gisholt Machine Manufacturing Company.

Rev. Robert Sellers and his wife (Etta Morgan, of the class of

'85) are the parents of two sons and a daughter and the grandparents of five children.

William Wallace Knapp and wife have three sons and two daughters, the oldest, Allen Benton Knapp, being fifteen. Mr. Knapp is in the abstract business, which he entered soon after graduating.

William C. Smith is president of the Marion County Construction Company.

J. H. O. Smith is pastor of the Christian Church in Pittsburg, Kansas.

Lot D. Guffin, the bachelor of the class, is secretary-treasurer of the Martin-Parry Construction Company, and resides at the Columbia Club in Indianapolis.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

Secretary of Class.

The class of '08 held its annual breakfast in Ellenberger woods on Wednesday morning, the 15th. There were present seven members, including a member of the class of '33 and one of the class of '39, namely, Andrew and Jane Wallace, the children of Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace. In addition were to be seen Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, Mrs. Daisy MacGowan Turner, Miss Gretchen Scotten, Miss Bessie Powers.

The interest of this always pleasant meeting was increased by the reading of letters from two members who have not in the past been able to join their class for this early morning reunion.

Benjamin Smith wrote: "There is not much to say concerning myself. You will remember that in 1908 I was small of stature, quiet generally and reserved—spasmodically volcanic. I am still the same. I live in the best city in the West, am pastor of the best church in California North, have just completed the most up-to-date church building on the Pacific coast, and have raised \$125,000 to pay for it. Besides, I am married and have three children. 'Do good and be happy,' is my motto.

"Yes, I think of Butler College. Who wouldn't? My love! I have dreamed of her. She has been a cloud by day, a fire by night. Inspired me all these years. Let me forget to die rather than forget Butler.

Most graciously,

"BENJAMIN SMITH,

"309 South School Street, Lodi, California."

Joshua C. Witt wrote: "Yes, I often think of our class, and especially of that annual breakfast. I wish I might be there. I have never been in Indianapolis at Commencement since 1908.

" . . . My favorite study at Butler was chemistry and I have been studying and working with it directly and indirectly ever since, though for some time engineering has shared my affection. I received my Bachelor of Science degree at the University of Chicago in 1908 along with some other members of our Butler class. During the next two years I did some work in mechanical engineering at Armour Institute. In 1911 the company with which I was connected placed me in charge of its laboratories at Pittsburgh. I remained there four years, at the same time doing graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh. The University authorities neglected to put one of their Ph.D. degrees in the office safe one night and I was lucky enough to get away with it and at the same time with an appointment to the Bureau of Science in Manila.

"At the Bureau I was placed in charge of one of the sections and given an opportunity to specialize in research along chemical lines—especially cement and ceramics. Later, the Bureau transferred me to a cement plant as technical director. I enjoyed my stay in the tropics and the opportunity to see a bit of China and Japan, but did not want to spend the remainder of my life there; so, here I am back in Chicago in charge of chemical research for the Portland Cement Association. This is the national organization of about eighty cement companies.

"I am sorry I cannot add anything to the war record of the class. I passed an examination for a commission in the engineering corps and was recommended for a captaincy. Due to the fact, however, that the papers were mislaid in the rush at Washington, the matter was delayed and I was expecting the appointment daily at the time the armistice was signed. A friend of mine who was expecting a commission at the same time even went so far as to order his uniforms a day or two before the armistice was signed and then cancelled the order before the suits were cut. I served in a consulting capacity with Chemical Warfare Service in Manila in the work of preparing cocoanut charcoal for gas masks.

"I almost forgot to add (but do not tell her!) that one of the Chicago co-eds in the class of '08 consented to marry me and we have lived happily every since.

"With kindest regards to all the '08-ers, I remain

"Sincerely yours,

"J. C. WITT,

"1951 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois."

The class of 1916 observed its fifth anniversary of graduation by forming one of the groups at the alumni supper. There were ten present: Mrs. Amy Banes Groom, Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis, Mrs. Louise Hughel Payne, Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, Miss Vera Koehring, Miss Elavina Stammel, Francis W. Payne, Stanley Sellick, J. T. C. McCallum, Louis N. Kirkhoff. Francis W. Payne was re-elected president, Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis was elected secretary. It was decided to have a meeting during the year.

Alumni Supper

At five o'clock the alumni began to gather on the green east of the main building. As has been the custom for three years the supper was picnic in form. Laden baskets were brought by everybody, while the committee in charge (the Butler Alumnae Club with Margaret K. Duden, '11, as chairman) provided coffee and ice cream. The classes were well represented from 1856 to 1921, and a pretty picture was that of groups of classes and friends happy in their reunions. The class of '84 was conspicuous in its merriment, having for its guests Professor and Mrs. Scot Butler, Professor D. C. Brown and Miss Mina Merrill. The class of '21 formed a large and beautiful group. Mrs. H. U. Brown and daughters, and Miss Katharine and Miss Ellen Graydon formed another group, having for their guests Mrs. A. B. Philputt, Mr. and Mrs. Lora Hoss of Kokomo, Mr. and Mrs. Colin King and daughter, Mr. and Mrs.

Josephus Peasley and granddaughter of Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Johnson, Mr. J. W. Atherton, and others. The Friendship Circle formed another group. Classes were formed into other groups. The presence of Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson, '56, added greatly to the pleasure of all.

As the shadows began to fall the company adjourned to the Chapel, where the business meeting was held and the program was given, with Stanley Sellick, '16, presiding, in the absence of the president and the two vice-presidents. The class of 1921 grouped about the piano led the singing of college songs.

Having called the meeting to order, Mr. Sellick said:

"Mr. Robert A. Bull of Pennsylvania, president of the Alumni Association, we regret very much to announce, cannot be with us this evening. Our first vice-president, Judge Vincent G. Clifford, died in the winter; our second vice-president, Miss Anna Murphy, has moved to California. So the other two officers, the secretary and treasurer, are assuming the responsibility of presiding. If you will bear with us, we will do what we can to make this meeting a pleasant one. The secretary has a communication which she will read."

On June 8, Mr. Bull wrote, in part:

"I will appreciate your expressing the very sincere regret that Mrs. Bull and I feel in our inability to be on hand and greet our many old friends. We would particularly like to get first-hand information concerning the prospects for the growth and development of Butler, having a very keen interest in this matter.

"Please say to all members of the class of '97 that you see that I intend to do my part to bring about a rousing reunion of that class for next year, which will be the 25th anniversary. If letter paper and postage stamps can accomplish this result, it will be achieved.

"Those of us who have gone out from Butler to pursue our vocations along purely commercial or industrial lines probably need the stimulus of a visit to the campus more than do those who pursue different vocations. It is always an inspiration to me to get the wholesome effect of contact with Butler people and activities.

My career since leaving college has been a somewhat strenuous one, causing me to wander far at times. And perhaps that is one reason why I particularly value my occasional visits to the College. Feeling as I do, you must know that I would be there this year if it were practicable."

This morning were received the following two messages:

"Sincerely regret my inability to be present at the alumni gathering. Hearty greeting to all. Best wishes for the old school. Congratulations to the class of '21. Watch for the smoke of '97 next year.

ROBERT A. BULL, '97."

"Mrs. Wiley and I regret exceedingly our inability to be present at the annual picnic supper of the dear old Butler Alumni on Wednesday. We shall certainly miss much by our absence during Commencement week. With best wishes to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. H. WILEY, '64."

Mr. SELICK: Some of you, and I hope all of you, have received the last edition, an extra, of the QUARTERLY, which contains a transcript of the services held in this room on May 29th when that tablet and picture (pointing to the wall) were presented by some of the alumni to the College; also, what information could be collected concerning those young men who were killed or who died in the Civil War. I think few of you have any conception of the labor Miss Graydon put into that deed: the writing all over the country for facts concerning those men, the failure of people to respond, the disappointment in the alumni's lack of interest in the scheme to the extent of contributing one dollar, notwithstanding her pushing steadily on and carrying out the plan of placing on these walls what is so beautiful and honorable for the College. The Secretary will now read her report:

Secretary's Report

There has been no official or social meeting of the Alumni Association since last June, although many of the Alumni as individuals gathered in February at the Founder's Day dinner. The work undertaken has lain chiefly in the hands of the Secretary. She has issued every three months the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY, whose object is to carry to the alumni reports of the happenings about the College and news of the scattered alumni as it can be obtained. The action of the Association last June in raising the subscription price to \$3.00, though it kept the income about as heretofore, decreased the subscribing list. The QUARTERLY is not for the few willing to pay the price necessary for the upkeep of the paper, but for every graduate who has gone out of the institution, and it is hoped the price may in some way be lessened and in some way every alumnus may wish to take this news organ of the Association.

A call has gone forth through the pages of the QUARTERLY and through individual letters to present to the College a bronze tablet memorial to those students who fell in the Civil War. You all know about it, some of you have contributed to it. There it is. A more beautiful possession the College does not hold than that noble sentiment phrased, as no other could phrase it, by Professor Scot Butler. Thirteen names are on it. Every effort was made to secure the correct list of those who gave their lives in the Civil War through pages of the QUARTERLY and through personal letters. Not a suggestion was made in reply. When publicity was given to the completed tablet, five names which should have been there were sent in. It is a matter of deep regret. They are the names of Thomas C. Challen, Albert J. Danforth, Jr., George J. Frenyear, Rufus Harper, George P. Vance. On Sunday afternoon, May 29th, in this Chapel, memorial services were held when the tablet was presented to the College authorities. Those on the program were, in the main, alumni of the old University. They were: Major W. W. Daugherty, '61; John H. Holliday, ex-'63; John W. Elstun, ex-; Scot Butler, '68; Hilton U. Brown, '80.

An extra issue of the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY containing all the services and what information could be gathered concerning those young heroes has been sent. Copies may be obtained from me.

The cost of the tablet was \$610.00. The picture, \$73.50. There were a few other incidental expenses. To meet the expense, seventy-five alumni contributed \$1.00; five gave \$2.00; two gave \$5.00; nine, \$10.00; one, \$20.00; three, \$25.00. This, with the addition of \$200.00 remaining from the gift to the tablet memorial to those who fell in the Great War, brought the contribution to \$472.00. There is a deficit of about \$240.000. If there be anyone here tonight who cares to help make up this amount—anyone who has not contributed or anyone who cares to increase his contribution, it will be gratefully received by the secretary.

At the June meeting, 1918, the list of alumni and students then known to be serving in the War—forty of them—was read by Mr. Hilton U. Brown. Mr. Brown then moved that a War Service Record of Butler men be prepared. Dean Putnam urged the desirability of carrying out this proposal. The chair appointed the Alumni Secretary to take up the work. To this sacred task the secretary has devoted two and one-half years. The record is a noble record. The information gathered has been divided thus:

Chapter I. Butler College in Wartime, giving account of the connection of the College with the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, but especially with the World War.

Chapter II. The War as Seen Through the Letters, Diaries, Talks, of the Butler Soldier-Students who participated in it.

Chapter III. Our Heroic Dead, giving a sketch of each of the eighteen who fell in action, or in camp, or who have died since from direct effects of the war.

Chapter IV. The Service Record of Butler Men, giving the full military history of those men—about 800.

Chapter V. The Student Army Training Corps, giving the story of this enterprise as it concerned our College, and the names of those who enlisted, and some of the service of that great day, October 1, 1918, when, under the flag below, 264 boys swore allegiance to their land.

The Association voted to have this work done. Now the secretary asks what the Association wishes done with the work which will be completed by the close of the vacation.

The necrology of the year is:

Rev. James H. McCollough, '65, September 15, 1920, at San Jose, California.

Eva M. Lonnes, '08, December 12, 1920, Indianapolis.

Rev. Lindsay Thomas VanCleave, December 15, 1920, Atlanta, Indiana.

Rev. J. V. Coombs, December 19, 1920, Bedford, Indiana.

Monta Anderson, '10, January 29, 1921, Indianapolis.

Judge Vincent G. Clifford, '79, March 11, 1921, Indianapolis.

Rev. John McKee, '84, May 22, 1920, Liberty, Indiana.

Dr. Charles H. Parsons, March 5, 1921, Rushville, Indiana.

Walter H. Shortridge, March 1, 1921, Indianapolis.

W. W. Woollen, March 26, 1921, Indianapolis.

Percy F. Goe, May 9, 1921, Indianapolis.

Gail Barr, '17, May 16, 1921, Indianapolis.

Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee, '12, May 28, 1921, Los Angeles, California.

Professor Alfred Fairhurst, '66, May 31, Lexington, Kentucky.

W. R. Jewell, '72, June 2, 1921, Danville, Illinois.

Jasper T. Moses, '03, Mexico City, Mexico.

Jacob T. Lockhart, '59, August 29, 1919.

W. S. Major, '58, April, 1917, Chicago, Illinois.

We are to take into our numbers this evening the Class of 1921, fifty-six young men and women of no mean calibre. The Association may well look to them for the privilege of furthering the large interests of the College. They have been as students loyal and dear, and we bespeak of them as they leave us tomorrow to hold their alumna relations just as loyal and just as dear.

It has been a great pleasure to have in our midst for this occasion so many of the alumni from out of town and especially of those from distant classes. The Association values you and hopes you will more often visit the campus. It welcomes you, Mr. Pleak, '77, Mr. Peasley, '79, Mr. King, '81, Mr. Naramore, '83, the class of '84, and all of more recent times. You unite us with a past treas-

ured by some of us, esteemed by all of us. Here's to you, and to those whose faces seem to shine down upon us tonight from these walls, and to that innumerable throng who made our College days beautiful!

Respectfully submitted,

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON,
Secretary of the Alumni Association.

Report of Treasurer

RECEIPTS

Balance carried over June 16, 1920	\$16.52
Receipts, June 16, 1920-June 15, 1921	565.25
Total Receipts	\$581.77

EXPENDITURES

For printing, year 1920-21	395.95
Balance carried over	\$185.82

Respectfully submitted,

STANLEY SELICK, Treasurer.

Report of Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee, after consideration, recommends that the following persons be elected to the offices designated:

President, William C. Smith, '84.

First Vice-President, Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, '97.

Second Vice-President, Harold B. Tharp, '11.

Secretary, Miss Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES O. LEE, '09, Chairman,
MRS. EVELYN JEFFRIES KING, '91,
MISS CORINNE WELLING, '12.

The class of 1921, of fifty-six members, was voted into membership of the Association. In behalf of the class Paul Arbuckle Draper said:

Mr. Chairman and Alumni of Butler College, it gives me great pleasure, indeed, to accept and acknowledge in behalf of the class of 1921, the reception you have just given us to the Butler College Alumni Association. We know that it is a great thing to be an alumnus of Butler College. For four years we have been studying here and always looking ahead to the time when we would graduate and become alumni. Next to the actual receipt of the diploma tomorrow, this will be the most treasured moment of our lives at Butler. To become alumni of Butler should be the aim of every Butlerite and Butlerette. There are three reasons why a person should be proud to belong to Butler: 1. What the world needs today is the real man, and he should be especially proud that he has attended here and received a degree at Butler. We have had high ideals presented to us before from this platform, and we feel a high degree of gratitude for that. 2. The service that we can render to our fellowmen, when we enter into our life's work, is one that we can all look forward to with much interest. 3. As alumni of Butler College we hope to contribute to the future growth of this institution.

I had a dream the other night that in 1941 I was visiting Butler in its new site and some fellow was showing me around. He said: "This is the Zoology building, this the new Chemistry and this the new Botany." "What is that building over there?" said I. "Well," said he, "I don't know, I have only been here three years. I am only a junior and haven't had a chance to visit all the buildings yet." We hope that dream will come true.

There may be obstacles in our pathways. Some may be going to the university to prepare further, and some have already taken permanent steps in household work, but whatever our work, we will all look forward to the time when we can put our best effort into it. As in the words of Tennyson:

“Dip down upon the northern shore,
Oh sweet New Year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

“What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days—
Or sadness in the summer moons?

“Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell’s darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums dropping worlds of fire.

“O thou, New Year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.”

The roll by classes was next called, the largest representation being that of 1917, of which ten members rose, and of 1921, there being fifty present.

The chairman then called upon Mr. Josephus Peasley, '79, of Des Moines, to say a few words.

Mr. Peasley told of his early life in England, his lack of educational advantages, his falling in with Rev. W. F. Black, then president of North Western Christian University, who helped him to enter, though he had never attended any preparatory school. He said he owed a great deal to Miss Catharine Merrill in the way of help and inspiration. He paid a grateful tribute to the old school. Mr. Peasley said there are three things which enter into the making of a man: Heredity, environment, initiative; that he owed almost everything to the power of initiative, that his greatest joy had been in achievement. He would rather achieve than have all the money in the world. He compared his graduating class of nineteen mem-

bers with that of the present year when sixty were to receive their diplomas, and commented upon the great strides made in education.

Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke introduced the class of '84, saying that the class of 1884 had among it four students who were still in their teens when they graduated, and that three of them were present—Will Smith, May D. Morgan and herself. Albert M. Chamberlain was the other, but he is not living. They would have had a very young average but for the fact that they had one member—Sherman T. Burgess, of Madison, Wisconsin—who was older. Mr. Burgess was nephew of the president of the college.

Of the eighteen who graduated with this class, nine of them are here no longer. They are:

John F. Stone.

Elmer Phillips.

John B. Kuhns.

Mary Laughlin.

Frances E. Husted (Mrs. Barr).

Mattie McClure.

Lewis C. Breeden.

John McKee.

A. M. Chamberlain.

These members we hold in reverent remembrance. Of the other nine, four were not able to be here this evening. They are:

Mattie Wade Parks, Weatherford, Oklahoma.

Lot D. Guffin, Indianapolis.

J. H. O. Smith, Kansas.

Sherman T. Burgess, Madison, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Clark introduced the belle of the class of '84—Mrs. May Dailey Morgan. Mrs. Morgan married a member of the class of '83.

Mrs. Morgan said she was a preacher's wife, but that she wouldn't burden us with a dignified or religious talk. She said she hadn't attended a Commencement since her son was six months old. That they had an old organ then and as soon as that organ started to play, he started to howl, and that was her last Commencement until now. Mrs. Morgan told of one of her Sunday School

classes helping to educate young men. She is trying to organize a society which would be for the education of young men who have no other means of paying their way, and to name it the Lofton Educational Memorial Fund.

Mr. Robert Sellers, a minister at Peru, Indiana, said this was his first return since he left old Butler thirty-seven years ago, but that he wants to come back next year and the year after that. He said there were three preachers in the Class of '84, J. O. Smith, John McKee and himself, and they had their hands full watching these girls and boys.

Mr. William Knapp: I don't believe it is fair that the class of '84 monopolize such an extensive portion of the evening, but I am sure it is a pleasure to be here. We want to extend our best wishes to the school and do whatever we can when called on in whatever way it is possible. Without dwelling upon the question as to removal, I want to express a feeling of sentiment more than anything else against the removal of the college to the other site. Hold back a little bit before determining to make the change.

Mr. Milton Orlando Naramore, '73: You see now the reason they want me here; they want to show you the victim. It gives me pleasure to be here. I am reminded of the story of a couple of men who came to America from the Far East. When they landed, one embraced the other and held his hands. The one who was embraced was so anxious to talk that he finally said, "Let go my hands, I want to talk." There are a good many people who want to talk here tonight.

I am glad I came to this school, because of the influence it had upon my life. You people who have been talking to Professor Putnam about service don't know what it means yet. After thirty-eight years of service, you will begin to realize what service means and I want to bring back to you this talk we have heard about those who have laid their lives on the altar of their country, and there is a tablet to the boys of '61, and nobody that I know of has greater love for the boys of '61 than I. I feel like taking off my hat to the boys who wear that bronze button in the lapel of their coats. Friends, I said it before, and I say it again, it only takes about five

seconds to die for one's country, but you and I are here living—how long does it take to live for your country? I should like to have you think about that and take it home with you. We can die in a few minutes, but it takes a lifetime to live for your country. There are greater problems in this country than have ever existed before, and you get ideals from this school that you could not get from any school elsewhere.

I am glad, my friends, that I got the benefit of the religious education in this school.

Mr. B. F. Dailey was called upon. As he stepped to the platform a picture upon an easel was unveiled by Miss Jane Graydon. Mr. Dailey said:

"I take pleasure in presenting to you the senior class of 1887. We are indebted to the wisdom and generosity of Miss Jane Graydon for this picture. She has done more to keep alive the class spirit than any other three members of the class. Of the seventeen members of the class, Miss Martha Murry and Miss Grace Blount have passed to the land of the leal. To the others this will come as a complete surprise, as it did to me three days ago. None of our statues had been put into the hall of fame, and we hadn't all gathered into the rogues' gallery, so Jane came to the rescue—our pictures are to hang on the walls of Butler.

We were Freshmen when these '84's were seniors and we worried the life out of them. The men of the senior class came out in silk hats. We scoured the city for the most out-of-date headgear to be found, and we borrowed all the long-tailed coats we could get hold of. So, when the plug-hatted sons of '84 came to present themselves, like Satan of old, at the Chapel service, the Freshmen in full regalia came in the midst of them. Then, when they issued their Commencement invitations, they had their Latin motto spelled wrong. Next morning they beheld 'Finis Opum Coronat' painted on the fences and barns of Irvington, and on their Class Day we presented them with a wooden Latin grammar three feet wide, four feet long and a foot thick. It cost us nearly ten dollars.

The class of '87 has been loyal to the College. It is in favor of a bigger and better Butler, right where it is. If I thought anyone

was taking seriously that ancient joke about moving the College, I would suggest when it goes that it take a new name and leave the old one here; and when it has gone that the class of '87 with others of like mind erect a marker, 'sacred to the memory of Butler College.'

"The class of '87 was a good-looking class. Look at those girls, won't you? Good-looking they were and well dressed—Yes, sir, fully dressed. Every man in that class had a mustache, either being constructed or under contract. Our ambition was to have a mustache capable of spreading itself all over a saucer of coffee and of hanging up to dry the larger part of a soft-boiled egg.

"The class of '87 was a class of scholars. Of the seventeen members, ten of them took the old classical course which, with the preparatory work, meant five years of Latin and four years of Greek. I hear that the College is looking for a president. If so, the class of '87 can furnish it. There are only two necessary qualifications for a college president, ability and availability and I'm available.

"The class of '87 was a class of orators. On Commencement Day we did our own speech-making. We came in the morning and delivered ten orations. We went home to dinner, came back in the afternoon and delivered seven more orations. We spoke from the rising to the setting of the sun. We had all kinds of subjects from 'The North American Indian' by one to 'Alexander Campbell' by another, but we all said about the same thing and it sounded something like this: 'We are leaving the bay behind and the ocean lies before us. With profound assurance we go forth to right the nation's wrongs, to redress the grievance of mankind. The past, at least, is secure. While winged doves of peace bespeak the sky, the ship of state sails nobly on and on and on.'

"And here they are, the immortals of '87—the rollicking, fun-loving, hard-working, serious-minded, sons and daughters of the Golden Age. I salute you across the space of a third of a century. All hail to you, ye of proud hearts and high hopes; ye who in the morning of life faced the coming day when all the hilltops were crowned with the gold of the glory of the coming of the rising sun."

Mr. Sellick: The class of 1916 is five years old today. We have as representative tonight, one we imported from a distant land, one who used to chase kangaroos over the mountains of Australia, one who has come to make a speech—Mr. Joseph Thomas Cary McCallum.

Mr. McCallum: Miss Graydon told me about two days ago that as we were five years old, we were considered old enough to talk. I suppose she meant that seeing we were five years old, somebody might begin to listen to us. Now I hope you will listen.

Mr. Dailey was pretty wise; he brought his class picture up here. I believe if we had had our class picture up here, of forty-three people, who at least will be considered good-looking thirty years from now, I would get some inspiration too. This afternoon I stood before that picture down on the next floor and tried to get some inspiration. I had a flame, but it is almost gone. In the last five years we have not accomplished, probably, such a great deal. They have been years of confusion. They have been years when it has been hard to settle down to any real task, but a number have begun to emerge—they are scattered pretty widely—for instance, some of our number are in India and the rest are scattered pretty well over the United States. They are doing good work and they are still loyal to Butler.

We have also been reading the papers. We find that Butler has been moving frequently in the papers. Some of us have begun to wonder if it is after all only a dream and, by the way, I might say that P. A. Draper is right in thinking that young men should say speeches and old men should dream dreams, and the class of '16 should be dreaming the dreams. What we want to see is a greater and better Butler. We don't so much care whether it is out in Fairview Park or among the winding paths of Irvington, and if necessity demands it for our city and our community and for this central section of our state, that we should break the old ties and tear loose from traditions and move out to the park site so we can grow to the size that is needed by our city. Of course, we are ready to see that move, and I am here to say tonight that the class of '16, wherever it may be found, is looking forward, is ready to

work constructively and unrestrictedly that this may not be merely a dream of faith, but that it may be a reality for this college; and we hope that in twenty years from now, or thirty years from now, we will be able to come back and see that reality, either here or some other satisfactory site in this city. So tonight we bring you our greetings—only five years old and still lisping, and perhaps prattling, but, nevertheless, enthusiastic and hoping for the best things for Butler College.

Mr. Sellick: Last fall we began school without a president. Mr. Howe left us at the beginning of the school year. Since that time Mr. Putnam has been acting president and dean and has carried the load of the school on his shoulders. I think we should not close the meeting tonight without having a word from him. Mr. Putnam will tell us a little about the school during the past year.

Mr. Putnam: Alumni of Butler College, it is not my good fortune to be an alumnus of this institution, but it has been my good fortune to be a member of its faculty for the past twelve years, and I think this little college has grown into my life in a way where it will not get out wherever my lot may be cast. I can well appreciate the remarks of some of the alumni, Mr. Naramore, for instance, as to the significance of one's spending his undergraduate days in such an environment as we have here.

Mr. Sellick has referred to the work of this year. I don't know how much some of you realize what has been the growth of Butler College in the last few years. I do not know how many of you realize that there have been 756 students in this institution during the year that is just closing. I don't know how many of you realize that by the time you add the summer school students and the city teachers, that are taking work here at Butler College, that we will have a registration of around 1,100 students for this year, and all of the institutions that number their students in the thousands, count all that are taking work in the institution.

Butler College is a small college as colleges and universities go today, but it is a college that is large enough to do the work that an undergraduate college ought to do for its students. It is large

enough to give them a sound academic training; it is large enough and small enough to give them an individual association and acquaintanceship; it is large enough and it is small enough to instill into the students the love for sound work and appreciation of what is good and noble and upright in individual character and in human society, and if a student goes out of college with those things well ground in, he is going to be a worth-while citizen wherever he goes. Now Butler College is large enough for that.

The work of the year, taken in the main, as I said to the Board this morning, has been a success. Things are not perfect. They are not all as we would like them, but human society is made up of people who are striving to better conditions. If we ever get to the place where we are satisfied, it will be a sad thing for us and a sad thing for the community in which we live. To be dissatisfied with a certain amount of wholesome dissatisfaction is worth while. The great problem is for all to swerve in the direction of progress and to move steadily and unitedly in that direction. Now some have said tonight that they want to see this college moved to Fairview Park and some have said they want it to stay here. That is the same thing that I have heard for months. Friends, this college has reached a stage where it has got to go forward constructively and purposefully, and with determination, or it is simply going to be swamped with its influx. It is not a question of getting students, it is a question of being able to give to those students when they get here, the care and direction that they need. In other words, the danger is that we will outgrow the possibility of taking care of our students. Do you realize that we had more than one hundred more students this year than we had last; that we had more students the last year than we ever had before; that every year we are getting more students and without any great concerted effort to get them? Butler College is widely known, not only in Indiana, but among the educational institutions in this country. Students are coming and students are going. Now I think I know well enough the sentiment of the alumni of this college, and the policy of this college to know that we are all interested in one thing, and that is the forward movement of this college

in the days that are just ahead, and one thing I want to plead for is that we may have a united support of the alumni and the friends of this college. Unitedly, we can put Butler College in a position of influence larger than it now has. We can make it an institution that will make unnecessary the development of some other institution in the city, as was said tonight; we can make it an educational institution that will take care of our needs not only for Indianapolis, but for people who come from other states and other countries. The students of the past year have represented nineteen states and four foreign countries. Forty-six were from states other than Indiana and seven from countries other than the United States. But the bulk of our students come from Indianapolis. That is true of every institution. Take every institution in this country and you will find that the most of their students come from within forty to fifty miles of the institution. Someone must take care of our high school students who are coming from every high school here. Now what will we as faculty and alumni and friends of Butler College do in the premises? We have the task. Will we unite our efforts, unitedly go forward, whether the plan is our plan or somebody else's plan? Can we all get behind it and push, and even if it is not going the way we would like to have it go, say, "Well, I did prefer it another way, but I am willing to play the game; I want to see the college succeed." If we all go into it in that spirit, there is absolutely no reason why that one year from now, five years from now, ten years from now, we may not say that this College has gone step by step steadily forward. That is what we want. That is what the Board would like. All get behind it and make it go.

Mr. Sellick: I shall let the Board speak for itself. You will recall that just one year ago tonight the Alumni Association made a request of the Board that it elect a certain member which the Association recommended as a member of the Board. It did elect that member and since then it has elected others suggested by the Alumni Association. Mr. Robert Franklin Davidson will speak for the Board whatever it has to say to the Alumni Association.

Mr. Davidson: I think the constituency of any representative in a body of this kind have a right to call their representative before them for an account once in a while. I will say in the first place, that it is a great privilege and honor to be the representative of a constituency which embraces so many fair women and brave men. Some of the men are braver than others, because they have married Butler College girls. I can say that with perfect freedom and because I am proud that I married a Butler College girl myself. Your Association is not solely represented on the Board by me. There are others who are just as much credited with representing the alumni on the Board as I. However, I think it is right to say that at the meeting today three new members were added to the Board, all of whom have been at least former students of this college, and perhaps one alumnus. Other alumni were considered and no doubt other alumni will be elected.

I am not going to make any extensive statement of the proposition of the policies of Butler College. I have no right to speak for the Board, except generally. The Board is fully alive, I think, to the needs of this institution and is fully and completely prepared to discharge its duty to this college. There have been expressions given here tonight of different views. I want to remind you of one thing, however, that in having elected a representative to the Board as you have, you have no right to exercise the referendum of the vote. The essential thing is that we approach this difference with a fair and open mind, with a mind that is open to all phases of the question and with a sincere and earnest desire to do the right thing for Butler College and for the people that Butler College wants to take care of. Now as we approach it in that light and consider it earnestly, we are not going to make any mistake and when the matter is decided we are all going to be a unit behind the decision.

When you speak of memories that are occasioned by your presence in this room, it is a very fitting thing for you to say and a few proper remarks for you to make so far as memories are concerned. I don't dare to think about them, because they overwhelm me, and so far as the traditions of Butler College are concerned,

there is nobody about here that I will allow one inch to when it comes to preserving and keeping sacred the memories that are past. I love this old building. I love to wander through its vacant halls on holidays and Sundays when I am in a reminiscent mood, and hear the feet of the thousands that have passed through here, friends of my youth and those that are gone, so I say that these things are sacred to us. But no matter how much I love this building, I would be willing to tear it down tomorrow, stone from stone, brick from brick, to build here on this place or somewhere else, a greater college to carry on in a greater way the work that our forefathers started, and which cannot stand, but which must either go forward or go backward. So all I say to you here is, let's be earnest, let's be loyal and true to our college and pull all together.

With the singing of "In the Gallery of Memories," the meeting adjourned.

The Day

The commencement exercises were held in the new gymnasium. Seats for one thousand people were provided in the building, effectively decorated with large flags and with greens. The music was provided by the Orloff Trio. At ten o'clock the academic procession, consisting of the senior class, the celebrating class of '84, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor, the speaker of the day, marched, as usual, from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the campus, across the green, up to the gymnasium. The invocation was pronounced by Dr. Charles T. Paul, the benediction by Dr. B. F. Dailey, '87. The address of the occasion was made by Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle and is given elsewhere.

The acting president of the College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon:

Ralph Vernon Austin	Gertrude Dorcas Hunter
Chester Fink Barney	Helen Esther McDonald
Sarah Elise Birk	John Melvin Masters
Emma Gladys Bonn	Kathryn Marcia Mead
Virginia Brackett	DeForest O'Dell
Margaret Emilie Bruner	Raymond Arthur Peterson
Grace Aminia Buchanan	Eleanor Vivian Pollock
Florence Fern Buenting	Esther Asenath Renfrew
Elizabeth Elnora Canfield	Grace Lillian Riley
Alexander Weinstein Cavins	Herman Murray Riley
Louise Mary Clark	Hurlbut Thirkield Riley
Albert Alonzo Coil	Ruth Imo Schooler
May Louise Cory	James Isaac Shockley
Lucile Rosalie Deardorff	Elsa Susanna Smelcer
Paul Arbuckle Draper	Helen Julia Smith
Eliza Edna Fike	Frieda Steinmann
Elizabeth May Fike	Allegra Agneese Stewart
Marjorie Carolyn Fisher	Marjorie Jane Stewart
Dorothy Alice Forsyth	Marie Cecilia Thale
Mary Fugate	Roy Melvyn Thompson
Esther Elizabeth Goff	Marie-Louise Valentine Tonone
Newell Pratt Hall	Marjorie Iva Trask
Wayne Mavity Harryman	Nannie Ellen Twineham
Eva Gladys Havens	Martha Updegraff
Martha Hawkins	Gladys Wamsley
Cleon Headrick	Frances Miriam Weaver
Mary Louise Henderson	Pearl Dolores Wildasin
Herbert Eugene Hill	Virginia Woodward Young

In conferring the degrees, Dean Putnam said:

Members of the Class of 1921: For four years we have labored together in the close relationships of college life. Members of the faculty in whose courses you have been from year to year have watched with interest your developing powers. They have seen some of you grow into positions of trust and influence in the student life of the institution, taking places of leadership in the various student activities and so deporting yourselves as to give promise of a large measure of success when called upon to assume the greater responsibilities of life. Some of you have been content to do your work in a more inconspicuous way, so it will be outside the college circles. Each must develop his own talents in his own way

and in keeping with his life's plan. Some will seek places of preferment in the business world or in professional life. Others will give themselves to the more or less commonplace but none the less important tasks of human society. Diverse as may be your chosen callings, I hope that you may all carry with you certain fundamental principles. If you go out of this College with intellects trained to grapple with difficult situations, with consciences trained to discern the right and with wills strong in the support of your best ideals, you, members of this class, can bring untold blessings on the communities where your lots may be cast. From this hour your paths will lie apart. You will be widely scattered and your lines of endeavor will be various, but let us hope the ties of friendship and comradeship formed here may last through the lengthening years even to the end.

Our interests and good wishes go with you. We shall rejoice with you in your successes and sympathize with you in your reverses. While sunshine and shadow must inevitably come into all lives, our wish for each of you is that the sunshine may be abundant and the shadows few. May God's richest blessings attend you. Adieu.

The highest standing of the entire college was announced to be that of Frances Miriam Weaver, Alexander Weinstein Cavins, Helen Esther McDonald. The Seniorship was awarded to Henry Pfeiffer Bruner. Dean Putnam closed thus:

The year just closing, taken as a whole, has been a successful one. As you are well aware, President Howe retired shortly before the opening of college, thus leaving the institution without an official head. Under such circumstances it would not have been a cause for surprise if the attendance had fallen off and if the spirit of the institution had suffered. President Howe had served the college so long and so well that his retirement at the beginning of a new school year without a successor having been appointed might well have resulted in discouraging new students from entering and old students from returning. In spite of this fact, however, the attendance for the year has been the largest in the history of the college. During the first semester there was a total registration of 680.

Seventy-six others entered college during the second semester, making a total registration for the year of 756 as compared with 640 of last year. This large attendance presented several new problems to the administration. In the first place it was exceedingly difficult to adjust the students to the classes provided for by our present teaching force. It was also a difficult matter to provide sufficient recitation rooms for the number of classes that had to be handled during the congested forenoon hours. However, the spirit of unrest which was more or less evident at the beginning of the year, passed away, and the spirit in the student body came to be one of the best that has prevailed in many years.

In general, the work of the college for the year has been up to the high grade of preceding years. The classroom work is from its very nature the inconspicuous part of the life of the college, yet it is the most fundamental of all. The college activities that were more in the public eye, perhaps need not be emphasized here, yet a word may not be out of place. That the athletic program of the college was more ambitious than in any past year is well known to you all and that it was an unusually successful year is likewise well known. The numerous other student activities and organizations have been maintained and in some cases materially strengthened. The college has entered into more extended intercollegiate debating relations than heretofore. To meet the increasing demands for instruction in this line of work as well as in training for other forms of public speaking, Professor Rollo A. Tallcott has been added to the faculty. The organized religious activities of the students have also prospered in the college, while several of the students have been engaged in such activities outside the college community. Several of them minister to churches throughout the central portion of the State, while others engage in Christian association work or social service.

A few words ought to be said about the outgoing class. It is the largest in the history of the college, but its claim to recognition does not entirely nor mainly rest upon that fact. In a large measure it is a self-reliant and self-made class. Several of its members, both young men and young women, have largely or wholly made

their own way through college. In scholarship it has averaged well, having had several of its members on the honor roll each semester. It possesses a generous degree of altruism. As classes go, it is not rich in this world's goods, yet its members have contributed \$1,510 to the endowment funds of their Alma Mater. Again, in choosing their life work, these young men and young women have not confined themselves to the supposedly remunerative callings. Seven of them have given themselves to missionary work. Within a few weeks one of them will sail for China and another to the Belgian Congo, Central Africa. Four of the young men have dedicated themselves to the ministry in this country, while social service and Christian Association work claim still others. A relatively large proportion of them expect to enter the teaching profession. It ought to be added that nine of these men served in the military forces of their country during the recent tremendous conflict. Four of them were in the A. E. F. *Inspired by the same high ideals which led so many Butler College men to devote themselves to their country's and humanity's cause these men freely accepted their full share of responsibility and of sacrifice.* These facts are enough to show that sordidness is not a predominant characteristic. The spirit of service has found an abiding place in this class.

At the close of this college year we look hopefully to the future. Butler College has a worthy educational task to perform. Her opportunities have assumed the character and proportions of obligations. But with a splendid history of nearly three-score years and ten of service to humanity and with a loyal alumni now numbering 1,100 and with thousands of other men and women whose lives have been touched and made more fruitful through more or less protracted study in these halls, and with a well-trained and devoted faculty, and a large and enthusiastic student body the college must move forward to the larger tasks awaiting it.

The audience was dismissed by Dr. Benjamin Franklin Dailey:

And now we commend us to God and to the word of His grace. May the inspiration of this hour abide. May the words spoken

here today be to us the sure words of prophecy. May our Alma Mater, long the servant of the common good, be girded with strength to lead the way of the oncoming forces of human welfare. May her sons and her daughters come to her call and answer to the challenge of her every need. May these children who pass from her portals today carry with them her high ideals, her sense of honor and her love of truth. As they separate and mingle themselves among the children of men, may the ties that bind them here grow stronger as time goes by. As they lay hold on the tasks of life, may theirs be the spirit of courage, of faithfulness and of good will. Through all the years to come, may their minds and hearts be trained in the school of the Teacher of men. Amen.

Commencement of the College of Missions

The College of Missions celebrated its Eleventh Annual Commencement on June 8. It was a memorable day. There were probably never so many guests in Irvington as were seen on her streets that day—not even the great athletic homecoming days having attracted so large a number of interested people as came from Indianapolis and vicinity.

The program, with a few alterations necessitated by inclement weather, was, as announced:

9:00 A. M.—ON THE CAMPUS

MISSIONARY PAGEANT

"The Old Order Changeth"

in Latin America, Africa, China, India, Japan

10:30 A. M.—GRADUATION EXERCISES

Processional—From the College Halls to the Campus

Orchestral Prelude	-----The Orloff Trio	{	Miss Jean Orloff, <i>Violin</i>
			Miss Genieve Hughel, <i>Cello</i>
			Miss Leonora Coffin, <i>Piano</i>

Hymn

Invocation-----Professor Jabez Hall, M.A., D.D.

Scripture-----Frederick William Burnham, D.D.
President United Christian Missionary Society

The Hope of the Nation-----College Quartette { Miss Eva Anderson
Miss Louise Cory
Miss Hattie Mitchell
Mrs. Nell Sloan

Annual Statement -----Stephen J. Corey, LL.D.
President of the Board of Trustees

Orchestra

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

REV. CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.,
Minister Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York

Music

Presentation of Candidates-----	{	Professor John Grafton McGavran, M.A. Professor Albert Raymond Miles, M.A. Professor William Charles Morro, Ph.D. Professor Wallace Claire Payne, M.A., B.D., <div style="text-align: right;">Registrar</div>
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Conferral of Degrees and Presentation of Certificates-----
-----President Charles Thomas Paul
Charge to the Class-----The President
Benediction -----Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison, LL.D.
Vice-President of the Board of Trustees

CLASS OF 1921 RECEIVING DEGREES AND CERTIFICATES

DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS

ALDINE CARPENTER BRUNK, B.A., Goshen College, 1912; Missionary, Mennonite Board, Central Provinces, India, 1912-1920; *Thesis: Village Evangelism in India*.

KENNETH LEON POTEE, B.A., Cotner College, 1919; Appointed to India, 1921; *Thesis: The Invasions of India.*

THOMAS GUY MANTLE, B.S., Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1915; B.A., Butler College, 1920; Appointed to Mexico, 1921; *Thesis: The Agrarian Problem in Mexico.*

CERTIFICATES

In recognition of Special Preparation for Countries Indicated

JULIA FRANCES ALLEN, B.A., Mt. Holyoke College, 1920; China.

EVA ANDERSON, B.A., Whittier College, 1918; China.

GLADYS CATHERINE ARNOLD, B.A., Hiram College, 1920; China.

CHARLES ROSS ATHERTON, State College of Washington, 1918-1919; Belgian Congo.

HARRIET BLANKENBILLER. R.N., Frances Willard Hospital; China.

BEATRICE ALEXANDER BOYER, B.A., Eugene Bible University, 1919; Belgian Congo.

ELMER GEORGE BOYER, B.A., University of Oregon, 1918; *Ibid.*, Eugene Bible University, 1919; Belgian Congo.

OPAL OKUKI BURKHARDT, B.A., Butler College, 1918; India.

MAY LOUISE CORY, B.A., Butler College, 1921; China.

- CLARA MAY CROSNO, B.A., Phillips University, 1920; Japan.
 MARION HERBERT DUNCAN, B.A., Hiram College, 1918; Tibet.
 KATHERINE LOUISE DUNCAN, B.A., Hiram College, 1918; Tibet.
 GEORGE EMERY ECCLES, B.A., Spokane University, 1920; Belgian Congo.
 LULU MOFFIT ECCLES, B.A., Spokane University, 1920; Belgian Congo.
 HERBERT WORTH FILLMORE, M.E., Engineering College, University of Cincinnati, 1915; China.
 NANCY ADELINE FRY, R.N., University of Michigan Training School for Nurses, 1915; China.
 HOMER PHARIS GAMBOE, B.A., Transylvania College, 1918; B.D., College of the Bible, 1920; India.
 MARTHA FRANCES W. GAMBOE, B.A., Transylvania College, 1919; India.
 RUTH GORHAM GRIESEMER, B.A., Goucher College, 1920; India.
 ESTHER MARGARET HAGGARD, B.A., Drake University, 1917; China.
 GRACE PAUL HENDRICKS, B.A., College of Idaho, 1915; Japan.
 KENNETH CHARLES HENDRICKS, B.A., Eugene Bible University, 1919; *Ibid.*, University of Oregon, 1920; Japan.
 JENNIE MARIA HOOVER, Penn College, 1912; Missionary to Jamaica under Friends Board, 1912-1920; Jamaica.
 AMBRA HALSEY HURT, Butler College, College of Missions, 1915-1916; Belgian Congo.
 LEWIS ALBERT HURT, B.A., Eureka College, 1912; College of Missions, 1912-1913; Missionary to Liberia, 1913-1916; College of Missions, 1916-1917; Belgian Congo.
 VIRGINIA KIRK, B.A., Drake University, 1917; China.
 DELIA ESPARZA MANTLE, Colegio Presbiteriano, 1901; Missionary in Mexico; College of Missions and Butler College, 1913-1917; Mexico.
 JAMES HENRY MCCALLUM, B.A., Eugene Bible University, 1917; *Ibid.*, University of Oregon, 1917; College of Missions, 1919-1920; B.D., Yale Divinity School, 1921; China.
 ERNEST EDGAR MILLER, B.A., Goshen College, 1917; India.
 RUTH OLIVE MILLER, B.A., Goshen College, 1917; India.
 ANNA KATE GIVENS MONTGOMERY, B.S., Lynchburg College, 1917; Porto Rico.
 JOHN DEXTER MONTGOMERY, B.A., Lynchburg College, 1916; M.A., Vanderbilt University, 1918; Porto Rico.
 EARL MAURICE OTTO, B.A., University of Cincinnati, 1919; M.A., University of Cincinnati, 1920; China.
 HARRY B. PATTEN, Terre Haute Normal, 1913; British East Africa.
 LAURA INMAN PATTEN, Terre Haute Normal, 1911; British East Africa.
 ESTHER GALE PORTER, B.A., Drake University, 1918; M.A., College of Missions, 1920; India.
 AMY JEAN ROBINSON, B.A., Culver-Stockton College, 1916; Japan.
 RETTA ETHEL SHREVE, B.A., Hiram College, 1919; India.
 CHURCH HOWE SMILEY, B.A., Cotner College, 1919; India.
 STELLA TREMAINE, B.S., University of Kansas, 1914; B.A., University of Kansas, 1919; *Ibid.*, Phillips University Bible College, 1920; China.
 JESSIE MARY TROUT, Toronto Normal School, 1914; Japan.
 BERTHA LOVELESS WILSON, College of Missions, 1920-1921; Japan.
 CLAYTON HERBERT WILSON, B.A., Hiram College, 1917; Japan.

At noon three hundred guests were served to a delicious luncheon in the dining hall. Following, the pageant was presented on the

campus. It was a series of interpretations indicating the transformation effected through Christian missions in various countries, as follows:

- I. LATIN AMERICA. From Hovel to Home in Porto Rico.
- II. AFRICA. From Pagan Palava to Christian Church.
- III. IN CHINA. The Conquest of Luchowfu.
- IV. INDIA. Darkness and Dawn.
- V. JAPAN. From an Empty Shrine to a Full Heart.

Later was held the Ordination Service in which the Appointment and Dedication of New Missionaries to Foreign Lands was conducted by the officers and Executive Committee of the United Christian Missionary Society of St. Louis. Included in the Ordination Service Pending Appointment were Howard Taylor Holroyd, Donald Anderson McGavran.

The College Valedictory was held on the Campus: Ivy Processional, Planting of the Class Tree, Link Ceremony, Farewell Messages, Severing the Ivy Chain, College of Missions Song, Benediction.

The entire community may well express its appreciation and its gratitude for a day so full and fine, so instructive and impressive. And right here it may be asked, do we all express all we feel for this splendid work going on in our midst?

Rumors are in the air of a proposed removal of the College of Missions from its cramped headquarters—cramped physically and intellectually. It is sincerely hoped this may never be, that the Board of Directors of Butler College will see to it that this never is. The whole of Indianapolis, it seems, would rise to keep an institution of such character in her midst. Recently a daily paper says, editorially:

“Indianapolis has an educational institution unique in the collegiate world. It is the home of the College of Missions and at the moment the officials of that school are considering the advisability of removal. The college is not a part of Butler College, although it is located in Irvington and interchanges work with Butler. It is a separate corporation, educating men and women for missionary work and sending its graduates to all parts of the earth. The fact

that it is a graduate school means the highest type of teaching personnel.

"Yale has realized the standing and influence of the College of Missions and in the normal Yale program of expansion has made a place for the Indianapolis institution. The College of Missions is now on the eve of going to Yale and becoming one of the units of that university. During the last few years its growth has been such that it is hampered for room. The dormitory is not large enough to house the students, who increase in number from year to year, and dwellings in the neighborhood of the school had to be utilized in part during the college year just ended. Other buildings are needed. There is a demand for general expansion to meet the needs of the men and women who wish missionary training in such a college.

"The officials of the College of Missions prefer to remain in Indianapolis. They have made this plain again and again, but they are facing a situation that demands action. They co-operate with Butler in all collegiate work and have told the Butler College authorities that the College of Missions must have university opportunities with its post-graduate requirements. The Christian missionary must not only be a Christian and a teacher, but must be well versed in the languages and philosophies of those whom he would influence. He should know something of medicine, statecraft and the religions of the orient. This school is too valuable to lose. It is too valuable now and in a measure its work has just begun. A few years from now, if the future may be judged by the past, will see its influence and work vastly increased. Those interests in a position to control the future of the College of Missions must decide some day on its future. If the proper efforts are made doubtless the institution will remain here."

With full appreciation of the demands for the future welfare of this growing institution, the QUARTERLY yet finds it inconceivable that the community will not bestir itself to keep in her midst such scholarship, such history-making men and women, such high accomplishment; that Butler College may not continue to serve and to be served, in the future as has been her privilege in the past. *May this never be!*

Spring Athletics

A baseball diamond—track and field and tennis courts—awoke the dead in Irvington. Seeing is believing.

The April showers brought out one hundred fifty red-blooded students for competitive athletics. Varsity teams were in the making. Purdue, the big state university, actually cavorted on Irwin Field. Of course, we gave them the game, 17 to 10, for hospitality's sake, but did you read the page of history, Butler 3, Purdue 1, at Lafayette? Some of the May flowers, plucked by our baseball artists, included: Franklin victories, 1 to 0 and 9 to 2, and State Normal, 3 to 0. The climax attraction was furnished by our guests from Tokyo, Japan. The Waseda University made international history here in Indianapolis; score, Butler 1, Japanese 2. Many people of the capital city crowded the bleachers and enjoyed Butler's most interesting Athletic Day.

Track and field athletics made progress during the spring. A squad of twenty men was developed. Thirty points were cornered by the Blue and White in the I. C. A. L. championships, held in Irvington for the first time, Earlham winning the highest honors with a well-balanced senior team. Three of our men won medals at the state championships held at South Bend under Notre Dame auspices, while Indianapolis was put on the Western Conference scoreboard in the championships at the University of Chicago when R. Doolittle of Butler won a place in the two-mile run.

Tennis honors were reaped throughout the season by the Blue and White racket wielders. Wabash, Earlham, State Normal, Rose Poly, Hanover and others succumbed, Captain Wamsley losing only to Fritz Bastian of Indiana, Western Conference champion.

Western Conference Champion

The first year of the new era in Butler Athletics closed in a blaze of glory at the annual "B" Association banquet for letter men.

Forty-nine letters were presented in the following sports: Football 18, baseball 12, track 10, basketball 7, and tennis 2; and forty-one individuals were initiated into the association. Ten of these were lost through graduation and completion of their competition.

Thirty letter men are expected back to carry on the pace set.

R. F. Davidson, class of '92, former captain of the state champions of the old days, presided. Professor E. N. Johnson made the recommendations on behalf of the Faculty Athletic Committee. Old-timers making speeches were Bonnie Adams, Tow Bonham, Joe Mullane, Zerk Silvers, Jack McKay and others. Coach Hinkle was also given the baptism of fire.

NOTICE

ANNUAL HOME-COMING

Football

EARLHAM VS. BUTLER

Saturday Oct. 22, 1921

IRWIN FIELD—2:30 P. M.

5000 Will be Out—Make it a Gala Day—Save the Date!

Future Football, 1921

September 10th, first practice. Coach predicts scrimmage the first day. You alumni send in the husky men. We need material. *Forty at least.*

Last season three full teams survived the season out of fifty men who reported in early season.

Slogan is five teams on the field daily.

Assistant Coach Paul D. Hinkle will be on the job. Captain-elect William Kiser and ex-Captain Phil Brown will be with us.

At least seven big games will be played on Irwin Field. An opening trip into Ohio is on the card. More bleachers are being constructed to care for five thousand people.

Alumni and friends of the college may procure a season football reservation at a reduced rate. Mail check for \$7.00 to the Athletic Director.

The schedule:

- Sept. 24. Game, Irwin Field.
- Oct. 1. Dennison University at Granville.
- Oct. 8. Rose Poly, Irwin Field.
- Oct. 15. Hanover, Irwin Field.
- Oct. 22. *Earlham*, Irwin Field; *Homecoming*.
- Oct. 28. (Friday) Wabash, Irwin Field.
- Nov. 5. Chicago at Y. College, Irwin Field.
- Nov. 12. Michigan Aggies, Irwin Field.
- Nov. 19. Franklin, Irwin Field.

Note: All early games begin at 2:30 p. m.; November games at 2 p. m. Irwin Field, Butler and University Avenues. Season *reserved* seat. Reservation, \$7.00.

Class Pictures

It has been the way of the class of '87 to do good things. She is known for her initiative, her enthusiasm and her deep-seated loyalty. The presentation to the college of her graduation picture is her last expression of this fine feeling.

It is hoped many classes will follow the lead of '87. Some have already expressed intention of placing their pictures in the old building, among them the classes of '78, '79, '84 and '89.

The first class picture to be placed in the college was that of '80, which long hung in Miss Merrill's room to the right of the door. Recently has been placed in the chapel the picture of '62, while at other times have hung upon the walls the pictures of '97, '98, '00, '02, '06, '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19 '20, '21.

It is a good thing to do, and the QUARTERLY suggests that every class secretary assume the pleasure of collecting his class pictures and having them framed. Let us see by next Commencement the picture of every class in the old building.

A Petition

No official report has as yet been given out concerning the appointment of a new president, or the choice of a site for new college buildings.

The following petition has recently been received by the Board of Directors:

"The undersigned committee represents, we believe, a large body of citizens interested in the development here of an educational institution of university grade and preferably to be known as the University of Indianapolis.

"We have conferred with the directors of Butler College concerning the enlargement of that college, which they have already been considering, and the creation of additional colleges or departments, and the incorporation of all of such colleges or departments in some legal way within the proposed university, so as to give to Indianapolis an institution of higher learning in keeping with the present and future development of the city.

"A suitable and attractive site for such a school is of the utmost importance. Some years ago, we understand, Fairview Park was offered by the

street railway company to the city for park purposes. It was not deemed expedient at that time by the city to accept the offer. We are now moved to suggest, if the street railway company can see its way clear to renew the thought had once in mind, that this ground be given for educational purposes, and that the Board of Directors of Butler University—since this board already is legally in existence—be designated as the trustees of this property, with the understanding that it be used as a site for an institution which it is hoped will be so distinguishing in character and excellence as to make Indianapolis a great educational center.

"It is not unreasonable to expect that through regular college channels and through the generosity of friends of higher education many gifts will come to the institution in course of time, including memorial buildings that will be educational and architectural contributions of large importance.

"Comparatively few available tracts of sufficient acreage remain inside the city or immediately adjacent. Fairview Park is one of these. It ought to be preserved as an open tract of ground. We think that all will agree that it would be unfortunate for this site to be divided into small tracts. It is diversified by nature and is susceptible to landscape treatment that greatly will enhance its beauty. If this ground should be used as a university campus its natural beauty and parklike quality would be preserved, and the community would have the advantage of the conservation of a large tract of wooded land. It lies along White river and the canal, and is in the line of parkway and anti-flood development. Suitable reservations for boulevard purposes might be made and guaranties given on both sides, that would make here a campus of unrivaled beauty and accessible to its people.

"Indianapolis needs such an institution. Butler College, a well-equipped college of liberal arts, with a long and honorable history, is admirably qualified to form the nucleus of the university. Other educational units and forces doubtless exist that could be assembled and given greater opportunity to carry out their educational purposes under a general plan without impairing the rights or traditions of any of the incorporated units.

"It is our belief that in the adjustments that can be made all interests can be served under such an arrangement as we suggest here, merely in outline. We hope it may carry its appeal to you, and that at your earliest convenience there may be a discussion of the details, under which it may be possible to accomplish the results."

The signers of the petition are:

Louis C. Huesmann	Walter Edgar Smith	E. U. Graff
John H. Holliday	Franklin Vonnegut	L. N. Hines
Hilton U. Brown	Albert M. Rosenthal	Henry Kahn
William G. Irwin	Eugene H. Darrach	R. F. Davidson
Frederic M. Ayres	James W. Lilly	Thomas C. Day
Fred C. Gardner	J. F. Wild	T. W. Grafton
Charles B. Sommers	Louis J. Borinstein	Merle Sidener
Matthias L. Haines	Charles Mayer, Jr.	Guernsey Van Riper
Edward A. Kahn	Carl H. Lieber	James A. Collins
B. F. Lawrence	Carl A. Walk	William Scott
Fred C. Dickson	C. B. Dyer	Scot Butler
Arthur V. Brown	Sol Schloss	G. L. Reeves
Hugh McKay Landon	Eli Schloss	J. H. Lederer
Arthur R. Baxter	A. G. Snider	William J. Mooney
John B. Reynolds	Fred I. Hoke	Marion Ward

L. O. Hamilton
 Hugh Th. Miller
 Robert H. Hassler
 Emsley W. Johnson
 John C. Ruckelshaus
 E. H. Wolcott
 Reily C. Adams
 Aaron Wolfson
 G. Barrett Moxley
 James L. Clark
 Joseph A. Borinstein
 Allan B. Philputt
 R. A. Lemecke
 Harper J. Ransburg
 John W. Holtzman
 Dick Miller
 Frederick E. Matson
 E. W. Harris
 William A. Umphrey
 Ralph H. Edgerton
 F. E. Floyd
 C. W. Wells
 W. E. Pittsford
 Bert McBride
 A. G. Ruddell
 C. L. Buschmann
 Roy E. Adams

Ferd L. Hollweg
 F. C. Krauss
 H. S. King
 W. C. Smith
 Alvin H. Smith
 G. F. Quick
 W. P. Evans
 George Snider
 Richard V. Sipe
 John W. Castor
 Lewis W. George
 J. C. Douglas
 Marshall Hacker
 Chauncey Butler
 A. D. Hitz
 Harry F. Parr
 Edward L. Mitchell
 G. M. Sanborn
 Charles B. Riley
 Jesse A. Shearer
 Ferd L. Murr
 Wilbur T. Gruber
 L. G. Ferguson
 Henry L. Stenger
 A. W. Freund
 H. J. Lacey
 Remster A. Bingham

Solon J. Carter
 Robert W. McBride
 V. H. Lockwood
 William E. Day
 Lee E. Swails
 John E. Canady
 George B. Davis
 Stanley Sellick
 Larz A. Whitcomb
 W. G. Oliver
 Robert L. Moorhead
 Perry H. Clifford
 Harry B. Smith
 LaMonte Daniels
 U. S. Lesh
 Fred B. Brown
 William B. Burford
 Demarchus C. Brown
 Arthur R. Robinson
 Mahlon E. Bash
 George A. Gay
 Joseph R. Morgan
 William H. Block
 J. C. Cole
 B. C. Downey
 H. H. Fout

Memorial Day Number

An extra edition of the QUARTERLY was issued June 1 containing the exercises of Memorial Day when the alumni presented to the college a bronze tablet memorial to those students who had attended North Western Christian University who had given their lives in the Civil War. It was a noteworthy service. In addition to the expression of the afternoon are whatever could be gathered of information concerning these heroes and their pictures. There are some copies of the QUARTERLY still left which may be had by application to the alumni secretary.

It has been a disappointment that not more of the alumni cared to contribute one dollar to this sacred cause. The tablet has been paid for, though there is still a deficit of \$240.00. Contributions will still be gratefully received.

Subscription Reduced

The QUARTERLY is pleased to announce that the subscription has been returned to the former price of two dollars (\$2.00) per year. This amount covers all alumni dues, and it is hoped a larger number of graduates, former students and friends of the college will be appealed to, that the Association will care to manifest in this way its interest in the school.

Things to Observe

I. The attendance of Butler College for the past year has totaled 1,100 students.

II. The class of 1921 gave to the college the farewell gift of \$1,510.

III. The alumni dues have been reduced, in accordance with the policy of President Harding, to \$2.00. *Don't forget that.*

IV. Of forty class secretaries asked to serve in their own classes and to send in news by June 1, three have responded. The QUARTERLY is grateful to Mrs. Clarke, '84; to Miss Shover, '00; to Miss Scotten, '08. By way of repetition, let the announcement be made that these reports will be very thankfully received on December 1, June 1, or on other dates.

Notice

There are calls for the QUARTERLY of July, 1920. If anyone is willing to dispose of his copy, kindly send it to the alumni secretary.

News of the Class of 1900

Reported by the Secretary, Esther Fay Shover.

Emily Adams (Mrs. Samuel Emison), 427 Perry Street, Vincennes, Indiana.

John W. Atherton, 1103 Fletcher Trust building, Phone, Irvington 0524, city; taught and coached in Kokomo and South Bend; became the Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky educational representative for Charles Scribner's Sons; and for the last year has been the financial secretary for Butler College. Mrs. Atherton was Louise Brown. They have one son, Hilton Brown.

Elizabeth Anne Butler (Mrs. Carlos Recker), 59 North Hawthorne Lane, city; phone, Irvington 4154. Has a son, Carlos, Jr., who is now fifteen.

John R. Carr, Bobbs-Merrill Co., city, has been with our local publishers for ten years and is now its vice-president and educational editor. Mrs. Carr (Elizabeth Whitesides), Elizabeth, 7; and John Robert, 3, share his success.

Anne Edgeworth, 101 South Emerson Avenue, city; phone, Irvington 0230; is teaching history, English and geography at School 61.

Cora Emrich, 946 South New Jersey Street, city; phone, Drexel 4283; has had a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago, and has taught at Manual Training High School, but is now devoting her entire time to the care of her invalid mother.

Grace F. Gookin (Mrs. W. J. Karslake), 158 Linden Avenue, Buffalo, New York, promises that she and Mr. Karslake will come back for a visit when all their children have gotten their college degrees. The eldest son is a freshman at Dartmouth; the second son attends Lafayette High, and the daughter, now in the eighth grade, has inherited her mother's ability for being "teacher's pet."

Mary C. Graham (Mrs. Alfred W. Place), Jefferson, Ohio, has had a varied experience, first as a minister's wife in the United States, and then as his assistant in the Christian College in Tokio, Japan. Now Mr. and Mrs. Place live in Jefferson, where Mr. Place may oversee his farming, and continue his work in the interest of improving farming facilities and markets. Their eldest son, Gra-

ham, will enter college next fall. Robert, age 15, and Alta, age 9, are still in the Jefferson schools.

Alva Graham, Ernest's son, is in Butler, and played on the football team last fall. Mrs. Graham (Hope Whitecomb) and Ernest, are in Chicago.

Mary C. Griggs (Mrs. W. D. Van Voorhis), 127 Defiance Avenue, Findlay, Ohio, has not had time to answer the returned letter which has been forwarded to the above address.

Mable G. Hauk, 2212 Broadway, city, Harrison 1547, is now head of the literary department in the Indiana School for the Blind. She has taught in the city schools and in Oxford, Ohio, and has also traveled abroad.

Emsley W. Johnson, 3328 North New Jersey Street; Washington 1664; is practicing law in the city. He is now at his country home near New Augusta. He has held the office of county attorney. He is now Director of Butler College.

Penelope V. Kern, 101 Bradford Street, Provincetown, Massachusetts, teaches in the Provincetown High School during the winter; lives in the Boston foreign district during the summer, where she divides her time between theory at Harvard and practice in the Settlement School. She is sponsor for a Portuguese orphan who is also a freshman at Dartmouth. She wrote the music and words for the play that was given on the anniversary of the death of Dorothy Bradford. This formed a part of the Tercentenary celebration.

Carl R. Loop and Mrs. Loop (Ethel B. Roberts), United States Consulate, Island of Malta, are the "official wanderers" of the class. Letters from the United States require six weeks' time in which to make the round trip to this historic island. These "officials" have been protecting Uncle Sam's interests in Winnipeg, Canada; London, Bermudas and now continue their work in Malta. To us who have stayed at home, the lure of the Orient pulls strongly, but as they say, their patriotism demands that they "become voluntary exiles from home, destined to wander up and down the world wherever the department of state listed, but never to set foot on our native soil but for brief intervals." . . . "Sometime

we hope to turn up at good old Butler and strike hands and hearts with the comrades at Butler, whom we remember with undisguised affection."

Blanche P. Noel, 521 East Pratt Street, City; phone, Main 2927, is now teaching French at the Arsenal Technical Schools after having taken her Master's Degree at Indiana University, teaching in Pendleton, Vincennes, and in the Northern State Normal School at Marquette, Michigan. She made trips to Europe during the summers of 1912 and 1914.

Clara Overhiser (Mrs. I. L. Fry), 1449 Linden Street, city, writes a long letter of the joys of having her own home in the same square as her parents. She has had many opportunities for travel because Mr. Fry is a representative of the Pennsylvania railroad. Their oldest daughter will be graduated from Manual Training High School this June. Maryanne is a sophomore in the same school, and Irvan, Jr., ten years old, promises to be a fine athlete.

Anson Leroy Portteus, cashier for the Indianapolis Life Insurance Co., where he has been for the last fifteen years, sends his kindest regards to all the members of the class. His son, Walter Leroy, has had three years at Butler, and is now taking pre-medical work at Indiana University. He expects to follow his father's plan by getting a Butler diploma and adding to it his M.D.

Esther Fay Shover, 2057 Broadway, city; phone Randolph 4778, is also teaching at the Arsenal Technical Schools, where she has been since its establishment, nine years ago. She has taken post-graduate work at Butler, University of Chicago and Columbia University, and traveled in Europe during the summer of 1913.

Raymond A. Smith, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas, figures that with his duties as head of Department of Education, he will teach "only twelve and a half months this year." Before accepting this position in 1920, Mr. Smith has been principal of the Christian Mountain School at Beekley, West Virginia, and President of the Atlantic Christian College at Wilson, North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have three children, the oldest of whom, a twelve-year-old boy, enters high school this summer.

Edwin E. Thompson, 709 People's Bank, City; phone, Main 5787,

has his law offices in the same suite with those of Emsley Johnson. He has taught and has taken his LL.B. and Ph.M. from the University of Chicago, besides his diploma from the Indianapolis College of Law. Mrs. Thompson was Ethel J. Hickcox. Besides his law work Mr. Thompson manages his own real estate and farm, and helps to direct the Southport Bank.

Shelley D. Watts, Bloomington, Indiana, says he is still known as "Shelly Diggs." In 1908 he left the ministry for social service. In 1918 he entered the service of the American Red Cross, organizing and supervising the Home Service Section for Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. He, with his wife and Mary Louise (who are now at Indiana University, where he is organizing university classes in Red Cross social service), extends a cordial invitation to the class to visit them.

Personal Mention

Rev. Stanley R. Grubb, '99, has removed to Winder, Georgia.

At Columbia University are spending the summer Miss Esther Fay Shover, '00, and Miss Gretchen Scotten, '08.

Miss Mary Brown, '19, in June received the Master of Science degree for work in biology at Washington University, St. Louis.

Whitney Spiegel, ex-'18, ex-service man, after a serious illness, has been in the West for several months. He is reported to be improving.

Dr. Reuben A. Solomon, ex-'15, is in charge of a new tuberculosis clinic opened by the board of health in Indianapolis.

Henry M. Jameson, '19, has returned from a year in New York and Philadelphia to Indianapolis. He is connected with the Insley Manufacturing Company.

Rev. E. H. Clifford, '93, and Mrs. Clifford, '95, are located at West Salem, Illinois, in charge of the Christian Church.

Everts Johns, ex-'13, is located on the staff of the *Seattle Times* at Seattle, Washington. He is reported to be married and happy.

On Memorial Day John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, was grand marshal of the procession composed of veterans of the three wars. Wallace Lewis, '15, was his aide.

Bloor B. Schleppy, ex-'12, who has been for the past year in Los Angeles and New York City, has returned to Indianapolis for residence.

Captain Herbert W. Schmid, '11, 26th United States Infantry, is now of the Regulars, located at Camp Dix. Captain Schmid returned with a French bride.

Mrs. Willard Stewart (Mattie Benton), daughter of Dr. A. R. Benton, long connected with the college, now living in Lincoln, Nebraska, called in Irvington on June 4.

To Mr. F. R. Kautz, '87, the QUARTERLY expresses its sincere sympathy in the death of his mother, Mrs. Frances A. Kautz.

Howard G. Hanby, ex-'10, is located in the Phelan Building, San Francisco, where he is associated with a publicity organization.

Dr. W. E. Garrison, formerly president of Butler College, is the new head of the Divinity School of Disciples at the University of Chicago.

Will R. Pleak, ex-'77, of Greensburg, Indiana, spent alumni evening at the college. His son, Carroll, has completed his freshman year at Butler.

Robert A. Eichelsdoerfer, ex-'19, veteran of the World War, is advertising director of the Rembusch Enterprises, located at 40 West Ohio Street, Indianapolis.

Miss Jean Brown, '19, is traveling in Europe with the party conducted by Mrs. D. C. Brown, '97. The itinerary includes Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy. Among the tourists are Clarence L. Goodwin and daughter, Miss Mary.

For two years Miss Edith F. Eickhoff, '16, has been doing medical social service work at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. She is also taking courses in sociology in the University of Chicago.

Chauncy Butler, '69, is spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. Frank Horton, and her family on the H. F. Bar ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming.

At the Hamilton-Wilson wedding, which took place on May 21, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, the maid of honor was Miss Ione Wilson, '19, and one of the bridesmaids was Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis, '16.

Resignations from the faculty include Mr. Harry F. Bretz of the Spanish department, who has been appointed instructor in Princeton University, and Mrs. Mary Brookfield-Lowthian, who, after traveling in Palestine for the summer, will teach in Lenox Hall, St. Louis.

At the Green-Brackett wedding the music was furnished by Miss Kathryn Mead, '24, organist; Miss Helene Harrison, '24, harpist; Miss Gyneth Knee, '24, violinist. The bridesmaids were Miss Sarah E. Birk, '21; Miss Gertrude Hunter, '21; Miss Eleanor Pollock, '21.

Mrs. Hiram Hadley, '66, writes: "I think that all members of the Alumni Association should be proud and thankful that we have among our numbers those who can make such eloquent speeches as the *QUARTERLY* gives in its Memorial Day number."

Colonel William Wallace, ex-'87, 27th U. S. Infantry, is stationed at Honolulu in command of the Schofield barracks. There is now in Hawaii a Butler group of four men. In addition to Colonel Wallace are John Effinger, James Brayton, Willard E. Givens. A recent letter from Mr. Effinger is signed "One-time Butler University Sigma Chi. Always a Hoosier, though thirty years in Honolulu."

Will D. Howe, '93, is connected with the Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, as one of the firm's literary advisers. The *QUARTERLY*

sends its congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Howe in the record made by their son, Robert P. Howe, who has won several prizes and the scholarship honors in the graduating class at Exeter, besides prize money and the selection of his name for the school tablet as the best scholar. The *Boston Transcript* says of him: "The prize of general excellence on the ground of scholarship and character, as holding first rank, was awarded to Howe in a graduating class of 140."

Pleasant recognition has recently come to Miss Emma Louise Tevis, '18, in the field of science. She has received a scholarship in the School of Medicine of the Northwestern University covering her expenses for the year, when she will take her M.S. degree in physiology and pharmacology. The scholarship is given under the James A. Patton endowment. Miss Tevis is the only woman pharmacologist in Indianapolis. When she started her work with the Eli Lilly Company four years ago it was a rare occupation among women, but medical journals now show that women are entering that field in increasingly large numbers.

Dr. Chester A. Marsh, '12, is residing at Newcastle, Indiana, where he is assistant physician of the Indiana Village for Epileptics. Dr. Marsh read before the National Association for the Study of Epilepsy at the New York Academy of Medicine, June 3, 1920, a very interesting and valuable paper upon "A Comparative Study of the Phenomena of Epilepsy with the Actions of Normal Man." In the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, March, 1920, is an article by Dr. Marsh upon "A Psychological Theory of the Cause of Epilepsy, with Special Reference to an Abnormal Muscular Expression of a Strong Emotional Drive."

On the program of the state convention held at Tipton, May 18, the college was represented by the following number:

Why Butler?	Irvin J. Kerrick
College Atmosphere	Mary Elizabeth Howard
Student Activities	Lyman Hoover
One Who Helps Herself	Helen McDonald

Quartet -----	
Mary Sue McDonald, Lucile Baker, Rex Hopper, Clair Ingalls	
A Freshman in Butler College-----	Doyle Mullin
A Senior in Butler College-----	Frances Weaver
Religious Agencies -----	Mary Sue McDonald
The Religion of a College Student-----	R. Melvyn Thompson
College Song -----	Students

The friends of Omar Wilson, '87, are glad to learn of his improvement from the serious accident which befell him in the spring and hope to learn soon of his entire recovery. Mr. Wilson writes: "I've just finished reading for the second time the Memorial Day issue of the QUARTERLY, and find it worthy of praise. I appreciate somewhat the endeavor required for such success. What numbers of letters and oral inquiries must have been made and how many books and papers must have been consulted. Mr. Hall's picture made an excellent copy—distinct and clear. The picture of the tablet is also clear. The whole day's exercises can do only good for young as well as for all who were present. Just received a letter from Dr. Harvey W. Wiley speaking highly of the QUARTERLY as well as of the memorial exercises, of which latter he says, 'It was a very interesting and impressive occasion.' "

Dr. William F. Clarke, '92, for the past year has served as acting president of the State Normal School located at Minot, North Dakota. Dr. Clarke will now be able to devote his attention to his own regular work as superintendent of the Model School and supervisor of the Training Department of the Normal School. *The Minot Daily News* in its issue of May 4, 1921, says appreciatingly:

"William F. Clarke is one of those modest men of large capabilities, superior attainments and splendid character who never seek to advance themselves into the glare of the limelight, preferring to follow their chosen way and content to yield noteworthy and substantial service to their fellow men without making noisy proclamation of the facts of their achievements. They may prefer to "blush unseen" but an appreciative public frequently remembers to give credit where credit is due and to testify to the whole world the

esteem that is generally entertained but of which expression is sometimes neglected.

“Mr. Clarke has been a member of the Normal faculty since the foundation of the school, coming here from Montana. His scholarship is of a high order, his record including a diploma from Butler College, Indiana, the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Chicago and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Butler College. All these have been reinforced by wide study and experience in educational work in Indiana and Montana before coming to Minot.

“The Model School and Normal training department, which Mr. Clarke organized and which he has administered from the first, have prospered under his direction and have put the finishing touches upon the hundreds of teachers who have been graduated from the Minot institution. Better than that, the young people have derived from Mr. Clarke a fine type of inspiration and impulse toward clean life and right character building and definite usefulness in the world which are the most valuable gifts that could be given them.”

Miss Jean Brown, '19, writes from Oxford, England:

“July 2, 1921.

“Montreal was cool, clear and pretty. I do not remember much about the town except the mountain. That was delightful, and I should like to ride a sleek mare up and around the picturesque slopes. (Interruption: a vender is leaning on the window sill trying to sell me some shoestrings. I can't get used to sitting in the lounge room of a hotel and have the passersby stop to talk to friends within. I could lean out of the window and buy flowers, shoestrings, coffee, or anything, and this is a good hotel on one of the main streets.)

“On board ship we had a few very disagreeable experiences arising from the fact that Mary, Mr. Goodwin and I ate at a table of most queer and vulgar people, one an American school-teacher—a white-haired, loud-mouthed ignoramus who was always talking about America in a deplorable fashion; three Englishmen, and an

Irish-Canadian, who made himself as conspicuously insolent toward us as possible. There wasn't a single pleasant meal-time conversation, and the night before we parted we had a terrible fight in which hot words flew. Mr. Goodwin entered with spirit and well-chosen vocabulary, and I telling the enemy there is no use discussing the matter, as he didn't know anything. After the battle the three of us withdrew and giggled and chuckled and made merry.

"As our tempers cooled, we watched the sun set behind us as we entered the Channel, passed the Isle of Wight in all its cleanly beauty, the needles of rock, etc. On the next morning, June 27, we disembarked at Southampton. The people of the town removed our first impression of the English and we enjoyed them thoroughly. We motored to the ruins of Netley Abbey, and I shall never forget my bewilderment. To think that centuries ago here stood a mighty dwelling, really a walled city, which had been more than a century in construction, that by Cromwell's order the labor of hundreds of hearts and lives had been overthrown and seemingly obliterated; and yet, today, light-hearted, care-free, loose-tongued tourists stop in their mad whirl there and are silenced by a new mystery within the ivy-covered vines. The cathedrals I have traversed make little impression upon me in comparison. The great stone walls, the massive buttresses, the traced arches, all show what man can do with his hands, but the lone green outline of the Netley Chapel, open to the heavens, shows the majesty of the spirit of mankind. It is as if that could last for all time.

"Alack! These many interruptions. Since beginning this epistle I have been lost in this city, found again, tea'd, shopped, supped, gone boating on the adorable Thames, had another fight with an Englishman, who said the Americans didn't enter the war to do any fighting.

"I love these English hotels. The maids have such sweet voices and pleasant manners—are like fairy-book maids.

"I am astonished at the flowers in England. Everywhere, in station windows, antique shop windows, at hardware dealers, coal heavers, there is a big mass of red geraniums, and bushes and bushes of roses in full bloom, and all the old-fashioned flowers I

have ever seen or dreamed of. The color and beauty of the flowers in every nook and cranny and window takes one's breath away. At first I thought I was cock-eyed, but 'tis all real and true. The hedges, the thatched roofs, the cobble-stoned courtyards, the walls, the arched doorways and toll-gates are all here, and are much prettier than they have been pictured.

"From Southampton we went to Salisbury, Stonhenge, Romney, Warwick, and now are at Oxford. I bought a book of War Poems which includes 'The Spires of Oxford,' which Miss Graydon read to us one day in the Browning class, and which I recalled clearly as we traversed the colleges of Oxford.

"They say this is the longest drought England has had since 1813. It has dried up the grass the first time in the lives of these people."

A recent letter from Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, from Tibet, dated February 7, 1921, says:

"There hasn't been a peaceful day in Batang since the first of the year. Every day so far has had its murder or violence of some kind or other. Things are bound to come to a climax some of these days.

"Trouble is liable to arise between the Tibetan government and the Chinese and, if so, subsequent events will be swift and sure, for the Dalai Lama does things without much meditation, and does them decisively. The affair to which I refer is as follows: On January 27 the Galen Lama, one of the highest officials in Tibet, sent to Batang for vegetables, etc., for the New Year's festivities. As his servant was returning with the merchandise, he was held up by robbers about four miles south of Batang. Two of the men who were with him (one a Tibetan subject) were shot dead; and the Galen Lama's servant very seriously wounded. He sent for Dr. Hardy and me, and we had him taken to the hospital, where he is doing very well. The Governor of Markham province sent me a letter, enclosing money, expressing his thanks for our kindness to his subject, and asking that we do all that we knew how to help the wounded man. 'The Galen Lama,' he said, 'would deal with the Chinese regarding the affair.'

“Nothing will be done until the New Year’s festivities are over. Then the hair will fly.

“We are not afraid amidst all the horrors and threatenings that surround us. We are out here as ambassadors of Christ, and we are going to stay at our work as long as we last; so you need not be afraid because of us. There is not a member in this mission who has not given his or her life to Christ, and that without reservation. We love Him. His yoke is easy, and His burden light. It is a joy to serve Him. If the time ever comes, it will be a pleasure to die for Him. In the service of Christ there is neither sacrifice nor distress; all is joy, a real joy which nothing in this world, not even death itself, can ever wrest from us. If, therefore, some of our good friends are anxious on our behalf, please assure and comfort them with the above words.

“This week we are conducting a revival service in our church. The recent conditions have had a very bad effect on the Christians here. Robbing, looting, violence, murder, etc., have a bad effect even in Christian U. S. A. Out here it has a disastrous effect. We think, however, that with God’s help, we can save some. Most of the members are steady, but the inquirers are getting like a wave of the sea.

“With every good wish to you all.”

During Commencement Week were seen upon the campus:

1856—Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson.

1868—Scot Butler.

1874—Mrs. Sarah Fletcher Wagner.

1877—William R. Pleak.

1878—Emily Fletcher, Katharine M. Graydon.

1879—Demarchus C. Brown, Josephus Peasley.

1880—Hilton U. Brown, Thomas W. Grafton.

1881—Lora C. Hoss, Colin E. King, Louis Morgan, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Harlan.

1883—Robert L. Dorsey, Milton O. Naramore, Cora M. Smith.

1884—Mrs. May Dailey Morgan, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, William Wallace Knapp, Robert Sellers, William Clement Smith.

1887—Erastus S. Conner, Benjamin Franklin Dailey, Jane Graydon, James Spiers McCallum.

1888—George H. Clarke.

1889—Perry H. Clifford, Mrs. Jennie A. Howe, Thomas C. Howe.

1890—Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, Mrs. Romaine Braden Schell.

1891—Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, Robert Hall, Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King.

1892—Robert Franklin Davidson, Thomas A. Hall, Mrs. Letta Newcomb Wright, Bertha Thornmyer.

1893—Julia R. Fish.

1894—Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, Mrs. Isabella Moore Miller, Willis K. Miller.

1895—Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes.

1896—William E. Payne.

1897—Frank T. Brown, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown.

1899—Emily Helming, Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler.

1900—John W. Atherton, Emsley W. Johnson.

1902—Emmett S. Huggins.

1906—Ruth Allerdice, Mrs. Rose Billings Morrison, Mrs. Gem Craig Reasoner, Clara Thornmyer.

1907—Marie Binninger, Irma Brayton, Mrs. Frances Doan Streightoff.

1908—Mrs. Alma Hoover Negley, Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, Gretchen Scotten, Clay Trusty.

1909—Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert Schofield, Everett Schofield, Elizabeth Brayton, Charles O. Lee, James L. Murray, Roger W. Wallace.

1910—Lora Hussey, Blanche Ryker.

1911—Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, Margaret K. Duden, Benjamin H. Keach, Harry H. Martindale.

1912—Mrs. Charles B. Davis, Charles B. Davis, Clarence Reidenbach, Mrs. Clarence Reidenbach, Mrs. Melissa Seward Newlin, Corinne Welling.

1913—Mrs. Agnes Fort Rea, Beatrice Hoover.

1914—Mrs. Eda Boos Brewer, Frank Davison, Mrs. Ellen Graham George.

1915—Mrs. Marjorie Hall Montgomery, Mrs. Bernice Hall Glass, Clarence E. Oldham, Justus W. Paul, Mrs. Joseph Edward Lewis, Beth Wilson, Mrs. Mary Winks Russell, Beth Barr, Howard Caldwell, Ruth Carter, Mrs. Ruth Cunningham Kirkhoff.

1916—Mrs. Alice Dunn Denny, Louis N. Kirkhoff, Vera Koehring, Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis, J. T. Carey McCallum, Mrs. Louise Hughel Payne, Francis W. Payne, Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, Stanley Sellick, Elavina Stammel, Mrs. Amy Banes Groom.

1917—Mrs. Helen Andrews Tafel, Urith Dailey, Vangie Davis, Mrs. Elsie Felt Caldwell, Myron M. Hughel, Juna Lutz, Florence Moffett, Josephine Pollitt, Mrs. Mary Louise Ragsdale, Emma Tevis, Florence Wilson, Mrs. Mary Zoercher Carr, Mrs. Laura Ann Bridges.

1918—Chester Davis, Mrs. Mildred Hill Stephenson, Ralph Stephenson, Virginia Kingsbury, Mrs. Helen Reed Bosart, Marie Fitzgerald.

1919—Mary Brown, Edith Dailey, Mrs. Alice Greenlee Hinds, Emerson Hinds, Grace McGayran, India Wilson, Mary Wilson.

1920—Minnie Adams, Naomi Baker, Lois Blount, Mrs. Gladys Banes Bradley, Donald A. McGavran, Thomas Guy Mantle, Mary Wilson.

Marriages

LUCKETT-DUKE.—On April 2, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Thomas Luckett and Miss Helen Duke, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Luckett are at home in Indianapolis.

MOFFETT-MOORE.—On April 19, in Washington, D. C., were married Mr. Lee Moffett, '12, and Miss Alma Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Moffett are at home in Washington.

LARKIN-JUDSON.—On April 27, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Storey M. Larkin, ex-'19, and Miss Josephine V. Judson. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin are at home in Irvington.

BOOK-MOORE.—On April 30, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. William H. Book and Miss Margaret V. Moore, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Book are at home in Indianapolis.

HANSON-MURPHY.—On April 30, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Samuel Carlton Hanson, ex-'17, and Miss Esther Murphy, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson are at home in Indianapolis.

PERKINS-WHITE.—On May 6, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Harry Brown Perkins, '20, and Miss Mary Catherine White. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are at home in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

HAMILTON-WILSON.—On May 21, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Oliver Theodore Hamilton and Miss Miriam Wilson, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are at home in Vincennes, Indiana.

BREWER-VANARSDALL.—On June 8, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Samuel O. Brewer and Miss Robetta VanArsdell, ex-'17. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer are at home in Indianapolis.

VOLRATH-PANTZER.—On June 18, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Jean C. Volrath and Miss Laura Ingeborg Pantzer, ex-'19. Mr. and Mrs. Volrath are at home in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

BRYAN-HOBBS.—On June 22, in Tipton, Indiana, were married Mr. Arthur N. Bryan, ex-'20, and Miss Mary Jane Hobbs. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan are at home in Tipton.

WHEELER-BRAYTON.—On June 25, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Charles Edward Wheeler and Miss Ruth McCulloch Brayton, ex-'17. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are at home in Oak Park, Illinois.

ROBINSON-STEINMANN.—On June 25, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Harold D. Robinson and Miss Frieda Steinmann, '21. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are at home in Columbus, Indiana.

GREEN-BRACKETT.—On June 27, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Charles Norman Green and Miss Virginia Brackett, '21. Mr. and Mrs. Green are at home in Indianapolis.

BANKS-BURKHARDT.—On July 6, at the First Christian Church in Crawfordsville, Indiana, were married Mr. Gabriel Banks and

Miss Opal Okuki Burkhardt, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Banks sail in August for their missionary station in India.

MILLER-WILSON.—On July 14, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Paul Butler Miller and Miss Helen M. Wilson, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are at home in Indianapolis.

THRASHER-SIEVER.—On July 7, in Irvington, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Howe, were married Dr. John Raymond Thrasher, son of Professor W. W. Thrasher, long connected with the college, and Miss Winifred Natalie Siever, who has been in charge of the home economics department in Butler College. Dr. and Mrs. Thrasher will be at home in Indianapolis.

Births

LEE.—To Mr. Henry M. Lee and Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee, '12, on March 23, in Los Angeles, California, a son—Henry Howard.

BRIDGES.—To Mr. Don Kenyon Bridges and Mrs. Laura Ann Reed Bridges, '17, on April 24, in Greenfield, Indiana, a daughter—Laura Ann.

GLASS.—To Mr. Francis Elbert Glass and Mrs. Berniece Hall Glass, '15, a son—Robert Francis.

RUSCHAUP.—To Mr. Ruschaupt and Mrs. Flora Maude Askren Ruschaupt, ex-'16, on May 25, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Laura Louise.

BAKER.—To Mr. Charles Maxwell Baker, '19, and Mrs. Louise Stewart Baker, '20, on July 9, in Indianapolis, a son—Maxwell Reed.

Deaths

BARR.—Gail Barr, '17, died at her home in Indianapolis on May 16, and was buried in Crown Hill.

Gail was the youngest daughter of Mr. W. H. Barr and Mrs. Frances Husted Barr, '84, and had passed her life in Indianapolis, except for the months spent in New Mexico, where it was hoped she might find the healing climate desired. A long and hopeful illness was patiently borne.

Her life was quiet and uneventful, given over to doing her duty and doing it unselfishly and cheerfully. She loved children and nature and music. Whatsoever things are lovely, these she had thought upon until they were her very self.

A friend has written of her for the QUARTERLY: "There is a pride that transforms courage into gallantry, ambition into aspiration, loyalty into steadfastness, meekness into gentleness—that overcomes great odds and crowns with deathless life him who possesses it. It is akin to the power of God. Such pride made of Gail Barr as aspiring, as steadfast, as gentle and gallant a spirit as it has been our fortune to know.

K. J. L."

FAIRHURST.—Alfred Fairhurst, '66, died at his home in Lexington, Kentucky, May 24, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Professor Fairhurst was a native of Knox county, Indiana. He was graduated from Butler College as "honor man" with the class of '66. After taking advanced work at Harvard for one year he returned to our college, where for eight years he was professor in the department of natural science. While at Butler he married, Miss Elizabeth Holman of Indianapolis, who, with two children, survives him.

In 1881 Professor Fairhurst was called to Transylvania University. He accepted the call. This responsible position he filled with marked success until seven years ago when, having passed his three-score years and ten, he was retired and granted by the college an annual allowance.

In the world of science Professor Fairhurst is best known as author of a volume called "Organic Evolution Considered," pub-

lished in 1897, and is regarded by those competent to judge as a great book. He had studied carefully the theory of evolution. The question was fully discussed in his classroom. What he gave to his students there, he gave to the public in this book. In 1919 a small volume appeared from the professor's pen, a book which puts the discussion within the reach of busy people who are not inclined to read the larger volume. This book—"Theistic Evolution"—brings the discussion down to the time when it was written. It is readable, and holds one to its close.

His "Book of Poems" reveals the humor, the philosophy and the faith of the man better, perhaps, than any other of his productions.

The wide range of Professor Fairhurst's interests—the international affairs of the day, civic movements, educational development, science, religion, with general and special reading in all—made him a man of broad culture. He was a man of delightful humor, a man of kindly sympathy and help, a man of faith. He was beloved and honored by thousands of students.

GOE.—Percy F. Goe, ex-'13, ex-service man, died at his home in Irvington on May 9, and was buried in Crown Hill.

Percy enlisted on May 1, 1918, in Company A, 437th Engineer Detachment, at Washington, D. C., and served with that company during the war, being transferred later to the shipping board. He had recently completed government examination for the office of income tax inspector and had received his appointment, but was unable to accept. A long illness patiently and hopefully borne prevented. For many months he was in the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington; the latter weeks were spent in his mother's home.

Percy was a beautiful character. He had, as was said at his funeral, "an honorable youth." He was true to every obligation in life—home, business, country. He was one of the promising youths whose lives were laid on the altar of their country. May he rest in peace!

JEWELL.—William Ray Jewell, '72, died at his home in Danville, Illinois, on June 2, at the age of eighty-four years. Of Mr. Jewell and his life, the *Danville News* said:

His death removes from the ranks of the citizens of Eastern Illinois one of the most unique personalities to be found within its borders and a man known far and wide. For almost forty years he had been chairman of the county republican committee, and had ruled the deliberations of that body, which frequently made history of more than local interest.

Most of the platforms and the resolutions, shaping the policies of the city and county organizations, were of his own making.

William Ray Jewell was born in the little town of Taylorville, Kentucky, on August 7, 1837, the son of Benson and Margaret McKinley Jewell. His mother was a relative of the ancestors of President McKinley.

When less than seven years of age he went with his parents to their new home in Sullivan county, Indiana. There he attended the country school, a typical log cabin building of the Hoosier kind, taught by the old-fashioned Hoosier schoolmasters. After he had reached his teens, he decided that he would take up the study of printing and early learned to "stick" type on the old-fashioned weekly newspapers of those days. He eventually went to Terre Haute to work on a newspaper and while there but a short time decided to take up the study of law in addition to his work as a printer. He borrowed books from the law office of Col. Richard W. Thompson, a national character and cabinet member. He also received many valuable pointers and a lot of encouragement from Colonel Thompson.

About the time the Civil War was brewing Mr. Jewell decided to take up the ministry. He went to Indianapolis and entered the North Western Christian College (now Butler College, of Irvington, Indiana). His studies were interrupted by the mutterings of the great war and he gave up his studies, went to his home and in a short time was engaged in the work of addressing prospective recruits and in organizing more than a score of regiments.

A short time later he enlisted and joined the Seventy-second Regiment of the Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He went south and took part in a number of smaller actions, particularly at Frankfort and Bowling Green, Kentucky; Meridian, Mississippi, and later in

the big battle of Stone River, where the losses were tremendous. His regiment had been one of those formed into a brigade, commanded by John T. Wilder. "Wilder's Brigade" won a great deal of fame in the war, largely because the regiments composing it were mounted and were equipped with Spenceer repeating rifles, the first breech-loading guns ever used in battle.

Mr. Jewell enlisted as a private but soon won a corporalship, later a sergeantcy and just before the battle of Stone River had received a commission as a lieutenant.

In 1863, Lieutenant Jewell was one of the men summoned back to Indiana at the request of Oliver P. Morton, the war governor of the state, to address the wavering inhabitants, who were greatly distressed over the progress of the war and of the freeing of the negroes and the equipping of the negro men into regiments for service in the Union army. The services of these men as soldiers were necessary, it was explained, in order to win the war and to prevent further great losses of the Union troops. Lieutenant Jewell was engaged in this work for several months, and was promoted to a captaincy by the governor for his work in this campaign.

He soon tired of the recruiting work and asked to be assigned to field duty. He was sent eastward and assigned to command a company in the old Seventh Indiana regiment, one of the few western regiments that were members of the Army of the Potomac.

He saw plenty of active service, as he arrived there just a few weeks before the movement of General Grant through the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor and the siege of Petersburg. He was present at the fall of Richmond, which marked the last days of the war.

Mr. Jewell was one of six brothers who enlisted in the Union cause. Four of them were slain in battle, the fifth was rendered an invalid for the remainder of his days, and Mr. Jewell's health was, for several years after the conflict, considerably impaired.

After returning to his home in Indiana, Mr. Jewell again took up his theological studies at the North Western Christian University and graduated, accepting an offer to become a minister of the gospel. He came to Danville in the summer of 1872 and established

a weekly newspaper known as *The Siege*, which he conducted for several years. As a financial success *The Siege* was not much, but the work of Mr. Jewell attracted attention and resulted a short time later in his obtaining the position of editor of *The Danville News*. This was a morning tri-weekly newspaper. Soon after he took editorial charge, on October 1, 1875, it was changed into a daily newspaper, the first ever published in this city.

In those early years Mr. Jewell was called upon to officiate in his capacity as a minister of the gospel at funerals, weddings and in the pulpit, but he gradually withdrew from the last named work. His last sermon was in 1876. He performed his last marriage in June, 1878. As a funeral orator, however, he continued up to the time of his infirmities.

Mr. Jewell was postmaster for almost twenty-three years, under five different Presidents. He was first named in 1883 by President Chester A. Arthur, to succeed Charles W. Gregory, the appointment creating a big sensation at the time. In June, 1885, he was succeeded by John P. Norvell, a democrat, who had been named by Grover Cleveland. Four years later he was named by President Benjamin Harrison as the successor to Mr. Norvell. In the fall of 1893, he was again succeeded by a democrat, John Beard being named by President Cleveland, who had been elected for a second term, but who, on account of the famous fight between Senator David B. Hill of New York, and Cleveland, was never confirmed. Mr. Beard was made a recess appointment by President Cleveland at the adjournment of every session of congress, being unable to get the nomination through. With the inauguration of President McKinley, in March, 1897, Mr. Jewell was the first postmaster appointed by the new president.

Mr. Jewell served through the administration of President McKinley and also the brief period of his second term and was re-nominated by President Roosevelt and again renominated and served through the administration of President Taft and until September, 1913, of President Wilson's administration. He was then succeeded by a fellow newspaper man, Clinton C. Tilton, a democrat, and the owner and publisher of the *Danville-Press Democrat*.

That was Mr. Jewell's last public office.

Mr. Jewell was a prominent figure in many of the state republican conventions, in which he was as well known and regarded as he was in the county and congressional district affairs. He served as an elector to James A. Garfield from Illinois in 1880; to William McKinley in 1896, and to William H. Taft in 1908. He also had been a delegate to many of the national republican conventions and had made speeches for the republican nominees since the campaign of 1856, when as a boy of 18, he spoke for the candidacy of John C. Fremont.

His death removes from the city one of the most remarkable personalities known here, and his familiar figure, that was so prominent in the earlier and more active days, will be greatly missed by the thousands who knew him.

KENNINGTON.—Robert Edward Kennington was buried with military honors on July 9 from his home in Indianapolis in Crown Hill.

Lieutenant Kennington, who fell in action in the second battle of the Marne, August 4, 1918, was attached to the 58th Infantry, 4th Division, Regular Army, as liaison officer of his regiment. "It is his happy lot to be remembered always as one who by way of splendid death has entered into eternal youth."

KENNINGTON.—Robert Francis Kennington, ex-'21, died on June 28, in Indianapolis. Robert had entered college with the class of '21, but, that he might find other experience, transferred his work to Purdue University, where in the autumn of 1918 he was inducted into the Students' Army Training Corps and where he remained throughout the year. He returned, however, to Butler for his Junior year, intending here to graduate. But it was not to be.

Robert rode to and from school on his bicycle. This, with a natural shyness, cut him off from much of student intercourse. In order to pay his own expenses he worked in the afternoon, and this necessitated studying late into the night. He was a boy of gentle manners, of clear mind, of high purpose. He had a refined appreciation of best things and strove to attain them. There was in him something superior. That he was of a family related to the

great David Livingstone may have had its meaning. A teacher of large experience in the public schools said, "I never knew any child who knew the Bible as Robert Kennington and his sister Effie."

Robert loved life and he wanted to live.

LEE.—Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee, '12, wife of Henry M. Lee, died in Los Angeles on May 28. She leaves two sons, one six years and one two months of age.

This tragic news smote to the heart those who knew and who loved Vida Ayres. Everyone who knew her loved her. She left a radiant memory in Irvington. She was fair to look upon, with a grace of manner, a fineness of mind, a strength of soul, which, combined, made a rare character.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee were married in September, 1912, lived in Indianapolis for several months, then they moved for residence to Los Angeles, where Mr. Lee is engaged in the practice of law. The writer visited Mrs. Lee in her pretty, happy home last year, and carried away good-bye words singing in her heart. "Think of me as loving my life here, and always as true to Butler College. All is well."

A large trust holds that "all is well though sundered far be faith and form."

LOCKHART.—Jacob T. Lockhart, '59, died on August 29, 1919, in Spokane, Washington.

Of Mr. Lockhart, Austin Flint Denny, '62, has written to the QUARTERLY: "I knew Jacob T. Lockhart at an infinite distance in the North Western Christian University; for he was a senior and I, probably, was a freshman or a 'prep.' What he seemed to me was that he was the best-dressed and best-mannered, the politest, and, altogether, the most engaging man in the college. He graduated. He was appointed by President Lincoln as a consul to Germany; if I remember correctly, to Frankfort-on-the-Main. It was a big thing for the N. W. C. U., but none too big for Lockhart. I never heard anything of him as consul except such as was wholly creditable. Poor fellow! Later he seems not to have done so well.

I have just read a chapter on 'The American Consul and His Work' in Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's 'Understanding of South America.' A passage therein may be explanatory of Lockhart. I write this only to copy the passage:

“ ‘We have rarely seen a consular officer who has been able to save money. If he loses his appointment through changes in the administration or for other reasons, he often finds himself out of touch with things at home, and having been so long away from home-friends and conditions in the United States, he is quite helpless. . . . In these days when the United States is beginning to look as never before far out on the trade routes of the world, it is especially opportune to ask whether sufficient general attention and appreciation are given to the excellent and indefatigable service which our consuls are rendering to the American commercial world.’ ”

MAJOR.—W. S. Major, '58, died April, 1917, in Chicago, Illinois.

MAXWELL.—Mrs. Cynthia Routh Maxwell, widow of Dr. Allison Maxwell, died at her home in Indianapolis on July 5 and was buried in Crown Hill.

There are still those who remember with respect and affection Cynthia Routh at the North Western Christian University—her mentality, her sympathy, her poise. Her home was her world, and though an invalid for many years she lived for her family, with cheer planning for their welfare. She read the best books and her critical judgment was valued. She loved art in all its forms, especially poetry and music. She had a high sense of honor. She leaves three children, valued members of society—Dr. Leslie, Ruth, Allen. To them and to her mother and sister, Miss Alma Routh, the QUARTERLY extends its sympathy and an appreciation of a good life.

MOSES.—Jasper T. Moses, '02, died in the English Hospital, Mexico City, on the night of June 8, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Moses was in the service of the Department of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the time of his death. His wife and five children had not yet followed him to his new field, but were still in Leonia, New Jersey, preparing for the

journey. Mr. Moses was a loyal alumnus of the college as well as a loyal Christian gentleman. A subsequent notice giving greater detail of his useful and interesting career will be published later.

NEGLEY.—Margaret Ann Negley, daughter of Mr. Arthur Negley and Mrs. Alma Hoover Negley, '08, died on April 15 in Indianapolis at the age of nine months.

STEPHENSON.—The body of MacCrea Stephenson, ex-'12, was laid with military honors in Crown Hill on June 18.

Lieutenant Stephenson belonged to the 11th Aero Squadron, and was brought to his death when the San Mihiel drive was at its height, September 19, 1918. He had been buried near Jarny. He was a very gallant soldier.

VAN VOORHEES.—Mrs. Mary Custer Van Voorhees, ex-'18, died at Chicago, Illinois, on May 7, and was buried in Crown Hill.

A classmate says: "In the death of Mary Custer Van Voorhees we who knew her best have indeed met with a severe loss. She was sincere and beautiful and happy. Her loyalty and devotion to her friends and, above all, to her family, were shown constantly and were reflected in her face. Mary simply radiated happiness. In her husband, her little daughter, her home, she found joy supreme. Even in time of misfortune, her philosophy led her to look on the brighter side of circumstances.

"To us looking on, her life, though closed here at an early age when seemingly needed, must have had a larger, richer service waiting in the courts above; so, we have no regret in her passing save for the loneliness of those nearest to her, and of us to whom she was dear.

BERTHA C. SHELHORN, '18."

Notice

Send your alumni dues of two dollars to Stanley Sellick, treasurer of the Alumni Association, Butler College, Indianapolis. The QUARTERLY cannot live without it.

A. SCHWARTZ

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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly



October, 1921
Vol. X, No. 4

INDIANAPOLIS

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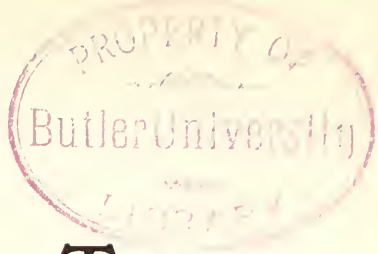
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PRESIDENT ROBERT JUDSON ALEY

Butler Alumna! Quarterly

VOL. X INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1921

No. 4

Robert Judson Aley, Ph. D., LL. D.

President of Butler College

Before the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY shall have reached its readers, there will be general knowledge of the fact that Butler College has a new president. The appointment of Dr. Robert Judson Aley, formerly president of the University of Maine, to the presidency of Butler College was made July 26. Dr. Aley accepted at once and entered upon his duties September 1.

To Indiana Dr. Aley is not a stranger. All of his life has been spent in his native state, save a few years in the far West and several years in the far East. He now returns to the region and the work he holds in high esteem.

Dr. Aley was born in Coal City, Indiana, May 11, 1863. He received his primary education in the public schools. He attended Valparaiso University, from which he received his degree of bachelor of science in 1882. From Indiana University he received the degree of bachelor of arts in 1888 and that of master of arts in 1890. In 1894 and 1895 he did graduate work in the Leland Stanford Junior University, being at the same time assistant professor of mathematics. He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania in 1897; the degree of doctor of laws from Franklin College in 1909, and the same degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1917. Dr. Aley has had a long experience as a teacher in Indiana schools. From 1877 to 1881 he taught in the rural schools, in 1881 and 1882 in the Coal City schools, from 1882 to 1887 he was principal of the high school at Spencer. He was instructor of mathematics at Indiana University in 1887 and 1888, and professor of mathematics at Vin-

cennes University from 1888 to 1891, when he returned to the State University faculty and remained until 1909. There he was head of the department of mathematics.

Dr. Aleý was superintendent of public instruction for Indiana from March, 1909, to November, 1910. He became president of the University of Maine on December 1, 1910.

Dr. Aleý has been associated with educational journalism. He was mathematical editor of the *Inland Educator* and the *Educator-Journal*. He was editor-in-chief of the *Educator-Journal* from 1903 to 1912. He was a trustee of the National Educational Association from 1911 to 1917, and president of that Association in 1916-1917. He was secretary of the National Council of Education from 1911 to 1913, and president of that body from 1913 to 1916.

Dr. Aleý is fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Indiana Academy of Science, and a member of the American Mathematics Society, the Mathematics Association of America, and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He was president of the Twentieth Century Club, a civic organization of Bangor, Maine, from 1911 to 1919. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Psi, Phi Kappa Phi, Phi Delta Kappa, the Rotary Club, and is a thirty-third degree Mason. He is a member of the Church of the Disciples, and in politics is nominally a Democrat.

Dr. Aleý is the author of a number of text books, besides scores of published articles on educational subjects. Among his books are "The Geometry of the Triangle," "Graphs," "Revision of the Cook and Cropsey Arithmetic," "The Essentials of Algebra," "Supplementary Problems in Algebra," and in collaboration with his son, Maxwell Aleý, managing editor of *The Century Magazine*, of "The Story of Indiana."

Thus equipped, Dr. Aleý comes to the task of leading Butler College forward into fields of attainment for which she has been prepared by the faithful service of men and women of the past. He is in full sympathy with the directorate in maintaining the high standard of scholarship for which the College has always stood, and for expanding its activities and its usefulness in this

ideal situation ; at the same time he is alive to the bonds of tradition and will hold true to the sacred ties of the past.

A more attractive work for any man, where is it to be found, than to place Butler where devoted spirits have made her worthy to be placed? With confidence and energy, with sympathy and far-seeing vision, with dedication of body, mind and soul to his great undertaking, President Aley has entered upon his labors.

The extent of Dr. Aley's educational friendships is evidenced by the letters of congratulation and appreciation which have poured in since the announcement went forth of his acceptance of the presidency of Butler College. Former students in all walks of life—lawyers, teachers, farmers, bankers, doctors, scientists, business men ; churches of many denominations ; journals of various character ; educators from Maine to California representing individual as well as institutional esteem, have united in extending best wishes to the man who has placed his hand upon the rudder of Butler College. Perhaps a brief expression from President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University may best sum up the spirit cordially and beautifully expressed in all :

“MY DEAR DR. ALEY :

“I am greatly interested in your going back to Indiana. I was greatly interested in your going to dear old Maine, my native State. I am interested also in your leaving it for the old and new work in the great Central State.

“You have had, are having, and are yet to have, a rich experience in the college presidency. The whole work is greatly worth doing, isn't it? Complex and perplexing as the problems are, the service is all the more worth rendering because of its difficulties.

“All blessings rest upon you. I know they will.”

And so the QUARTERLY, as voice of the Alumni Association, reiterates: “All blessings rest upon you, Dr. Aley. I know they will.”

Program of First Chapel Service

Gymnasium, September 22, 1921

Prayer by REV. A. B. PHILPUTT: Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this auspicious day. We thank Thee for young, aspiring minds and hearts that wish to enter the institutions of learning to pursue the ways of knowledge in the formation of character and in the clarifying of their ideals of life. Such an assembly here gathered, O God, makes a great hour for all of us, an hour of joy, an hour of satisfying consciousness that those who have labored in the past to bring to its present estate this institution of learning have not wrought in vain. We thank Thee for their labors—for all who have taught, or managed, or have in any way contributed to the building up of this college by experience and Christian influence and teaching. We thank Thee that today we stand in a high place of attainment, a place of assured success, and we thank Thee for the promise, as we look out over the future, of greater attainment, larger influence, nobler equipment and capacity.

Our Father, we pray Thee to bless the President of this institution as today he faces in this way for the first time its constituency, the personnel of the student body, comes into quick and full relation with us all—those who have been long here, those who have just come, and those who look to him for leadership. We pray Thee that this day we may highly resolve that while we follow his lead, we shall not throw upon him burdens that belong to ourselves. We pray Thee, therefore, to bless the Board of Trustees and Directors, the Faculty, and all the friends of this school of learning, that we may together face a new day, a fuller and larger day, and that those who come here for study may have a seriousness of purpose and fidelity of heart. Bless us, together with all schools of learning. Fill us with a passion, a flame of desire to render to society something vital for all the blessings we have received. All this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEAN J. W. PUTNAM: It is a pleasure to me to bring you just a word of greeting this morning—alumni, former students, new stu-

dents, members of the Faculty, and friends. Butler College has had a long and honorable and worthy history. To those of us who are working on the job it seems that the best of its history is still to be written. Perhaps some of those who were here in days gone by may feel that the old college cannot be greater or better than it was in other days; but the world moves and educational institutions move with it. This is the day of larger things in educational institutions. It is not for me at this time, if I were capable of doing it, to discuss the merits or demerits of the present educational trend. But the fact is that we are in the sweep of a great educational movement, and Butler College is in that sweep along with the rest of the colleges and universities of this land.

So far as growth is concerned, we have had a satisfactory development numerically, and that growth seems to be accelerated in spite of the handicaps under which we have worked. I cannot tell you now—perhaps the President may have the figures—of the enrollment this morning. Nobody had time to count the students who registered yesterday. This much can be said, however, that there is a very large increase over last year, as there was a large increase last year over the year preceding. So we seem to be in accelerated motion so far as our progress numerically is concerned.

Neither is it for me just now to discuss other lines of progress the College is making. That will be for the Directors and President to discuss. All that falls to my lot this morning is to say a word of greeting to you. I hope this may be a good year for each one of you, as well as a good year for the College as a whole. I hope that you may get out of the work from the very beginning what you ought to get. I shall have occasion to discuss with some of you individually and collectively, I hope, within the next few days some matters that are of vital importance to students entering upon their college career. You may hear in the next few weeks from this platform some advice, that will be given you, not out of any desire to impose things from the outside, but out of a desire to be helpful and to assist you in getting the right kind of a start, because the success of the year will depend very largely upon what you do in the next few weeks. With these words of greeting I shall leave it to others to do the talking for today.

Some of you here have spent years in this institution, some came not long ago. The minds of those of you who came years ago will go back to the men under whom you worked and with whom you were associated. All of us who have been here for the last dozen years or so have had the honor, the pleasure and good fortune to work with and under the man who is the next speaker this morning—Doctor Thomas Carr Howe.

DR. THOMAS CARR HOWE: Mr. President, Members of the Faculty, Young Ladies and Gentlemen: My good friend who has just introduced me had something to say about accelerated motion and growth. I could not help laughing when I heard that word "accelerated motion," because it reminded me of something very funny that happened in these parts a few years ago when the Butler College Faculty members began to get into the automobile game. He spoke of accelerated motion in the growth of this College. We want to be sure that that motion is in the right direction. Do not forget that. In this particular instance this member of the Faculty—who I regret is not here this morning—he is one of the great men of this Faculty and deserves our love and affection at all times. Well, one morning he took this creature, if an automobile can be called a creature, out of his barn, and somehow or other in trying to back it out he stepped on it the wrong way. The more he stepped on it the faster it went, and the faster it went the more he stepped on it, and it went back through his yard, crushing down two or three trees, and finally wound up by climbing a tree that was too large to be run over in the yard of his adjoining neighbor. You do not want that kind of accelerated motion, Mr. Putnam, in connection with Butler College. I understand the automobile still survives.

Young ladies and gentlemen, I think you have a right, as we all do, to be very happy this morning—to be very happy that you are alive and that you enjoy good health, and that you can come together in a place like this amid sunshine and peaceful surroundings to take up a great task. It is only four years just now that we started to construct this building and two others on this piece of ground for an entirely different purpose. It was to house the

men who wore the khaki, and there were 264 of those fellows here then—here to learn to kill. Now, friends, I hold that war is a wicked thing and never should be resorted to unless it be to save something of greater worth than life—like virtue or honor. Those men reflected great honor upon this school and upon their country by coming for the purpose they did, and this College you will find played a fine part in that awful upheaval. But I am thankful that it is not four years ago this morning, with the uncertainty of what might be before us, and that we are at last emerging from the outer clouds and storms into a fairer and more peaceful day.

You are fortunate to be of a fine group, especially selected by yourselves, coming to fit yourselves for a larger part in world affairs. I wonder if you know how large is that enterprise. I have had it pretty forcibly impressed upon me in the last few weeks, when in the course of a rather long motor trip I touched some two score of universities and colleges like the University of Michigan, Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and the great women's colleges like Vassar, Radcliffe, Barnard, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr. There are hundreds and thousands like yourselves all over this country who are entering these institutions, and they represent for us the hope, not merely of America, but the hope of a stricken world; and, my friends, you are a part of that group. There are many, many millions of us, I suppose twenty-four or twenty-five millions, who go to school in these days; but a very few hundred thousand pass to colleges and professional schools. But out of those you will find are coming the trained men, the trained women to whom we must look for guidance in the years that are before us.

I have just a few words to say to you by way of counsel, and please do not be offended if I speak of these few words as "counsel." There are times in our lives when we rather resent having counsel given us; but there comes a time after a while when we value it, and so I want to speak to you on two points for a few moments, and one is your attitude towards counsel. You will hear a good deal of counsel and advice from the speakers' stand. May I not ask you to be charitable to the speaker who seeks to give to you the value of his own personal experience? It may be the only thing

he can give to you, and we all know that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

As I was coming over the mountain the other day in a motor car—and I do not know how many of you may have made that trip from Hagerstown, Maryland, over the Old Trails to Cumberland, Maryland, and to Uniontown, Pennsylvania. But as we drove over the mountain roads, where for the most of the time your machine must be in second, it finally grew upon me that everywhere there were signs. All along the road you saw, "Sharp curve—Danger." "Go slow—Danger." And at the top of the mountain, "Put your engine in second and coast down with your foot on the brake to snub it." Now suppose I had been foolish enough to disregard those admonitions. A friend of mine told me yesterday that in the space of a few miles there were last year more than fifty lives lost on that road—lost because they disregarded these signs; and the day before we came over there were six people killed within the space of ten miles. Friends, it is worth while to listen to counsel. I was glad for the men and the women who had gone before on that road and had marked it for my benefit, and so, friends, let me suggest this to you. After all, your lines are going to be cast along pretty much the same lines as have been cast those who preceded you. Do not think you are going to be the exception. A lot of young girls, a lot of young men, think they are exceptions, that they can go counter to the established rules of safe living, of right living; but invariably they come to grief and misery. Every day's paper brings confirmation of that statement. And so, friends, let me urge you to be in the right attitude towards those who would give you counsel, who wish to give you good advice, as your friend. You will be wise if you make use of that counsel, because if we are to have that accelerated motion in the world, if we are to accelerate our civilization in the right direction, we must accept the good counsel of those who have gone over the road before, who know where the danger curves are, where the second gear places are, and where the "stop" places are. I think I would be more happy for this than for anything else—if I might feel that in the case of at least two or three students here I might have succeeded in per-

suading you to open your ears in patient listening to the counsel of those who wish you well, and who have gone over the road before. You may think they are old-fashioned and old fogies because they are so insistent upon the things they do, but they know whereof they speak; they have been through and know the road to the end.

One other thing, and that is the last. I want to say a word about your attitude toward the men and women with whom you are to work in the next few years here. I have been a college student myself; I graduated from this college some years ago, and I know something about what the college student often feels in the way of reluctance to approach a member of the Faculty, the fear to open up to any member of the Faculty—I do not know, maybe it is not so much so these days as before the war, but there used to be a great feeling of reverence for the people who had been set as teachers and professors, and this was all the way through the term, not only at the end of the term when grade cards were about to come out. But just remember this: You are here of your own will, you are here for a noble purpose—to train yourselves for larger living. I heard one of the best educational speeches made the other day by a little girl who said just a few words and stopped. And what she said was to this effect—that she was looking forward to her college course as a place where she would undergo a process of mental training. There are a good many people who get the idea from things they see in the press—all honor to it—and elsewhere that the process of mental training has little to do with a college course, that it is all made up of fraternity parties, football games, baseball games, track meets and all the rest, all of which are good and useful in due proportion; but do not forget that you are here to train yourselves to think straight and act straight. And since you are here of your free will, and are putting yourselves under the leadership of these men and women, remember that while it is a fine thing to lead, it is sometimes a finer thing to have the good sense to be led, and we need in this country the preaching of just that gospel—that people shall subordinate themselves to leadership, not all try to be leaders. You will find these men and women of the Faculty are human beings; they are very human.

And they recognize the fact that you are human beings. I recall once upon time a Freshman came to me when I was in the office, with something that seemed to him a terrible humiliation, a place in which he was due for some correction, and in his reproach of the presiding officer at that time he said, "Don't you know that Freshmen are human beings?" Yes, we know you are human beings, and these men and women know you are human beings; but do not forget that they also are human beings, and that there is something which must come from you to them as well as something which must come from them to you. This is not a one-sided proposition. The student must be in a student attitude of mind, and you must listen to these people and remember that they are trying to work out the thing that will be the best for the largest group of people.

Finally, I want to bespeak for the new President of this College your love and your devotion, which is his due. My friends, you have a very human man coming to assume the leadership of this great educational enterprise. He is a true Hoosier. I do not approve of his politics, you understand, because he is on the "other side"; but barring that he is all right. He is a man who has grown up to the best in this fine State of ours. He has been in the public schools and knows their problems; he has been a professor in a university; he has been a university student with a university degree; he has been in a position of high honor in this State as Superintendent of Public Instruction, and has acquitted himself with distinction. He has in addition to that been the distinguished president of one of our State universities, in a very difficult place in the east—in Maine. Now he comes to you with superb experience and magnificent training. He has the qualifications of fine manhood to make him the right kind of leader, a man that boys and girls can like—a clean, upright, straight and forward thinking man. He has a great task. It is not to regulate the hours of fraternity parties, but it is to lead this institution into a greater day so that it may come into that fulfillment of the wishes and desires of the men who have even given their lives for this institution. I want to bespeak for him your cooperation. Do not expect

him to know your first name the first day he is here, but have the good sense and the human consideration to give him a chance to recover himself by mentioning your name to him when you meet. Give him your support in every way you can.

And I want to say the same thing to the Faculty. This is one of the most loyal institutions I have ever known and always has been. It is made up of a group of men and women that so far as I know have no equal in that particular in college or university. There has always been a fine spirit here and I am very sure that under the direction and fine leadership of Doctor Aley you will have a continuation of that spirit.

And so keep yourselves in the right attitude toward the counsel that may come to you in this institution; help the members of the Faculty, because their lot is not a bed of roses; and help the President, because thereby you not only do the right thing, the Christian thing, but you help your own selves and help to make your institution a greater one, so that it may come to be what you have hoped for it—a beacon light of usefulness, a radiance shining out not only in this city, but throughout the State and the nation.

DEAN PUTNAM: I am tempted, before announcing the next speaker, to refer to one remark Doctor Howe made regarding the Faculty, because I may represent that body as spokesman. He paid a tribute to the loyalty of this Faculty, and I think justly so; but the loyalty was not one-sided; there was loyalty on the other side as well as on the Faculty side, and this Faculty will be as loyal to Doctor Aley as it was to Doctor Howe, and for the same reason, namely, that it has loyalty from a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the interests of the Faculty, and therefore the Faculty will reciprocate as one reciprocates with a friend—it is a matter of mutual friendship. And I want to bespeak that same friendship between the Faculty and students, because that makes the college more than any amount of endowment, or buildings or fine equipment. That is what will make Butler College an institution known far and wide over this country as a college where men and women associated as men and women can develop these finer qualities of human nature.

Reference has been made to the Faculty and to the students as integral parts of college life. There is another important factor in college management, and that is the Board of Directors. They are not as visible around the campus as the Faculty and the students, but Mr. Hilton U. Brown, the president of the Board, has been around here so long and is so intimately acquainted with this institution, has known so many students and been known by so many that I suppose he is as familiar to the students who have been here in the past as almost any member of the Faculty. He therefore does not need any introduction to the student body.

MR. HILTON U. BROWN: Mr. Chairman—Doctor Howe has made it very easy for me in one respect at least. I anticipated that I should follow in the line of exhortation, and he has told you that good advice ought to be accepted—and I may add, no matter what the source. The ship boy who dropped a bucket of slop and called to the Captain to “Look out!” was giving good advice, though ordinarily the Captain would not go to him for advice.

This is a sort of Commencement season. As I crossed the railroad track down here my friend who keeps guard there said, “This is Commencement, isn’t it?” And I, seeing he was a humorist and philosopher, said, “Yes, this is Commencement season.” It is the beginning of a very important relation in your life. It is the commencement of an acquaintance that ought to be extremely significant to you and to the Faculty, and incidentally, to that remote force in the background, and too often remaining in the background—the Board of Trustees. So at the Commencement, just as if you were beginning to make arrangements for a journey, even if it be so simple a thing as a picnic, you visit the kitchen, the ice box and other sources of supply, and make your preparations. You are making preparations for a journey; you have made some and you will make more. You are to begin the journey presently. I spoke of visiting the ice box. For this journey you will need food, physical, mental and all kinds, reminding us of the story of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, a good doctor and the sweetest humorist in American literature, who was approached by a man who said that he had heard that fish was good brain food,

and he wanted to know of the Doctor if that was true. The Doctor said, "That seems to be accepted in medicine as a good theory." "Well, then," said the man, "what would you recommend for me in the way of diet?" The Doctor replied, "I would suggest that every morning you take whale-on-toast." You do not need that much brain food, but you will need some stimulus, you will need some advice, as Doctor Howe so well said.

I have a feeling for the lonely student who stands at the railroad crossing and wonders whether he had better go back to the train or go into college. There are a few lonely hours for the Freshman for which he must fortify himself, and just as a soldier or anyone engaged in a great enterprise must at times have the feeling that perhaps he is not ready, is not sufficiently fortified to go forward, so there will come those doubtful moments to you. But do not be discouraged. Here you will make new friends; here you will make friendships that will last longer perhaps than any you will make in later life. Out there in the audience sits a man with his son, a Freshman, who came here many years ago when we had mud roads and a few board walks. I do not remember anything else that was really distinctive at that time, except the student body and the friendships they were making. His friendship and mine (making it personal) is as permanent as life, and when we see that some good thing has happened to an old Butler student whom we happen to have known it is almost the same as if the good thing had happened to us. That is the sort of friendship you are about to enter into.

Hallam said in one of his papers that there were three factors in life that had given impulse to the energies of civilization. These three I commend to you. First, honor—that is the thing you control and make for yourself. If you have it in large degree you multiply your importance; but he who heedlessly disregards simply remains on this earth an inert mass, through possibly three-score and ten years. So it is the duty of a man, and particularly an educated man, or woman, to store up those qualifications which enable him to strike a blow for humanity when the time comes. And the man who does that is entitled to the respect of his fellow citizens, or honor, if you please.

One of the other things Hallam spoke of as a moving impulse is religion. Some of you are approaching the age when you think that a good many things can be dispensed with in this life, and perhaps now and then it comes to your mind that religion is a sort of nuisance. And right here let me say to you that your father and mother and those who preceded them, all that good line down through the ages that established what we have today, had their fundamental faith in God. There must be a religion if there is to be civilization and progress. Do not think that with a little sweep of knowledge you can cast aside all of the things that have been established by generations of men and that were in the first place handed down by the Almighty himself. You root yourself in religion, and as the gentleman I am about to introduce said the other day in a sermon, do not take it that your college career is an opportunity to take a vacation from all the good things you may have acquired. It is a good thing to leave off some of your bad habits, if you have any, and to cling to those things which you have learned that have been worth while. This will be said very much better than I can say it, so I will pass on.

I am taking the privilege of saying a few things in an advisory way, because I know the difficulties you will encounter. When I say "you," of course I have the new students in mind. The older students have learned all these things—and many more I do not know—already. But I do have a feeling for you—you who are here for the first time, establishing a new relation. If you get off on the right foot, participating in all the college interests, making this in reality a home for the next four years, entering with an open mind, then your time here will not be wasted.

Before I pass to the last thing, and in fact the only matter that concerns you, I want to say that the other quality which has been a contributing impulse to human progress, according to Hallam, is liberty. You have liberty in greater degree than we people have ever had it. My advice now is not to abuse that liberty. That is the great danger—a far greater danger than to seek to defend liberty when it means the sacrifice of others. However, he who is to advise and lead you, the man I am about to introduce, is so much

better qualified by experience, by all of the things that make him a leader, to instruct you in matters to which I have merely referred, that it is eminently proper that I should subside and give him the floor.

It is no mystery why Doctor Robert J. Aley is President of this institution. After Doctor Howe insisted (for a long time, I may say) that he be relieved from the duties of the Presidency, we had a nation-wide search for his successor, and the choice eventually, and after much advice from many sources, fell upon this man, and it is no mean position he is assuming. We have been fortunate in having men of character, men of education, men capable of molding the youth of this State, who have occupied this position. And now comes Doctor Aley. Something has already been said of him. I would say also that the formal inaugural ceremonies are not taking place this morning, but are deferred to a season when he and other educators of the State are not absorbed in the duties of the day. More of that later. This morning it is my simple function, as a representative of the Board of Directors, to present him to you, the student body of this college, entering at a period the like of which the world has never known.

To you, as well as to the Faculty and the guests, I wish to commend the words of Doctor Howe and the other speakers, and urge upon you the importance of supporting President Aley in a period which is bound to be significant. Why? Look around you. You are here in a temporary gymnasium; your buildings are overcrowded, and the question is, is this the site upon which millions of dollars should be expended? An educational institution is not a thing of today, nor of tomorrow, nor next year; it is a thing eternal. If there are any permanent man-made institutions, colleges are certainly in that category. Is this the place where a great institution can be developed? That problem we will not solve this morning, but Doctor Aley will attempt to assist the Board of Directors in solving it by-and-by.

Students and friends, I take great pleasure in presenting to you one who is widely known in this State and throughout the educational world, and I bespeak for him your support. If you feel

that way shall we rise and salute Doctor Robert J. Aley, our new President.

PRESIDENT ROBERT J. ALEY: Mr. Brown, Members of the Faculty, Friends, and Members of the Student Body: I find, as I have found on other occasions, that it is very unfortunate to be preceded by three great speakers. I thought I had my few words this morning under lock and key—until I came to this room. I think before I get through you will find out that either the three speakers of the morning had access to what I am going to say, or I had access to their preparation.

It is a pleasure to greet you as co-workers in a great undertaking. Education has at this hour an importance greater than at any previous time. The professions are all demanding a broader and deeper academic background. Business and the industries are absorbing college trained men and women at an amazing rate. The individual without college training or its equivalent does not find the door of opportunity opening easily to him.

In common with the other newcomers, the Freshmen, I have already found that there is a subtle, indefinable, but nevertheless powerful something about here known as the spirit of the institution. The moment I decided to cast my lot with Butler it began to take possession of me. It has grown rapidly as I have come to know the active interest of the Directors, the splendid work of the men and women of the faculty and the devotion of the alumni. In its essence I presume this spirit is the fragrance from the lives of the many men and women who here have been inspired to high endeavor and prepared for worthwhile service. I may not know fully whence it came nor what it is, but I know it is here and that the value of my work will be in proportion to the completeness with which it possesses me.

The spirit of an institution is in the keeping of the student body. Directors, officers, alumni and faculty labor in vain unless the students do their part. Men and women of Butler, the good name and the destiny of this college are in your hands. That you have caught and will carry on her fine spirit I firmly believe. I hope it is in your hearts to make this a bigger, better and finer institution.

You who have been here before need no welcome. You are merely coming back home. You know the pleasures, the privileges and the opportunities here afforded. The joy of friendships and the satisfaction of tasks well done are already part of your experience. It is your happy privilege to be hosts to the new students and by precept and example to help them quickly to adjust themselves to the new conditions of college life.

You who are here for the first time, I give a most hearty welcome. You are in an environment very different from any in your past experience. You will have far more freedom and far greater responsibility than you had in the high school. In many of your studies the method of teaching will be new and strange and in all of them the requirements will be exacting. I welcome you, therefore, into a bewildering world rich in the variety of experiences it offers. In it you will meet with difficulties. Many hard problems will come up for solution. Unless you overcome the difficulties and get the correct answers to the problems you will never be able to call this or any other college your alma mater.

It should not be inferred that difficulties and problems belong exclusively to the Freshman. The Sophomore with his assurance, the Junior with his dignity, and the Senior with his hope, all alike have their troubles. Hence it happens that suggestions and advice to Freshmen are almost equally applicable to the experienced members of the three upper classes. I speak to all members of the student body.

The college, whether provided by the church, the municipality, the state, the nation or private beneficence, exists primarily and fundamentally for two purposes: viz., to conserve and transmit knowledge; and to extend the boundaries of knowledge. No institution of higher learning can exist for long unless in spirit and practice it remains true to these necessary duties. It is essential, therefore, that students and faculty be united in the common pursuit of learning. No one may properly be called a student unless he is engaged in study, devoted to learning, and a systematic seeker after truth.

In recent years there have grown up in and around colleges many

organizations and a multiplicity of activities all of which are very insistent in their demands upon the student interest and time. Athletic sports, musical organizations, dramatic clubs, and a score or more of other groups associated for special purposes are so familiar and common that some students select them instead of academic work. Individually, many of these extra-curricular activities are not only very desirable but also extremely valuable. The whole trouble is that too many students make them vocations instead of avocations.

I once knew a boy who worked very hard, practiced rigid economy, received some contribution from his parents and finally on the day of the circus had money enough for admission to the big tent, one side show and in addition a few cents for popcorn and lemonade. He went to the circus grounds with high hopes and great enthusiasm. The flaming posters and the loud barkings of the side-show men overcame his judgment. He spent his time and money without seeing the real show in the big tent. Although he had been in the side-shows, and at the time thought he enjoyed them, he went home tired, hungry and disappointed. He had missed what he went for.

It has become so common to lay down conditions or propose plans under enumerated headings known as points, that I trust I may be pardoned for suggesting ten points that I believe are necessary if the spirit of Butler is to be maintained and if you men and women are to get all that you have a right to have. The points I suggest are not new, nor are they untried. The great and good men of all ages have tried them out and testified to their merit.

1. *Observe faithfully the commandment*, "Honor thy father and thy mother." This is the commandment with promise. Father and mother are absolutely your two best friends. They will without complaint make any needed sacrifice to give you advantages better than theirs. They hope and pray that you may surpass their best achievements. Don't forget them. Write them regularly and frequently. Do nothing to cause them distress. Keep them in your confidence. Be proud of them even though their speech, manner or dress may be old-fashioned. Remember they are pure gold. Honor them by being the man or the woman they expect you to be.

2. *Live clean.* Keep your bodies fit temples for noble minds. Spurn as you would the plague that lying doctrine, "I'll try anything once." *Wild oats*, whether sown in mind or body, always bring a sure crop. He who sows must also reap. Sow good seed and the harvest will be plentiful, the reaping joyous.

3. *Be loyal.* The virtue of loyalty has always been recognized as of supreme value in human affairs. Without it the ordinary relations of life would be impossible. Loyalty implies integrity and faithfulness. No business, profession or institution has any use for a man unless he is loyal. The individual who finds himself becoming disloyal to the school the organization or the institution of which he is a part must either face about and become loyal or sever his relationships. Any other course is hypocritical.

4. *Do your work.* Honest, efficient and productive work is necessary to the success of every enterprise. There is today a widespread notion that work is a curse which ought to be avoided if possible, or if not avoided, greatly slighted. This notion in college and university circles is expressed by that infamous phrase, "get by." No one ever achieves real success or becomes of actual value to any enterprise unless he puts into it all the energy, skill, and effort that he possesses. Genius has been defined as ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration. Honor and success both within and without college are invariably earned by hard work. Roosevelt expressed the correct view thus: "Play hard when you play; when you work, play not at all."

5. *Think straight.* One thinks straight when he bases his conclusions upon facts properly considered. The straight thinker accepts no conclusion, no matter how plausible it seems, until he has thought it through and is convinced that it is the necessary result of known facts and conditions. The straight thinker makes no foolish mistakes either in financial investments, social theories or political doctrines. One great purpose of education is to make thinkers. Thinking produces poise, increases confidence and prevents foolish mistakes.

6. *Read great books.* The college student has a full program. He thinks he is too busy to find time for general reading. I am

sure, however, that if you will organize your duties by making a regular time schedule for your tasks you will find time not only to keep up with current affairs but also to read at least one great book a month. The very joy of reading literature upon which no examination will be held gives a zest and an understanding rarely experienced in a classroom. Try it.

7. *Cultivate a good perspective.* A good perspective is the ability to see things in their proper relations. It is just as important to see little things little as it is to see big things big. Proper evaluation is necessary in your studies. If big things are mastered a surprisingly large number of little things fall into their places without effort. Our worries and troubles usually come from over-emphasis of the trivial.

8. *Make friends.* The greatest asset in the world is a friend. Four years of college life afford the golden opportunity for making friends for a lifetime. It is the friendships formed in college that draw men annually from the remote corners of the world to the old campus to spend a few hours in communion with their friends. One can never have too many friends. The one recipe known for the making of a friend is to be a friend. No stronger words of praise can be written than "He was a great friend."

9. *Have charity.* Some one has said that the daily reading for one year of Paul's great essay on charity found in 13th Chapter of First Corinthians will transform the life of the reader. Of all the virtues, charity stands first. It is the key that unlocks everything else. It strengthens your perspective, ennobles your friendships and compels you to draw nearer to your ideal.

10. *Keep the faith.* From earliest childhood to the present time you have been taught to believe in God and the principles of righteousness which He has revealed to the world. In most of you that faith has found expression in work with others through the various activities of some church. You know that the greatest power in the world is righteousness. You also know that the individual who holds himself aloof from the organization whose purpose is to proclaim righteousness exerts but little influence. In college life you should continue the active church work that you

have been engaged in and enrich it by larger experience and more intelligent practice. If by any chance you have not had active church relationship these college years furnish the time and opportunity to establish it. The world expects you to be leaders when you leave these walls. You should establish the friendships, strengthen the understanding and develop the ability that will make it possible for you to realize these expectations. The greatest present need is a revival of religion. It is your privilege and opportunity to help meet this need.

DEAN PUTNAM: One year ago the registration at the beginning of the first semester was 677. At this hour we have a registration of 815.

Benediction—DR. JABEZ HALL: In Thy presence, our Father, is fullness of joy, for Thou art love, Thou art righteousness and holiness complete. Wisdom dwelleth with Thee, and power. Into Thy hands we commend ourselves and all those who are gathered together here, all those who are represented in this place by their children, and those who have left and are seeking a place in the world. We commit every interest of our lives into the keeping, the guardianship and care of Thine infinite goodness and mercy. We desire to bless Thee that Thou has set us in families, that Thou hast put into the heart of humanity the deepest love it knows for its own offspring. Through that love human beings come into fellowship with God, into fellowship with Jesus Christ, into fellowship with good and true and holy men, into all the things that make a fuller life. Holy Father, we desire to thank thee that Thou hast instituted Thy Church in the world to bring together those who know Thee in the confidence of personal trust and faith. We thank Thee for the wonderful promises of Thy Word, we thank Thee for the love which has been sanctified in the example and death of Jesus Christ and in his resurrection after death, into a life more full of saving power. And now we thank Thee, gracious Father, that with all confidence we may enter into the joy of Thy service, that everything we do, everything we are, everything we desire may be brought to Thee for sanctification and for blessing.

Grant success, we pray Thee, to every good wish and purpose of our lives. May the example of Jesus Christ be to us inspiration and power. Let not Thy Holy Spirit be taken from us, but with open heart may we come into fellowship and abide with Thee, that the highest good may be spread abroad until the earth shall be filled with Thy glory, and men, women and children alike brought into Thy likeness and crowned with Thy glory. And unto Thy Name shall be the praise, the honor and the glory, through Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

Thoughts on Religion by a Layman*

It seems somewhat bold for a layman to attempt to speak on religion when you are accustomed to experts who speak from wide knowledge and deep experience. I know very well that I can add little to your knowledge of the subject; and yet, just as an animal grazing in a field reaches his neck over the fence and finds sweeter grass in the adjoining meadow, so at times a teacher likes to leave his own field and speculate about things that really belong to others.

I said that I would talk about religion. I wonder if we know just what religion is. I am not at all certain that I do. So we will take this for a subject: "What Is Religion, and, in Particular, What Is Christianity?" First. Does religion include morality? Some religions include moral teaching, but not all. If you will examine the religion of primitive peoples you will sometimes find no moral element at all. The religion of the ancient German, for instance, consisted of a mass of superstition, a belief in gods such as Thor and Woden, and a host of good and evil spirits. There was a certain moral code among the ancient Germans, but it was not a part of their religion and it derived no sanction from their religion. The central idea in their religion, as I understand it, was to perform certain acts by which bad spirits could be pro-

*A Chapel talk by Dr. W. C. Harris, head of History Department.

pitiated and good spirits could be induced to aid men. For example, spitting straight ahead was supposed to be very effective in warding off evil spirits. Beer left in a giant's cavern put the big fellow in an amiable and friendly frame of mind. So, though morality may be an essential element in one religion, it may be entirely absent in another.

Second. Does religion include the acceptance of certain doctrinal creeds? Two encyclopedias that I have consulted define Christianity as "the name given to that definite system of religious belief and practice which was taught by Jesus Christ"; and again, "Christianity is the system of religious truth based upon the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was the expected Messiah." These definitions emphasize the fact that Christianity is the acceptance of certain intellectual concepts, that it consists of a belief in certain definite things taught by a particular person. It identifies religion with doctrine and creed and theology.

I can hardly see that acceptance of a creed, or acceptance of any definite intellectual concept, is essential to religion because certain types of Christians ignore this element and state boldly that not the acceptance of a creed, but an emotional experience is the vital heart of religion. The Billy Sunday revivals seem to me evidence of this. The convert is free to join almost any church and accept almost any creed or dogma—the important thing is the change of heart. This emotional crisis is brought about by singing and preaching of an emotional type. Prayer is offered; the whole assembly is swept by a wave of emotion; the individual is caught up in it; he has an emotional experience; he is said to have religion. Some years ago at Tent Evangel in New York City I heard the evangelist, Gypsy Smith. His text was "Jesus Loves." He has a voice of wonderful sweetness, and as he described his life as a boy, wandering with a gypsy band, he told of flowers and the beauties of Nature, bring in as a kind of refrain the word "Jesus Loves." At times he would stop long enough for a song about the love of Jesus. It was a wonderful and inspiring service, but its appeal was to the feelings and emotions rather than the reason of the audience. And so I say religion seems at times to have a casual rather than a necessary relation to reason or intellect.

Third. But is an emotional experience the vital thing in religion? We all know of churches and individuals who abhor revivals and declare that conversion is a psychological phenomenon and not true religion at all. Many church members never had a change of heart or an emotional experience, yet they belong to churches and are considered—and consider themselves—Christians. The Pharisees were certainly very religious. Their religion, instead of being a thing of the emotions, consisted in a minute and exacting observance of the letter of the Law. The important thing in their religion was Sabbath observance, ceremonial washing, and tithing. A Pharisee could not be used in the army because the Law forbade him to walk more than two thousand cubits (twenty-three inches) on the Sabbath day: to keep to the letter of the Law was his religion. It was more important to keep the Law than to be merciful and kind.

It would seem, then, that we apply the term religion to many different phenomena. In one religion, morality is essential; in another, it is not. In one, emotion is present; in another, it is not. In one, creed and dogma are essential; in another, not.

What, then, is the essential element of religion? I do not know. Harnack, a great German scholar, wrote a little book a few years ago entitled "What Is Christianity?" In this he takes a survey of the history of Christianity and from the many different forms it has taken at different periods he tries to find the essential, the element that is constant. He thinks he finds it in the idea that God is the Father and all men are brothers—the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It is a very interesting and helpful little book and perhaps it is hardly fair to state his conclusions so briefly; but Harnack has only succeeded in picking out what is to him the essence of Christianity. He ignores the fact that this is not the essential element, not even an accepted fact to others who call themselves Christians. Last Sunday evening I attended a Nazarene Church in this city. The sermon was on the Blood of Jesus. The minister said: "If every verse containing the word blood were taken out of the Bible there would be no Christianity left in it." To him the essence of Chris-

tianity was the Blood! He denounced the idea that Christianity could be summed up in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. All men, said he, are not brothers. Some are children of God and some are children of the devil.

I believe there is no one essence that lies back of Christianity. There is no common element back of religion at all. We may find some element that satisfies us as individuals, but it will not satisfy all Christians. Religion—Christianity—spells diversity, not uniformity. It can no more be defined than life can be defined; for religion is a vital part of life itself, and as life is a thing to be experienced rather than defined or understood, so religion vitally connected with life is above and beyond the limitations of analysis and definition.

When we get right down to fundamentals, we have to admit that we no more know what religion is than we know what life is. But we can go so far as to distinguish between higher and lower forms of life, such as the amoeba on the one hand and human beings on the other; and lower and higher religions, such as primitive Nature-worship and the religion of Jesus. The lower forms of life sometimes have no eyes, no ears, no legs, no reason, no blood. The lower forms of religion may lack conceptions of Social Justice, Morality, Reason, Emotion, but the higher forms have some characteristics that may be observed.

The highest type of religion today must, it seems to me, teach the Social Gospel. I suppose we emphasize the Social Gospel today because the world is in such need of help and sympathy. It must be interested in making this world a better place to live in. It must seek to further such practical reforms as the Abolition of War, the Relief of Suffering, the Promotion of Liberty and Democracy. It must base its Social Gospel on Reason. It must marshal the facts and figures and prove to the minds of men that its purposes are sane and its aims in accordance with Reason. I think, too, it should distinguish between what is really fundamental and what is merely desirable. To my mind, dancing, card-playing, theater-going are very minor matters. It is fundamentals that count—Justice, Peace, Kindness, Fair Dealing.

The highest type of religion must include that indefinable something that for want of a better word we call Faith—Faith, the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. A faith that is not merely intellectual or purely emotional, but a faith that is fundamental, that involves the energy of the whole man. The person who has this faith may not be conscious of a religious experience. His idea of a divine mind working in the universe may be dim and uncertain. But if he is seeking the better way in this world he is seeking the religious way. If he has abiding faith in justice and in truth, his faith and trust is his religion. If there is within him an energy that generates power for righteousness, that energy is the religion that is within him, and he is a religious man. He is a Christian.

Opening of the College of Missions

On September 23 the College of Missions held its annual Convocation with the following rich programme:

I

INDUCTION AND RECOGNITION SERVICE

3:00 P. M.—GRAHAM CHAPEL

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

PROCESSIONAL

INVOCATION—REVEREND THOMAS W. GRAFTON, M. A.

Minister Third Christian Church, Indianapolis

SCRIPTURE—PROFESSOR WILLIAM CHARLES MORRO, B. D., PH. D.

Dean of Department of Ministerial Education, Butler College

CONSECRATION HYMN—MISS HATTIE POLEY MITCHELL, B. A.

INDUCTION OF

REVEREND GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN, M. A., PH. D.

TO THE PROFESSORSHIP OF CLASSICAL INDOLOGY
AND MISSIONS IN INDIA

PRESENTATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF MISSIONS

INDUCTION ADDRESS: "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSTACLE TO THE CONVERSION OF INDIA"—DR. BROWN.

CHARGE FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THE UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY—PRESIDENT FREDERICK WILLIAM BURNHAM, D. D.

DECLARATION OF INDUCTION

DEDICATION PRAYER—REVEREND ALLAN B. PHILPUTT, M. A., D. D.
Minister Central Christian Church, Indianapolis

MUSIC

MESSAGE ON BEHALF OF THE INDIA DEPARTMENT AND THE FACULTY OF
THE COLLEGE OF MISSIONS—

PROFESSOR JOHN GRAFTON McGAVRAN, M. A.

GREETINGS FROM BUTLER COLLEGE—

PRESIDENT ROBERT JUDSON ALEY, LL. D., PH. D.

RECOGNITION OF INTERIM PROFESSORS (1921-1922)

REVEREND JOSHUA CROWE GARRITT, M. A., D. D.—CHINA DEPARTMENT
Presented by President Charles Thomas Paul, M. A., F. R. G. S.

REVEREND ANDREW FITCH HENSEY—AFRICA DEPARTMENT
Presented by Professor Wallace Claire Payne, M. A., B. D.

MRS. ALICE FERRIN HENSEY—DEAN OF RESIDENCE
Presented by Mrs. Ellie K. Payne, B. A.,

ANNOUNCEMENT OF LECTURERS AND INSTRUCTORS

ADDRESS—HARRY OTIS PRITCHARD, M. A., LL. D.
Secretary, Board of Education of Disciples of Christ

BENEDICTION—PROFESSOR JABEZ HALL, M. A., D. D.

RECESSIONAL

II

5:00 P. M.—COLLEGE PARLOR AND LIBRARY
INFORMAL RECEPTION

III

6:00 P. M.—COLLEGE REFECTORY
CONVOCATION LUNCHEON

IV

CONVOCATION SERVICE

8:00 P. M.—GRAHAM CHAPEL

MUSICAL PRELUDE—COLLEGE OF MISSIONS QUARTETTE

SCRIPTURE AND INVOCATION—REVEREND OSWALD JOSEPH GRAINGER, M. A.
Acting Candidate Secretary, United Christian
Missionary Society

MUSIC

CONVOCATION ADDRESS

REVEREND WILLIAM F. ROTHENBURGER, B. A., D. D.
Minister First Christian Church, Springfield, Illinois

“THE TRAIL OF THE CROSS”

SOLO—MISS HATTIE POLEY MITCHELL, B. A.

CONVOCATION PRAYER—MRS. JOSEPHINE McDANIEL STEARNS
Chairman Educational Department, United Christian Missionary Society

DOXOLOGY

BENEDICTION

ANNUAL HOME-COMING DAY

FOOTBALL

EARLHAM VS. BUTLER

Saturday, October 22

Irwin Field—2:30 P. M.

Program Will Follow Game

Supper on the Campus

MAKE IT A GALA DAY

SAVE THE DATE

COME!

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumni Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Subscription price, two dollars per year.

Entered at the Indianapolis post office as second-class mail matter, March 26, 1912.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, William Clement Smith, '84;
First Vice-President, Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, '97; Second Vice-President,
Harold B. Tharp, '11; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Opening of College

The College opened on September 19 in an auspicious manner. The enrollment is unprecedented. The buildings are filled beyond their capacity. Recitation rooms are too few in number and too small in size. The teaching force is insufficient to handle worthily the number of students. The equipment of laboratories and library is unequal to the demand. Just where relief is to come only the Board of Directors knows; but all have faith in the man who has come to direct the affairs of Butler College.

Despite the limitations of crowded quarters and meagre equipment, there is about the campus a cheerful atmosphere—a happy, hopeful, energetic spirit. United in a common enterprise, trustees, faculty, students are determined to work out that problem which now confronts all and to maintain that purpose for which the institution was founded—the gaining of knowledge and the building of character.

Enrollment

	Men	Women	Total
Former Students -----	180	251	431
New Students -----	184	250	434
Total -----	364	501	865
Freshmen -----	137	166	303
Advanced Standing -----	47	84	131
	184	250	434

Changes in the Faculty

From the Faculty are missed Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, French Department; Mrs. Mary Brookfield-Lowthian, English Department, who is teaching in Lenox Hall, St. Louis; Mr. Harry Bretz, who accepted a call to the Spanish Department in Princeton University; Miss Siever, Home Economics, who became in July Mrs. John Raymond Thrasher.

The new friends who have come into the Faculty are: A. B. Anthony, instructor in Economics, from Leland Stanford Junior University, from which institution he received his bachelor's degree and his master's degree; Miss Ida B. Wilhite, a graduate of Purdue University and a graduate of the Teachers' College of New York and of Illinois University, to have charge of the Home Economics Department; Mlle. Valentine Tonone, who graduated from Butler with the class of '21, has been in the College for two years as a student sent by the French government to study in American colleges, now to be a member of the French Department; Professor Rollo A. Tallcott, formerly of Valparaiso University, to be the new head of the Public Speaking Department. He received his bachelor's degree and his master's degree from Syracuse University; Dale Beeler, a graduate of Indiana University and a student in Italy and France, to be instructor in the Romance Department; Mrs. W. E. R. Burke, after graduating from DePauw University and serving as instructor in the University of Kansas, the University of Chicago, the University of Texas, to be the new member of the English Department; Mlle. Susanne Herrlich of Switzerland, a member of the Romance Department. During Miss Butler's convalescence Miss Allegra Steware, '21, will teach her Freshman English class. Professor Jordan's class in Psychology has been divided and J. T. C. McCallum, '16, is conducting one section.

Athletics

All Set for the Kickoff

The Coach says to his men, "It is harder to uphold a reputation than to attain one." Butler made history in its first year of the New Era. The athletic victories and championships of 1920 have gone into the "Gallery of Memories." In colleges of the middle west our Alma Mater has gained recognition. In a clean-cut manner forty-one letter men of last year "brought home the bacon."

Under Dr. Aley and the Athletic Director, the autumn term opened with real athletic material and more men than ever before. Of course we are greatly overcrowded in our present quarters.

Football, the life and punch of the institution, was ushered in with a nucleus of semi-experienced men. Only half of last year's squad returned. Around these men the machine will be built. Captain-elect W. L. Kiser, ex-Captain Phil Brown, H. Dutton-haver, H. H. Hungate, J. Leslie, Wallie Middlesworth, D. Kiser, Wm. McClaffin, P. V. (Buck) Brown and Alva Graham are the pillars around which the new material will gather. Our city "prep" schools have sent us many good men. The whole state has responded with ambitious material. Alumni of Butler are awakening.

The schedule is the best. An opening trip into Ohio on October 1st opened relations with Denison University, which is one of the big three of their state. Seven home games will be played on Irwin Field. Rose Poly Engineers will kick off on October 8th, then comes Hanover from over the hills October 15th. October 22nd brings Earlham as our home-coming attraction. Do you remember last year's battle? Butler scored first, then the Quakers tied the game in the third quarter, but the Bulldogs came back in the last quarter, drove down the gridiron and punched out a victory of 13 to 7. Three thousand alumni and friends will be back for the home-coming. Next will come the "Big Giants," Wabash, on Friday, October 28th. On November 5th the Chicago "Y" College, of athletic experts will again be seen in action.

Last year's Butler victory was only 9 to 0. Remember our stand on the goal line? On November 12th the Michigan Aggies, a big and powerful team, will be our guests. The season will close with Franklin here on November 19th. 21 to 10 was last year's celebration and keep your engagement on the evening of November 19th at the Claypool, dinner, etc., in honor of the team. Three hundred were there last year. Something more than team spirit will be needed to win this year. The school needs your loyal support, 100 per cent. Over eight hundred students have secured their student athletic books. Alumni and friends have the same privilege to be in the reserved Butler section at a reduced rate. Get \$12.00 worth for \$7.00. Not only does the College Athletic Department ask your support, but *remember the team*.

Save another date—Basketball, Yale University vs. Butler at Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, Friday, December 30, 1921.

Scores of First Games

Butler, 19; Denison, 6.

Butler, 70; Rose Poly, 6.

Our Bulldogs returned from Granville, Ohio, full of talk about the new Denison University stadium, and the royal treatment accorded by the Denison people. Crowds of home-comers had assembled to dedicate the new playgrounds. The players report the football field as the most perfect they had ever seen. It had been newly completed for home-coming day and was as smooth and soft as a golf green. An alumnus of the university had given \$500,000 or so for this stadium. A section of concrete seats in a natural ampuitheater had been completed, and the work was proceeding on other portions of the grounds, but the gridiron had been finished, was in perfect condition, and had never been played on. The thick, soft sward was partly responsible for the absence of serious injuries, though the game was fiercely fought from beginning to end. The visitors were invited to return on the promise of a different score if they would come back next year.

Home-Coming Day

The annual Home-coming Day will be celebrated on October 22. Preparations are making for a great hurrah occasion from early morning until late evening. The event of the day will be the Butler-Earlham game on Irwin Field at 2:30, but previous to that will be served luncheon at various places on and about the campus. Following the game will be served supper in the gymnasium, a huge bonfire on the common, a program in the gymnasium.

Be on hand for a big time—to meet old friends, to see a splendid game and to enjoy a brilliant evening program. COME!

Chapter Houses

Among the advances seen about the campus is the appearance of Fraternity Houses, some for the first time. So long as the young women could find accommodation in the Residence, the authorities felt there was no real need for the segregation such houses might occasion. But times and sentiment have changed. The College has had a serious problem of housing the students who come from a distance; hence, an encouragement of Chapter Houses.

The Kappa Kappa Gamma

The Kappa Kappa Gamma Chapter has taken possession of the residence of Mrs. E. E. Graham, 5432 University Avenue. This house and its environment of two acres have been one of the attractive places of Irvington. Situated two blocks from the campus, the house, containing fifteen rooms, including a dormitory on the third floor, makes an ideal home for the Kappa girls. They are fortunate in their selection; they are fortunate also in being chaperoned by Miss Bidwell, Professor of English in the College.

Kappa Alpha Theta

The opening of College found Kappa Alpha Theta, with two other sororities, newly assuming the responsibility of a Chapter House. Desiring to have a place where all of her girls might be housed together, Gamma Chapter built the house which she now occupies at 215 South Butler Avenue, opposite the College Observatory. The building is of stucco and frame, two stories in height and twenty-eight by thirty-three and a half feet in dimensions. The first floor includes a large living room, dining room, kitchen and two porches; the second floor contains four bedrooms, bath and commodious closets; on the third floor are dormitory and attic. Mrs. Eliza Tarkington Brigham is chaperone. The Thetas are very happy in their new possession, grateful to their alumnae for untiring efforts in their behalf, and hopeful that the advent of sorority houses at Butler will be a helpful factor in the development of the school.

* * *

Delta Delta Delta

It was just one week before College opened. It had been decided that the Tri-Delts were to have a Chapter House. But where was to be found a dwelling to accommodate us, when Irvington was minus houses "for rent?" An "ad" brought a reply. So, one after another, pleased expressions upon their faces, Tri Delt actives, Tri Delt alumnae, Tri Delt fathers and Tri Delt mothers, examined the house from basement to attic. It seemed as if the house had been made for that very purpose. It was just what all wanted. Off, then, went a telegram to Chicago and in two more days the Forsyth house at 5621 Beechwood avenue became the Butler Tri Delt House.

The house is one square south of University avenue, near Ritter. On the outside the wide veranda and porte-cochere; on the inside the long living room, cozy studies, and a large, airy dormitory make it an ideal sorority house.

* * *

Pi Beta Phi

The Butler Chapter of Pi Beta Phi has leased the property of Mr. R. F. Davidson at 5428 Lowell avenue for a Chapter House. The house consists of ten rooms, a sleeping porch and a large library. Mrs. Dora Stanley is acting as temporary chaperone.

Sigma Chi

After fifty-six years of nomadic existence, Rho Chapter of Sigma Chi has ceased its wanderings and settled in a fraternity house. For years, due to the fact that the fraternity was largely composed of Indianapolis boys, this was not necessary, but of late years, due to the changes in the College, the Sigma Chis have felt the need and have acted accordingly.

The house is one familiar to every student in Butler for the past twenty-five years, and is known as the Johnson house, located at the intersection of Downey avenue and the Pennsylvania railroad. It is virtually at the front door of the College. The house was built by Mr. A. A. Johnson about thirty years ago, when he moved to Indianapolis for the purpose of educating his children. It was built in the days when houses were well built, and is in excellent condition today. His three children went to Butler, and in turn each married a Butler graduate. During that time the house was the center of a great many activities of a social nature. Perhaps the last College gathering was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, at which time a reception for young and old was held there. Mr. Johnson's son, Arthur Johnson, is a Sigma Chi of the class of 1895, and it was through his cooperation that the Fraternity was able to obtain the house.

The house has a large reception hall and living room across the front, and a combination chapter and lounging room, and a dining room back. The furniture is of a more or less massive type, mostly brown leather, calculated to be both comfortable and substantial. It conforms to the general scheme of the interior, which

is finished in various tones of brown. There are five rooms upstairs, each housing two students. These rooms are large, well lighted and airy. In short, the house will be an ideal fraternity home, which will be living quarters for out of town members, and an attractive clubhouse for Indianapolis members.

Due to the location of the house, it may be advantageous for Alumni, who have occasion to visit the College during the coming football season, to visit the house, and the Chapter expresses its sincere hope that they will receive many such visitors. In this way they feel that they will be promoting the welfare of the College by furnishing what has been lacking for visiting Sigma Chi heretofore, and will be well repaid by pleasant associations. * *

Delta Tau Delta

The opening of College sees the Delta Taus not in a new house, but one as good as new. They have occupied the residence at 15 South Ritter avenue for several years. The property now belongs to Butler College and in the vacation it was thoroughly renovated from attic to cellar, inside and out. It is a large house, suitable for the purpose to which it is now adapted, having on the first floor a reception hall, double parlors, sitting room, dining room, kitchen and two porches; on the second floor seven study rooms and bath; on the third floor a large dormitory. The furnishing of the house has been given by the generous Alumni; it is plentiful and in the best of taste.

On the evening of September 17 the Chapter held an informal reception for Alumni and friends, with President and Mrs. Aley as guests of honor. It was a pleasant occasion. This house has served the College often and well, its hospitality has been generally appreciated and all are glad to see it in such beautiful rooms.

PROGRAM OF THE BUTLER ALUMNAE LITERARY CLUB

1921-1922

OFFICERS

President-----	MISS IRMA BRAYTON, '07
Vice-President-----	MISS ESTHER FAY SHOVER, '00
Secretary-Treasurer-----	MISS MAUD RUSSELL, '11

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS IRMA BRAYTON, '07
Knut Hamsun and the Nobel Prize-----	MISS GRETCHEN SCOTTEN, '08
The Growth of the Soil, by <i>Hamsun</i> -----	MISS ESTHER FAY SHOVER, '00

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS BESSIE POWER, '08
H. G. Wells and the Salvaging of Civilization-----	MISS MARIE BINNINGER, '07
Wells' Outlines of World History-----	MISS IRMA BACHMAN, '12

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS CLARA THORMEYER, '06
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MIDDLE WESTERN TOWN STORIES

Main Street, by <i>Lewis</i> -----	MRS. FLORENCE HOSBROOK, '08
The Moon Calf, by <i>Dell</i> -----	MRS. ALMA HOOVER NEGLEY, '08
Poor White, by <i>Anderson</i> -----	MISS MAUD RUSSELL, '11

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS MARIE BINNINGER, '07
Dorothy Canfield; Herself and Her Work-----	MISS RUTH CARTER, '15
Canfield's The Brimming Cup-----	MISS BESSIE POWER, '08

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Theater party

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS GRETCHEN SCOTTEN, '08
The Age of Innocence, by <i>Wharton</i> -----	MRS. LETTIE LOWE MYERS, '08
Blind, by <i>Poole</i> -----	MISS IRMA BRAYTON, '07

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS ESTHER FAY SHOVER, '00
Tarkington's Poldekin-----	MRS. CHARLES C. MORRISON
Tarkington's Alice Adams-----	MISS BEATRICE HOOVER, '13

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS CORINNE WELLING, '12
The Great Hunger, by <i>Bojer</i> -----	MISS CORINNE WELLING, '12
Potterism, by <i>Rose Macaulay</i> -----	MRS. FRANCES DOAN STREIGHTOFF, '07
Nights in London, by <i>Burke</i> -----	MRS. DAISY MCGOWAN TURNER, '08

MAY

GUEST DAY

<i>Hostesses</i> -----	DR. ALICE H. DUDEN AND MISS MARGARET DUDEN, '11
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MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

<i>Hostess</i> -----	MISS BEATRICE HOOVER, '13
John Drinkwater's Mary Stuart-----	MISS MARGARET DUDEN, '11
Ibanez in the Movies-----	MISS CLARA THORMEYER, '06

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Miss Irma Bachman	Miss Juna Lutz	Miss Esther F. Shover
Miss Marie Binninger	Mrs. Charles Morrison	Mrs. F. H. Streightoff
Miss Irma Brayton	Miss Anna K. Murphy	Miss Clara Thormeyer
Mrs. J. H. Butler	Mrs. Samuel Myers	Miss Lucy Toph
Miss Ruth Carter	Mrs. Carl Negley	Mrs. Carl Turner
Miss Margaret Duden	Miss Bessie Power	Mrs. John L. Wallace
Miss Cora Emrich	Miss Maud Russell	Miss Corinne Welling
Miss Beatrice Hoover	Miss Gretchen Scotten	

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Miss Pearl Forsythe	Miss Mary Pavey
Miss Lois Kyle	Miss Barcus Tichenor
Miss Agnes Tilson	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon
Mrs. Thomas Carr Howe
Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown
Mrs. Thomas Marshall

Class Secretaries

The following have been appointed as secretary of their class. Some have replied to the request for service, but the majority have not. Kindly reply to the Alumni Secretary whether you are serving or not, and send to her your report without being asked for it. The dates have been suggested for receiving reports as January 1 and June 1, though any date will be acceptable. The duties of class secretary are to keep a correct directory of the class, and to gather and send to alumni headquarters all information concerning classmates: 1879, Demarchus C. Brown; 1880, Mrs. Flora Frazier Dill; 1881, Mrs. Minnie Olecott Williams; 1882, Claude H. Everest; 1883, Thomas M. Iden; 1884, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke; 1885, John Arthur Kautz; 1886, Mrs. Myrtella Sewell Whitsel; 1887, Jane Graydon; 1888, William C. McCollough; 1889, Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe; 1890, Mrs. Vida Cottman; 1891, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King; 1892, Bertha Thormeyer; 1893, Frank F. Hummel; 1894, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller; 1895, Edgar T. Forsyth; 1896, Charles Richard Yoke; 1897, Mabel H. Tibbott; 1898, Anson H.

Washburn; 1899, Emily M. Helming; 1900, Esther Fay Shover; 1901, Ernest Lynn Talbert; 1902, Harry O. Pritchard; 1903, Mrs. Pierre VanSickle; 1904, Katherine A. Quinn; 1905, Horace M. Russell; 1906, John F. Mitchell; 1907, Mrs. Mary Clark Parker; 1908, Gretchen Scotten; 1909, Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert Schofield; 1910, Bareus Tichenor; 1911, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft; 1912, Mary C. Pavey; 1913, Martha Kincaid; 1914, Mrs. Ellen Graham George; 1915, Howard Caldwell; 1916, Fred H. Jacobs; 1917, Juna M. Lutz; 1918, Urith Dailey; 1919, Charles Maxwell Baker; 1920, Herman R. Hosier.

Founder's Day

The formal inauguration of Dr. Robert J. Aley as president of Butler College will occur on next Founder's Day, February 7. Preparations are in making for a notable occasion, not only for our College, but also for the educational world of Indiana. It is hoped the alumni and former students will so mould their plans as to be present.

Personal Mention

Dr. Silas M. Compton, '04, is practicing medicine in North Liberty, Indiana.

The address of Rev. O. E. Lovell, '17, is Mapumulo, Natal, South Africa.

Word of bon voyage has been received from Miss Louise Cory, '21, written from Honolulu, en route to her assigned work in China.

William G. Irwin, '89, stopped at College upon his return from summering in Canada to greet Dr. Aley.

Archibald A. Brown, former student and son of Mr. H. U. Brown, '80, and Mrs. Brown, of Transylvania, Louisiana, visited Irvington in September.

Miss Louise B. Rau, '16, of New York City, spent two weeks in September with Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89.

Miss Mildred K. Jessup, ex-'18, has been appointed head of the English department in the West Lafayette High School, Indiana.

Robert A. Bull, '97, spent a few hours in Irvington on Matriculation day, accompanying his son, Holton, who entered the Freshman class. He attended Chapel exercises.

It was pleasant for old friends in Irvington to catch a glimpse of Lee Moffett, '12, who, with his wife, came from Washington to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Florence B. Moffett, '17.

Mrs. Underwood, widow of Professor Charles E. Underwood, '03, has returned to Irvington for residence. She is welcome for herself and for the honored memory of her husband.

Mrs. Belle Hopkins Updegraffe, '79, is living in Hiram, Ohio. She writes that she and her classmate, Mrs. Clarinda Harriman Pier, of Los Angeles, are planning a reunion of the class of '79 for next June.

Mr. Hilton U. Brown, president of the Board of Directors, and Mrs. Brown entertained delightfully on September 22 the trustees and faculty in honor of President and Mrs. Aley.

Mrs. Mary Parker Freeland, '14, now living in Denver, Colorado, spent a few weeks in Indianapolis in July visiting her relatives and friends. Several College companies were given in her honor.

Of the Alumni who toured Europe this summer were Mrs. D. C. Brown, '97, Mrs. Ruth Hendrickson Allee, '11, Miss Irma Baehman, '12, Miss Jean Brown, '19, Miss Ruth Montgomery, Miss Allegra Stewart, '21.

John L. H. Fuller, '17, now living in New York City, visited old friends in Irvington in August.

Thomas A. Sims, formerly teacher of Oratory in the College, has opened a law office in Washington, D. C. Mr. Sims had been living in Miami, Florida, where he had engaged in the real estate business.

Thomas Carr Howe, Mrs. Howe and children motored through New England in August, visiting many universities and colleges, members of their families and friends, among the latter being Emmett W. Gans, '87, now residing in Hagerstown, Maryland.

Professor Johnson of the Mathematics Department has been for several weeks at the Methodist hospital, Indianapolis. While convalescing, he has not yet been able to return to his work. Professor Johnson is one of the indispensable members of the Faculty and has been greatly missed. President Aley has cared for his classes.

Murray Mathews, '13, who has been for several years connected with the widely-known hostelry of Del Monte, California, has accepted the position of auditor of the Hotel Plaza, San Francisco. Mr. Mathews has written of his desire to visit Butler on Homecoming Day, in October, and he will not come alone.

Miss Evelyn Butler, '93, of the English Department, who has been away from the College on leave of absence during the past year, filling the deanship of women of the University of Idaho, has not been able to return to her work in Butler College on account of serious illness. She will, however, be back soon.

William E. Hacker, '16, is located in Paris, Kentucky, where he is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hacker was with the A. E. F. in France, attached to the 12th Machine Gun Battalion, 4th Division. He was severely wounded on August 7 in the engagement on the Vesle River, but has now recovered. Mr. Hacker's recent marriage is noticed elsewhere.

In the notice of the Green-Brackett wedding, given in the last issue of the *QUARTERLY*, the following errors were made: Miss Kathryn Mead was represented as belonging to the class of '24,

whereas she graduated with the class of '21; the given name of Miss Knee is rightly spelled "Gwyneth"; the announcement should have been made in the notice that Miss Agnes Hodgin, formerly of Butler College, gave a program of bridal airs before the ceremony, and also that Miss Martha Hawkins, '21, was one of the bridesmaids.

C. C. Hanch, a former student, connected with the Maxwell, Chalmers, Nordyke-Marmon and Studebaker as factory executive, is soon to become executive vice-president of the United States Automotive Corporation, Connersville, Indiana. In his new connection Mr. Hanch will have charge of the operating policies of the company, which has as its subsidiaries the Lexington Motor Company, the Ansted Engineering Company, the Ansted Spring and Axle Company, the Connersville Foundry Corporation and the Fayette Painting and Trimming Company.

It is always interesting to note the children of alumni as they enter the Freshman class, and to follow them throughout their course. In that class are this year matriculated: Virginia, daughter of Howard Armstrong, '06, Kokomo, Indiana; Robert Holton, son of Robert A. Bull, '97, Sewickley, Pennsylvania; Rollin Murry, son of George B. Davis, ex-'89, North Salen, Indiana; Elizabeth, daughter of Charles L. De Hass, '91, Irvington; Frank, son of Jesse H. Mavity, '91, Noblesville, Indiana. In other classes are seen: Ruth, daughter of Mrs. Bales, Winchester, Indiana; Virginia, daughter of Ennis Barney, Irvington; Jessie Merrill and Paul V., children of Hilton U. Brown, '80, Irvington; Philip, son of Demarchus C. Brown, '79, Irvington; Blythe, granddaughter of Alonzo Burkhardt (third generation), Tipton, Indiana; Charles T., son of B. F. Dailey, '87, Irvington; Earl, son of Elvin Daniels, '14, Monticello, Indiana; Maria, daughter of Major W. W. Daugherty, '61, Indianapolis; Robert, son of Thomas A. Hall, '92, Irvington; Margaret, daughter of Charles E. Higbee, Lebanon, Indiana; Howard Howe, grandson of Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56 (third generation), Irvington; Kenneth, son of John W. Moore, '89, Irvington; Anne and Virginia, daughters of Robert L. Moorhead, '96, Irvington; Elmer, son of Mrs. Katherine Curry Payne, Irvington;

William Thomas, son of James B. Percy, '88, deceased; Georgia Peterson, '16, daughter of Charles M. Fillmore, '90; Virginia, daughter of Walter Shortridge, deceased.

The Milford-Moffett wedding was a Butler affair throughout, a veritable alumni reunion. The music, with Miss Maurine McDaniels, '20, at the organ, was furnished by Mrs. Mary Louise Rumples Ragsdale, '18, and Mrs. Louise Kirtley Lant, ex-'20, of Little Rock, Arkansas. Rev. George L. Moffett, '11, and Rev. Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, performed the ceremony. The Lohengrin Bridal Chorus was sung by the Misses Genevieve Adams, Nellie Brewer, Frances Brubeck, Catherine Davidson, Marjory Hendren, Margaret James, Josephine Lewis, Helen Smith, Louise Stockdale, Florence Wilson. The bridesmaids were Mrs. Elsie Felt Caldwell, '17, Mrs. Esther Murphy Hanson, '18, Mrs. Martha Barnhill Posten, ex-'19, of Attica, Indiana; Mrs. Charity Hendren Browning, '18, Miss Katherine Kautz, ex-'18. The maid of honor was Miss Edith Hendren, '17. The bride, of the class of '17, was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Lee Moffett, '12.

At the reception, following the marriage ceremony at the Downey Avenue Christian Church, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Young, 5009 East Washington street, were seen the following Butler College friends: Dr. and Mrs. Putnam, Dr. and Mrs. Morro, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moffett of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Reidenbach, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Minton of Brooklyn, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schortemier, Mr. and Mrs. George Moffett of Yeddo, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John Kautz, Dr. and Mrs. Kercheval of Sheridan, Indiana; Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Miss Katharine Graydon, Mrs. Genevieve Boie Steinbaugh of Attica, Indiana; Mrs. Verna Sweetman Mendenhall, Mrs. Robert Hall, Mrs. Evelyn King, Mrs. Elbert Glass, Mrs. Walter Montgomery, Mrs. Russell Bosart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schell, Miss Guinevere Ham, Miss Katherine Lewis, Miss Helen Hackleman, Miss Elsa Pantzer, Miss Zelda Clevenger, Miss Rosina Kistner, Miss Helen Brattain, Miss Edith Huggins, Miss Dorothy Segur, Miss Harriet Dithmer, Miss Minnie Adams, Mrs. Charles Harris,

Mr. and Mrs. David Hutchcraft, Mrs. Oliver Hamilton, Miss Ruby Winders, Miss Annette Hedges, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Schofield, Miss Harriet Badger, Mrs. Louis Morgan, Mrs. Frank Davidson, Misses Fern and Maybelle Wright, Mrs. Ruth Brayton Wheeler, Mrs. Ruth Hendrickson Allee, Miss Margaret Clough, Miss Harriet Ropkey, Miss Marjorie Trask, Mrs. Isabel Davidson Noyes, Miss Esther Graff, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stephenson, Miss Ilene Harri- man, Miss Margaret Bruner, Miss Frela Jones, Miss Helen Tipton, Miss Edith Gore, Miss Virginia Kingsbury, Miss Marie Fitzgerald, Dr. Jabez Hall, Mr. Hilton U. Brown, Robert Hamp, Sam Hanson, Henry L. Browning, Claris Adams, Fred Brewer, and others.

Marriages

CLARKE-SCHROGENHEIM.—On May 27, were married in Washing- ton, D. C., Mr. Ira D. Clarke, '12, and Miss Bettie Schrogenheim. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are at home in Washington.

EDWARDS-GAWNE.—On June 10, were married Mr. Prentice D. Edwards and Miss Katharine Gawne, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are at home in Indianapolis.

HANBY-GUSTIN.—On June 15, were married in Indianapolis, Mr. Leroy Clarkson Hanby, '17, and Miss Ida M. Gustin. Mr. and Mrs. Hanby are at home in Indianapolis.

OILAR-ROBINSON.—On August 3, were married in Arcadia, In- diana, Mr. Millard Y. Oilar, ex-'20, and Miss Gwendolen Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. Oilar are at home in Indianapolis.

HACKER-BELL.—On August 17, were married in Waverly, Ohio, Mr. William E. Hacker, '16, and Miss Jessamine Bell. Mr. and Mrs. Hacker are at home in Paris, Kentucky.

LEWIS-LATHROP.—On August 17, were married in Greensburg, Indiana, Mr. B. Wallace Lewis, '15, and Miss Nelle Browning Lathrop. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are at home in Indianapolis.

NOYES-DAVIDSON.—On August 25, were married in Indianapolis Mr. Bradford Noyes, Jr., and Miss Isabel Davidson, ex-'20. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes are at home in Ithaca, New York.

SHEEDY-BLOUNT.—On September 1, were married in Tipton, Indiana, Mr. Herman L. Sheedy, '20, and Miss Lois Blount, '20. Mr. and Mrs. Sheedy are at home in Hiram, Ohio.

WADSWORTH-PADOU.—On September 1, were married in Irvington Mr. Wallace Carter Wadsworth, '18, and Miss Laura Carol Padou, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth are at home in Evanston, Illinois.

BROWN-METCALF.—On September 2, were married in Irvington Mr. Sydney F. Brown and Miss Carol Metcalf, ex-'24. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are at home in Irvington.

KOEHLER-WAMSLEY.—On September 2, were married in Irvington Mr. Russell W. Koehler, ex-'21, and Miss Gladys Wamsley, '21. Mr. and Mrs. Koehler are at home in Irvington.

SUMNER-RICHMAN.—On September 3, were married in Tipton, Indiana, Mr. Claude Leslie Sumner, ex-'19, and Miss Mary Margaret Richman, ex-'20. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are at home in Indianapolis.

CLARK-HUGHES.—On September 5, were married in Shelbyville, Indiana, Mr. Owen Clark and Miss Isabelle Hughes, ex-'16. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are at home in Morristown, Indiana.

MILFORD-MOFFETT.—On September 6, were married in Irvington, Mr. Morton Marshall Milford and Miss Florence Bell Moffett, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Milford are at home in Fort Myers, Florida.

MOORE-BALZ.—On September 15, were married in Indianapolis, Mr. William Russell Moore and Miss Helen Johanna Balz, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are at home in Indianapolis.

HAERLE-PANTZER.—On October 5, were married in Indianapolis, Mr. Louis Hollweg Haerle and Miss Elsa Pantzer, ex-'20. Mr. and Mrs. Haerle are at home in Indianapolis.

HAMMOND-HUNTER.—On October 12, were married in Indianapolis, Mr. Robert Hammond and Miss Gertrude Dorcas Hunter, '21. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are at home in Indianapolis.

Births

BUTLER.—On July 21, in Indianapolis, to Mr. James H. Butler and Mrs. Edith Gwartney Butler, '19, a son—James H. III.

KRAMER.—On August 13, in Bloomington, Illinois, to Mr. Raymond F. Kramer, '16, and Mrs. Kramer, a son—William Raymond.

SELICK.—On August 14, in Indianapolis, to Mr. Stanley Sellick, '16, and Mrs. Winifred Shuler Sellick, ex-'22, a son—Winstan Raymond.

MENDENHALL.—On August 16, in Indianapolis, to Mr. W. W. Mendenhall and Mrs. Verna Sweetman Mendenhall, ex-'16, a daughter—Verna Elizabeth.

FREELAND.—On August 22, in Denver, Colorado, to Dr. Haynes J. Freeland and Mrs. Mary Parker Freeland, '14, a son—Haynes Jordan, Jr.

SHULTZ.—On August 25, in Indianapolis, to Mr. Arthur Benton Shultz and Mrs. Helen Lewis Shultz, ex-'16, a son—Lewis Benton.

RATTI.—On August 31, in Proctor, Vermont, to Professor and Mrs. Gino A. Ratti of Butler College, a son—Emilio.

MORRISON.—On September 1, in Chicago, to Mr. Herschel A. Morrison and Mrs. Cornelia Thornton Morrison, '14, a son—Robert Thornton.

CORNELIUS.—On September 12, in Indianapolis, to Mr. George Cornelius, ex-'20, and Mrs. Beulah Stockdale Cornelius, '20, a son—George Stockdale.

Deaths

HARVEY.—George Philip Harvey, '22, died in Pleasant Lake, Steuben county, Indiana, August 9. He was buried from his home in Irvington, three weeks after a brother who had died from effect of experience in the War, in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

The news of the drowning of Philip Harvey smote the College to the heart at the loss of him. It seemed impossible to realize that one so strong, so earnest, so high-minded, one so illumined by divine fire, could in one brief moment while on a needed vacation be snatched out of this appealing world. There may be others as fair to look upon, others as courteous, others as intellectual, others as spiritual; but we shall not look upon his like again.

George Philip Harvey was born in Lisbon, Indiana, thirty-three years ago, son of the Rev. Charles W. Harvey. In 1908-09 he was a student of Butler. Then he turned to business. Then he enlisted, with two brothers, in the War. He trained at Camp Taylor, where he was attached to the 334th Infantry, and at Camp Sherman. He was commissioned second lieutenant, and was discharged December 17, 1918. Then the eager desire for a college education seized him again, and he returned to Butler to complete a course in ministerial education, preparatory to that vocation to which he had now dedicated his life.

He stood like young Saul of old, head and shoulders above his comrades. In general activities which are for the elevation of the college spirit he participated. His influence permeated the campus. Surely, things will not go so well without him. *Who follows in his train?*

NOTTINGHAM.—The body of Marsh Whitney Nottingham, '19, was brought from France and laid in Beech Grove Cemetery at Muncie, Indiana, August 1. The overseas service of Sergeant Nottingham with the Headquarters Company of the 76th Field Artillery, 3rd Division, was as brief as it was intense. He fell in action while leading a party across No Man's Land on July 31, 1918. For his "extraordinary heroism in action" the Distinguished Service Cross was awarded posthumously.

NYSEWANDER.—The body of Victor Hugo Nysewander, ex-'10, was brought from France and buried at Plainfield, Indiana, September 15.

Captain Nysewander was attached to Company L, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. While participating in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, he was killed November 1, near Bantheville.

SHOEMAKER.—William A. Shoemaker, a student of the North Western Christian University in 1858 and 1859, died at his home in Daleville, Indiana, July 27, at the age of eighty-two years. He leaves three children, two of whom have been students of Butler College—Arthur W., class of '87, and Mrs. May Shoemaker Bowman, ex-'86.

Mr. Shoemaker spent his entire life in the community in which he died, and was a large formative force in that community. He left a wide circle of appreciative friends. He was a man of sterling virtue, who carried out his conviction of duty regardless of sacrifice. While county commissioner several years ago he resigned at the beginning of a new term of office because the state law required the commissioners to grant license to sell intoxicating liquor to all applicants proving a "good moral character." And "good moral character," according to law, was proved when no testimony to the contrary was presented and witnesses favoring the applicant affirmed it. Mr. Shoemaker's convictions were such that he regarded no man of "good moral character" who sought to engage in that business. To avoid going contrary to his own principle he resigned rather than grant such license.

Mr. Shoemaker was a religious man and a supporter of all things that were for the advancement of the moral education of the community. He was a charter member of the Daleville Christian Church and an elder of that church at the time of his death.

Our Correspondence

DR. WILLIAM A. HOLLIDAY, ex-'62, Plainfield, New Jersey: "The Memorial Number of the QUARTERLY had great interest for me as I knew several of those commemorated. I send a little contribution toward deficit on tablet.

"Intelligence of death of Lockhart revives a very agreeable memory. I had little contact with him in college. With my classmate, Denny, I looked up to him from my lower level. To a Freshman, Seniors were exalted beings. But while still at Princeton I called one morning on Brewer in New York and found Lockhart with him. They were about starting out for a day of sightseeing and cordially asked me to go along. And a fine time we had of it. Of Lockhart's subsequent career I have not been informed until now. At the time of which I speak he and Brewer were both taking a course in law, Brewer adding that to his labors as pastor of a church."

MRS. M. B. LOWTHIAN, former instructor in English department, Florence, Italy: "I am enclosing a picture of Dante's home. Although we have tried to cover a year's sightseeing in three days, we have really accomplished a great deal. Rome was the most satisfactory of any place yet visited. Palestine has too many shrines, mosques, etc. We saw the Pyramids by moonlight—very thrilling. Shall never forget the wide, solemn, mysterious desert."

MISS LOUISE CORY, '21, Honolulu, Hawaii: "This morning we arrived here and I cannot refrain from sending a line from this Paradise of the Pacific. We have been up to the Pali, to the Bishop Museum, and now are starting to Waikiki Beach. What a wonderfully beautiful spot it all is! Our voyage has so far been almost perfect."

NOTICE

The Alumni dues were reduced at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association held last June to *two dollars*. Kindly remit soon to the Treasurer,

STANLEY SELICK,
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I realize, I trust, the greatness of the task before me. The splendid traditions of the past must be preserved. The lessons of the past must be used to strengthen the present. Out of the past and upon the present a larger and better structure must be built for the future. By the co-operation of the alumni, the support of the city, the interest of the state, and the untiring work of the Board, that structure will be assured. As a servant of these forces, I dedicate myself to the task, praying that God may give me patience, wisdom and courage.

ROBERT JUDSON ALEY.

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